

THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

EDITED FROM THE OLD EDITIONS
AND NUMEROUS MANUSCRIPTS
WITH INTRODUCTIONS & COMMENTARY

BY

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PREFACE

THE present edition of Donne's poems grew out of my work as a teacher. In the spring of 1907, just after I had published a small volume on the literature of the early seventeenth century, I was lecturing to a class of Honours students on the 'Metaphysical poets'. They found Donne difficult alike to understand and to appreciate, and accordingly I undertook to read with them a selection from his poems with a view to elucidating difficult passages and illustrating the character of his 'metaphysics', the Scholastic and scientific doctrines which underlie his conceits. The only editions which we had at our disposal were the modern editions of Donne's poems by Grosart and Chambers, but I did not anticipate that this would present any obstacle to the task I had undertaken. About the same time the Master of Peterhouse asked me to undertake the chapter on Donne, as poet and prose-artist, for the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. The result was that though I had long been interested in Donne, and had given, while at work on the poetry of the seventeenth century, much thought to his poetry as a centre of interest and influence, I began to make a more minute study of the text of his poems than I had yet attempted.

The first result of this study was the discovery that there were several passages in the poems, as printed in Mr Chambers' edition, of which I could give no satisfactory explanation to my class. At the close of the session I went to Oxford and began in the Bodleian a rapid collation of the text of that edition with the older copies, especially of 1633. The conclusion to which

I came was that, excellent in many ways as that edition is, the editor had too often abandoned the reading of 1633 for the sometimes more obvious but generally weaker and often erroneous emendations of the later editions. As he records the variants this had become clear in some cases already, but an examination of the older editions brought out another fact,—that by modernizing the punctuation, while preserving no record of the changes made, the editor had corrupted some passages in such a manner as to make it impossible for a student, unprovided with all the old editions, to recover the original and sometimes quite correct reading, or to trace the error to its fountain-head.

My first proposal to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press was that I should attempt an edition of Donne's poems resting on a collation of the printed texts, that for all poems which it contains the edition of 1633 should be accepted as the authority, to be departed from only when the error seemed to be obvious and certain, and that all such changes, however minute, should be recorded in the notes. In the case of poems not contained in the edition of 1633, the first edition (whether 1635, 1649, 1650, or 1669) was to be the authority and to be treated in the same fashion. Such an edition, it was hoped, might be ready in a year. I had finished my first collation of the editions when a copy of the Grolier Club edition came into my hands, and I included it in the number of those which I compared throughout with the originals.

While the results of this collation confirmed me in the opinion I had formed as to the superiority of the edition of 1633 to all its successors, it showed also that that edition was certainly not faultless, and that the text of those poems which were issued only in the later editions was in general very carelessly edited and corrupt, especially of those

poems which were added for the first time in 1669. This raised the question, what use was to be made of the manuscript copies of the poems in correcting the errors of the edition? Grosart had based his whole text on one or two manuscripts in preference to the editions. Mr Chambers, while wisely refusing to do this, and adopting the editions as the basis of his text, had made frequent reference to the manuscripts and adopted corrections from them. Professor Norton made no use of the manuscripts in preparing the text of his edition, but he added in an Appendix an account of one of these which had come into his hands, and later he described some more and showed clearly that he believed corrections were to be obtained from this source. Accordingly I resolved to examine tentatively those which were accessible in the British Museum, especially the transcript of three of the *Satyres* in Harleian MS 5110.

A short examination of the manuscripts convinced me that it would be very unsafe to base a text on any single extant manuscript, or even to make an eclectic use of a few of them, taking, now from one, now from another, what seemed a probable emendation. On the other hand it became clear that if as wide a collation as possible of extant manuscripts were made one would be able to establish in many cases what was, whether right or wrong, the traditional reading before any printed edition appeared.

A few experiments further showed that one, and a very important, result of this collation would be to confirm the trustworthiness of 1633, to show that in places where modern editors had preferred the reading of some of the later editions, generally 1635 or 1669, the text of 1633 was not only intrinsically superior but had the support of tradition, i.e. of the majority of the manuscripts. If this were the case, then it was also possible that the traditional,

manuscript text might afford corrections when 1633 had fallen into error. At the same time a very cursory examination of the manuscripts was sufficient to show that many of them afforded an infinitely more correct and intelligible text of those poems which were not published in 1633 than that contained in the printed editions.

Another possible result of a wide collation of the manuscripts soon suggested itself, and that was the settlement of the canon of Donne's poems. One or two of the poems contained in the old editions had already been rejected by modern editors, and some of these on the strength of manuscript ascriptions. But on the one hand, no systematic attempt had been made to sift the poems, and on the other, experience has shown that nothing is more unsafe than to trust to the ascriptions of individual, unauthenticated manuscripts. Here again it seemed to the present editor that if any definite conclusion was to be obtained it must be by as wide a survey as possible, by the accumulation of evidence. No such conclusion might be attainable, but it was only thus that it could be sought.

The outcome of the investigation thus instituted has been fully discussed in the article on the *Text and Canon of Donne's Poems* in the second volume, and I shall not attempt to summarize it here. But it may be convenient for the student to have a quite brief statement of what it is that the notes in this volume profess to set forth.

Their first aim is to give a complete account of the variant readings of the original editions of 1633, 1635, 1639, 1649-50-54 (the text in these three is identical), and 1669. This was the aim of the edition as originally planned, and though my opinion of the value of many of the variants of the later editions has undergone considerable abatement since I was able to study them in the light afforded by the manuscripts, I have endeavoured to

complete my original scheme, and I trust it may be found that nothing more important has been overlooked than an occasional misprint in the later editions. But I know from the experience of examining the work of my precursors, and of revising my own work, that absolute correctness is almost unattainable. It has been an advantage to me in this part of the work to come after Mr Chambers and the Grolier Club editors, but neither of these editions records changes of punctuation.

The second purpose of the notes is to set forth the evidence of the manuscripts. I have not attempted to give anything like a full account of the variant readings of these, but have recorded so much as is sufficient for four different purposes.

(1) To vindicate the text of 1633. I have not thought it necessary to detail the evidence in cases where no one has disputed the 1633 reading. If the note simply records the readings of the editions it may be assumed that the manuscript evidence, so far as it is explicit (the manuscripts frequently abound in absurd errors), is on the side of 1633. In other cases, when there is something to be said for the text of the later editions, and especially when modern editors have preferred the later reading (though I have not always called attention to this) I have set forth the evidence in some detail. At times I have mentioned each manuscript, at others simply *all the MSS*, occasionally just *MSS*. This last means generally that all the positive evidence before me was in favour of the reading, but that my collations were silent as to some of the manuscripts. My collators, whether myself or those who worked for me, used Mr Chambers' edition because of its numbered lines. Now if Mr Chambers had already adopted a 1635 or later reading the tendency of the collator—especially at first, before the importance of certain readings had become obvious—was to pass over

the agreement of the manuscript with this later reading in silence. In all important cases I have verified the reading by repeated reference to the manuscripts, but in some of smaller importance I have been content to record the general trend of the evidence. I have tried to cite no manuscript unless I had positive evidence as to its reading.

(2) The second use which I have made of the manuscript evidence is to justify my occasional departures from the text of the editions, whether 1633 (and these are the departures which call for most justification) or whatever later edition was the first to contain the poem. In every such case the reader should see at a glance what was the reading of the first edition, and on what authority it has been altered. My aim has been a true text (so far as that was attainable), not a reprint, but I have endeavoured to put the reader in exactly the same position as I was myself at each stage in the construction of that text. If I have erred, he can (in a favourite phrase of Donne's) 'control' me. This applies to spelling and punctuation as well as to the words themselves. But two warnings are necessary. When I note a reading as found in a number of editions, e.g. 1635 to 1654 (1635-54), or in *all* the editions (1633-69), it must be understood that the spelling is not always the same throughout. I have generally noted any variation in the use of capitals, but not always. The spelling and punctuation of each poem is that of the *first* edition in which it was published, or of the manuscript from which I have printed, all changes being recorded. Again, if, in a case where the words and not the punctuation is the matter in question, I cite the reading of an edition or some editions followed by a list of agreeing manuscripts, it will be understood that any punctuation given is that of the editions. If a list of manuscripts only

is given, the punctuation, if recorded, is that of one or two of the best of these

•In cases where punctuation is the matter in question the issue lies between the various editions and my own sense of what it ought to be. Wherever it is not otherwise indicated the punctuation of a poem is that of the first edition in which it appeared or of the manuscript from which I have printed it. I have not recorded every variant of the punctuation of later editions, but all that affect the sense while at the same time not manifestly absurd. The punctuation of the manuscripts is in general negligible, but of a few manuscripts it is good, and I have occasionally cited these in support of my own view as to what the punctuation should be.

(3) A third purpose served by my citation of the manuscripts is to show clearly that there are more versions than one of some poems. A study of the notes to the *Satyres*, *The Flea*, *The Curse*, *Elegy XI*, *The Bracelet*, will make this clear.

(4) A fourth, subordinate and occasional, purpose of my citation of the manuscripts is to show how Donne's poems were understood or misunderstood by the copyists. Occasionally a reading which is probably erroneous throws light upon a difficult passage. The version of *P* at p. 34, ll. 18-19, elucidates a difficult stanza. The reading of *Q* in *The Storme*, l. 38,

Yea, and the Sunne

for the usual

I, and the Sunne

suggests, what is probably correct but had not been suspected by any editor, that 'I' here, as often, is not the pronoun, but 'Aye.'

The order of the poems is that of the editions of 1635 onwards with some modifications explained in the

Preface

Introduction In Appendix B I have placed all those poems which were printed as Donne's in the old editions (1633 to 1669), except Basse's *Epitaph on Shakespeare*, and a few found in manuscripts connected with the editions, or assigned to Donne by competent critics, all of which I believe to be by other authors. The text of these has been as carefully revised as that of the undoubted poems. In Appendix C I have placed a miscellaneous collection of poems loosely connected with Donne's name, and illustrating the work of some of his fellow-wits, or the trend of his influence in the occasional poetry of the seventeenth century.

The work of settling the text, correcting the canon, and preparing the Commentary has been done by myself. It was difficult to consult others who had not before them all the complex mass of evidence which I had accumulated. On some five or six places in the text, however, where the final question to be decided was the intrinsic merits of the readings offered by the editions and by the manuscripts, or the advisability of a bolder emendation, I have had the advantage of comparing my opinion with that of Sir James Murray, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr Henry Bradley, Mr W A Craigie, Mr J C Smith, or Mr R W Chapman.

For such accuracy as I have secured in reproducing the old editions, in the text and in the notes, I owe much to the help of three friends, Mr Charles Forbes, of the Post Office, Aberdeen, who transcribed the greater portion of my manuscript, Professor John Purves, of University College, Pretoria, who during a visit to this country read a large section of my proofs, comparing them with the editions in the British Museum, and especially to my assistant, Mr Frederick Rose, M A, now Douglas Jerrold Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford, who has revised my proofs throughout with minute care.

I am indebted to many sources for the loan of necessary

material In the first place I must acknowledge my debt to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland for allowing me a grant of £40 in 1908-9, and of £30 in 1909-10, for the collation of manuscripts Without this it would have been impossible for me to collate, or have collated for me, the widely scattered manuscripts in London, Petworth, Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, and Boston Some of my expenses in this connexion have been met by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who have also been very generous in the purchase of necessary books, such as editions of the Poems and the Sermons At the outset of my work the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford, lent me the copy of the edition of 1633 (originally the possession of Sir John Vaughan (1603-1674) Chief Justice of the Common Pleas) on which the present edition is based, and also their copies of the editions of 1639, 1650, and 1654 At the same time Sir Walter Raleigh lent me his copy of the edition of 1669 At an early stage of my work Captain C Shirley Harris, of 90 Woodstock Road, Oxford, communicated with me about Donne's use of the word 'Mucheron', and he was kind enough to lend me both his manuscript, *P*, and the transcript which he had caused to be made By the kindness of Lord Ellesmere I was permitted to collate his unique copy of the 1611 edition of the *Anatomy of the World* and *Funerall Elegie* While I was doing so, Mr Strachan Holme, the Librarian, drew my attention to a manuscript collection of Donne's poems (*B*), and with his kind assistance I was enabled to collate this at Walkden, Manchester, and again at Bridge-water House Mr Holme has also furnished a photograph of the title-page of the edition of 1611 To the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Trinity College, Cambridge, I am indebted not only for permission

to collate their manuscripts on the spot, but for kindly lending them to be examined and compared in the Library at King's College, Aberdeen, and I am indebted for a similar favour to the authorities of Queen's College, Oxford. In Dublin I met Professor Edward Dowden, and no one has been a kinder friend to my enterprise. He put at my disposal his interesting and valuable manuscript (*D*) and all his collection of Donne's works. He drew my attention to a manuscript (*O'F*) in Ellis and Elvey's catalogue for 1903. Mr Warwick Bond was good enough to lend me the notes he had made upon this manuscript, which ultimately I traced to Harvard College Library. With Professor Dowden, Mr Edmund Gosse has given me the most generous and whole-hearted assistance. He lent me, as soon as ever I applied to him, his valuable and unique Westmoreland MS, containing many poems which were not included in any of the old editions. Some of these Mr Gosse had already printed in his own delightful *Life and Letters of John Donne* (1899), but he has allowed me to reprint these and to print the rest of the unpublished poems for the first time. From his manuscript (*G*) of the *Progresse of the Soule*, or *Metempsychosis*, I have also obtained important emendations of the text. This is the most valuable manuscript copy of this poem. It will be seen that Mr Gosse is a very material contributor to the completeness and interest of the present edition.

To the Marquess of Crewe I am indebted for permission to examine the manuscript *M*, to which a note of Sir John Simon's had called my attention, and to Lord Leconfield for a like permission to collate a manuscript in his possession, of which a short description is given in the *Hist MSS. Commission, Sixth Report*, p 312, No 118. With Mr Whitcomb's aid I was enabled to do this carefully, and he has subsequently verified references. Another

interesting manuscript (JC) was lent me by Mr Elkin Mathews, who has also put at my disposal his various editions of the *Lives* of Walton and other books connected with Donne. Almost at the eleventh hour, Mr Geoffrey Keynes, of St Bartholomew's Hospital, discovered for me a copy of the 1612 edition of the *Anniversaries*, for which I had asked in vain in *Notes and Queries*. I owe to him, and to the kind permission of Mr Edward Huth and the Messrs Sotheby, a careful collation and a photograph of the title-page.

For the Commentary Dr Norman Moore supplied me with a note on the Galenists and Paracelsians, and Dr Gaster with the materials for a note on Donne's use of Jewish Apocrypha. Professor Picavet, of the Sorbonne, Paris, was kind enough to read in proof my notes on Donne's allusions to Scholastic doctrines, and to make suggestions. But I have added to these notes as they passed through the Press, and he must not be made responsible for my errors. Mr W Barclay Squire and Professor C Sanford Terry have revised my transcripts and proofs of the music.

I desire lastly to express my gratitude to the officials of the Clarendon Press for the care with which they have checked my proofs, the patience with which they have accepted my changes and additions, and the trouble they have taken to secure photographs, music, and other details. Whatever faults may be found—and I doubt not they will be many—in my part of the work, I think the part for which the Press is responsible is wellnigh faultless.

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DINNET, ABERDEENSHIRE
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NOTE

The typography of the edition of 1633 has been closely followed, in its use for example of 'u' and 'v', and of long 'f', which is avoided in certain combinations, e g 'sk' (but P 12, l 27 'askes' 1633) and frequently 'sb', nor is it generally used when the letter following 's' is elided, but there are one or two exceptions to this

In the following places I have printed a full 'and' where 1633 contracts to '&' owing to the length of the line -

Page 12, l 4 & whō, P 15, l 40 & drove, P 65, l 8 & nought, P 153, l 105 & almes, P 158, l 101 & name, do, l 107 & rockes, &, P 159, l 30 & black, P 171, l 83 & lawes, P 183, l 18 & Courts, P 184, l 29 & God, P 205, l 2 & pleasure, P 240, l 288 & finke, P 254, l 107 & thinke, do, l 113 & think, P 280, l 24 & Mines, P 297, l 56 & lands, do, l 62 & brow, P 306, l 290 & lents, P 327 (xii), l 8 & feed, P 337, l 35 & thou, P 360, l 188 & turn'd, P 384, l 78 & face

In the following places 'm' or 'n', indicated by a contraction, has been printed in full Page 12, l 4 Her whō, do & whō, P 37, l 17 whē (*his*), P 82, l 46 thē, P 90, l 2 frō, P 128, l 28 Valētine, P 141, l 8 whē, P 150, l 16 thē, P 159, l 30 ftrāge, P 169, l 31 whō, P 257, l 210 fucceffiō, P 266, l 513 anciēt, P 305, l 255 thē, P 336, l 10 whē, P 343, l 126 Frō, P 345, l 169 thē, P 387, l 71 Pēbrooke

There are a few examples of the same changes in the poems printed from the later editions, but I have not reproduced any of these editions so completely as 1633, every poem in which, with the exception of Basse's *An Epitaph upon Shakespeare* (1633 p 149 i e 165) has been here reprinted

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(1633-1669) AND THE PRINCIPAL MS COLLECTIONS,
ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR PROBABLE AUTHORS

I

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LIST OF EDITIONS REGULARLY CITED IN NOTES

1633, 1635, 1639, 1650, 1654, 1669

Contractions —

1633-54 i e All editions between and including these dates

1633-69 i e All the editions

Etc

EDITIONS OCCASIONALLY CITED

1649, in lists of editions and MSS appended to poems first published
in that edition Textually it is identical with *1650-54*

1719, Tonson's edition

1855, The Boston edition of that year—cited once

Grosart, A B Grosart's edition of 1872-3

Grolier, The Grolier Club edition of Professor Norton and Mrs Bunnett,
1895

Chambers, Mr E K Chambers' edition of 1896

LIST OF MS SIGLA

<i>A10</i>	Additional MS	10,309, British Museum
<i>A11</i>	, ,	11,811, ,
<i>A18</i>	, ,	18,646, ,
<i>A23</i>	, ,	23,229, ,
<i>A25</i>	, ,	25,707, ,
<i>A34</i>	, ,	34,744, ,
<i>Ash 38</i>	Ashmole MS	38, Bodleian Library
<i>B</i>	Bridgewater MS	, Bridgewater House
<i>Bur</i>	Burley MS	, formerly at Burley-on-the-Hill House, Rutland
<i>C</i>	Cambridge University Library MS	
<i>Cy</i>	Carnaby MS	, Harvard College
<i>D</i>	Dowden MS	, belonging to Professor Edward Dowden
<i>E20</i>	Egerton MS	2013, British Museum
<i>E22</i>	, ,	2230, ,
<i>G</i>	Gosse MS of <i>Metempsychosis</i>	, belonging to Mr Edmund Gosse
<i>H39</i>	Harleian MS	3910, British Museum
<i>H40</i>	, ,	4064, ,
<i>H49</i>	, ,	4944, ,
<i>H51</i>	, ,	5110, ,
<i>HN</i>	Hawthornden MS	, Library of Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh
<i>JC</i>	John Cave MS	, belonging to Mr Elkin Mathews
<i>L74</i>	Lansdowne MS	740, British Museum
<i>L77</i>	, ,	777, ,
<i>Lec</i>	Leconfield MS	, at Petworth House
<i>M</i>	Monckton-Milnes MS	, belonging to the Marquis of Crewe
<i>N</i>	Norton MS	, Harvard College
<i>O'F</i>	O'Flaherty MS	, Harvard College
<i>P</i>	Phillips MS	, belonging to Captain C Shirley Harris
<i>Q</i>	Queen's College MS	, Queen's College, Oxford
<i>RP31</i>	Rawlinson Poetical MS	31, Bodleian Library, Oxford
<i>RP61</i>	, , ,	61, , , ,
<i>S</i>	Stephens MS	, Harvard College
<i>S96</i>	Stowe MS	961, British Museum
<i>TCC</i>	Trinity College	, Cambridge, MS
<i>TCD</i>	Trinity College	, Dublin, MS G 2 21
<i>TCD (II)</i>	A second collection of poems	in the same MS
<i>W</i>	Westmoreland MS	, belonging to Mr Edmund Gosse

The following groups are important —

D, H49, Lec,

and

A18, N, TC, where *TC* represents *TCC* and *TCD*

T H E
P R I N T E R
T O T H E
U N D E R S T A N D E R S



Or this time I must speake only to you at another, *Readers* may perchance serve my turne, and I thinke this a way very free from exception, in hope that very few will have a minde to confesse themselves ignorant

If you looke for an Epistle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am sory that I must deceive you, but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet seene, he that would doubt of it must goe out of the Kingdome to enforme himselfe, for the best judgments, within it, take it for granted

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endeare it unto you, by saying, that importunity drew it on, that had it not beene presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas, (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and paines in procuring of it hath beene such, and such I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctnesse, or enlargement in the next Edition, if you shall in the meane time content you with this But these

The Printer &c 1633-49 om 1650-69, which substitute Dedication
To the &c (p 4) 2 you 1635-49 you, 1633

things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it, A Peece which who so takes not as he findes it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, with a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiablenesse in it, in the eye of a discerner, then a whole body of some other ; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe)

*In the
Stoisme*

—*A hand, or eye,*

By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history

By a worse Painter made,—

If any man (thinking I speake this to enflame him for the vent of the Impression) be of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement I cannot lose so much by him as hee will by himselfe For I shall satisfie my selfe with the conscience of well doing, in making so much good common

Howsoever it may appeare to you, it shall suffice mee to enforme you, that it hath the best warrant that can bee, publique authority, and private friends

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counsell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleased some, who had studyed and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his decease, I have thought I should do you service in presenting them unto you now, onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have serv'd for so many Encomiums of the Author (as is usuall in other workes, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest such stuffe as follows after,) you shall here finde them in the end, for whosoever reades the rest so farre, shall perceive that there is no occasion to use them to that purpose, yet there they are, as an attestation for their sakes that knew not so much before, to let them see how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by those that are capable to give it

Farewell

The Printer to the Vnderstanders 1635-69 The Printer to the
Reader 1633 See note 28 here 1635-69 om 1633

Hexastichon

Hexastichon Bibliopolae

I See in his last preach'd, and printed Booke;
His Picture in a sheet, in *Pauls* I looke,
And see his Statue in a sheete of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one
Those sheetes present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity

JO MAR

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam

Incerti

IN thy Impression of *Donnes Poems rare*,
For his Eternitie thou hast ta'ne care
'Twas well, and pious, And for ever may
He live Yet shew I thee a better way,
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
He, We, and Thou shall live i' Eternity

Hexastichon Bibliopolae 1633-69
Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam 1635-69

To the Right Honourable
William Lord Craven Baron of
Hamsted-Marsham

My Lord,



Any of these Poems have, for severall
impressions, wandred up and down
trusting (as well they might) upon the
Authors reputation, neither do they
now complain of any injury but what
may proceed either from the kindnesse
of the Printer, or the curtesie of the
Reader, the one by adding something too much, left any
spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other
by putting such an estimation upon the wit & fancy they
find here, that they are content to use it as their own as
if a man should dig out the stones of a royall Amphitheatre
to build a stage for a countrey shew Amongst all the
monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde none
so prodigious, as the Poets of these later times, wherein
men as if they would level understandings too as well as
estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and Judge-
ments, pretend as indifferently to the chaire of wit as to
the Pulpit, & conceive themselves no lesse inspired with
the spirit of Poetry then with that of Religion so it is
not onely the noise of Drums and Trumpets which have
drowned the Muses harmony, or the feare that the Churches
ruine wil destroy their Priests likewise, that now frights
them from this Countrey, where they have been so
ingenuously received, but these rude pretenders to ex-
cellencies they unjustly own who profanely rushing into
Minervaes Temple, with noysome Ayres blast the lawrell

w^{ch} thunder cannot hurt In this sad condition these learned sisters are fled over to beg your L^{ps} protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and armes, and who in this generall confusion have so intirely preserved your Honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what *England* was in all her pompe and greatnesse, so that although these poems were formerly written upon severall occasions, and to severall persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordships statue upon, where you may stand like Armed *Apollo* the defendor of the Muses, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate your great Acts by affording your countenance to his poems that wanted onely so noble a subject

My Lord,

Your most humble servant

JOHN DONNE

TO JOHN DONNE

Donne, the delight of Phoebus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse,
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remaines so, yet
Longer a knowing, than most wits doe live,
And which no'n affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with halfe mankind maintain a strife,
All which I mean to praise, and, yet, I would,
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

B JONS

To John Donne 1650-69, following the Hexastichon ad Bibliopolim

To

TO LUCY, COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD,
with M. DONNES Satyres.

Lucy, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
Life of the *Muses* day, their morning Starre!
If works (not th'Authors) their own grace should look
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends
Crown with their own Rare Poems ask rare friends
Yet, *Satyres*, since the most of mankind bee
Their unavoided subject, fewest fee
For none ere took that pleasure in sins sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too, must needfully, though few,
Be of the best and 'mongst those best are you,
Lucy, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
The *Muses* evening, as their morning-Starre

B JON

TO JOHN DONNE

Who shall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* bee,
When I dare send my *Epigrammes* to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so'alone dost make
And, in thy censures, evenly, dost take
As free simplicity, to dis-avow,
As thou hast best authority, t'allow
Read all I send and, if I finde but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd Those that for claps doe write,
Let puncees, porters, players praise delight,
And, till they burst, their backs, like asses load
A man should seek great glory, and not broad

B JON

To Lucy &c To John Donne &c 1650-69, in sheets added 1650
See Text and Canon &c

SONGS



JOHN DONNE

From the engraving prefixed to the Poems in the
Editions of 1635, 1639, 1649, 1650, 1654

SONGS

AND

SONETS.

The good-morrow

I Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the heaven sleepers den?
 T'was so, But this, all pleasures fancies bee 5
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee

And now good morrow to our waking foules,
 Which watch not one another out of feare,
 For love, all love of other sights controules, 10
 And makes one little roome, an every where
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares, 15
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces reft,
 Where can we finde two better hemispheres
 Without sharpe North, without declining West?

SONGS AND SONETS 1635-69 no division into sections, 1633

The good morrow 1633-69, *Ar8, L74, N, TCC, TCD* *notitle, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S* Elegie 596 2 lov'd? 1639-69 lov'd, 1633-35 3 countrey pleasures, childishly? 1633-54, *D, H40, H49, Lec* childish pleasures feelily? 1669, *Ar8, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* 4 snorted 1633-54, *D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, S96* slumbered 1669, *Ar8, A25, JC, L74, N, P, TC* heaven sleepers 1633 seven-sleepers 1635-69 5 this,] as 1669 10 For 1633-69, *D, H40, H49, Lec* But rest of MSS 13 to other, worlds on 1633-54 to other worlds our 1669 to others, worlds on *D, H49, Lec, and other MSS* 14 one world 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* our world rest of MSS 17 better 1633, *D, H40, H49, Lec* titter 1635-69, and rest of MSS

What

What ever dyes, was not mixt equally,
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I 20
 Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die

Song

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake roote,
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,
 Or who cleft the Divels foot,
 Teach me to heare Mermaides finging, 5
 Or to keep off envies finging,
 And finde
 What winde
 Serves to advance an honest minde
 If thou bee't borne to strange sights, 10
 Things invifible to fee,
 Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
 Till age fnow white haire on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'ft, wilt tell mee
 All ftrange wonders that befell thee, 15
 And fweare
 No where
 Lives a woman true, and faire

19 was not] is not 1669 20-1 or, thou and I can die 1633,
D, H40, H49, Lec or, thou and I can slacken, can die *Chambers*
 both thou and I
 Love juft alike in all, none of thefe loves can die 1635-69, *JC, O'F, P*
 or thou and I

Love juft alike in all, none of thefe loves can die
A18, A25, B, L74, S96, TC As thou and I &c *H40* And thou
 and I &c *S*

Song 1633-69 Song, A Songe, or no tile, *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D,*
H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 past yeares]
 times past 1669 past times *P* 11 to fee] go fee 1669, *S, S96* fee
 most other *MSS*

If

If thou findst one, let mee know,
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet, 20
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,
 Though at next doore wee might meet,
 Though shee were true, when you met her,
 And laft, till you write your letter,
 Yet shee 25
 Will bee
 Falfe, ere I come, to two, or three

Womans constancy

NOW thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
 Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not juft those persons, which we were? 5
 Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
 Of Love, and his wrath, any may forfwear?
 Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
 So lovers contracts, images of those,
 Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose? 10
 Or, your owne end to Justifie,
 For having purpos'd change, and falsehood, you
 Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
 Vaine lunatique, againft these scapes I could
 Dispute, and conquer, if I would, 15
 Which I abstaine to doe,
 For by to morrow, I may thinke so too

20 sweet, 1669 sweet, 1633-54 24 laft, till] laft so till O'F, S, S96
 27 Falfe, three] Falfe, ere she come to two or three 1669
 Womans constancy 1633-69, A18, L74, N, O'F, TCC, TCD go title,
 B, D, H40, H49, Lec, P, S 8 Or, 1633, 1669 For, 1635-54
 (ll 8-10 in brackets)

The undertaking

I Have done one braver thing
 Then all the *Worthies* did,
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid
 It were but madnes now t'impart 5
 The skill of specular stone,
 When he which can have learn'd the art
 To cut it, can finde none
 So, if I now should utter this,
 Others (because no more 10
 Such stufte to worke upon, there is,)
 Would love but as before
 But he who lovelinesse within
 Hath found, all outward loathes,
 For he who colour loves, and skinne, 15
 Loves but then oldeft clothes
 If, as I have, you also doe
 Vertue'attir'd in woman see,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the Hee and Shee, 20
 And if this love, though placed so,
 From prophane men you hide,
 Which will no faith on this bestow,
 Or, if they doe, deride
 Then you have done a braver thing 25
 Then all the *Worthies* did,
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid

The undertaking 1635-69 no title, 1633, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec,
 O'F, P, S Platonique Love A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 *Worthies*] *worthies*
 1633 3 And yet] Yet B, D, H49, Lec 7-8 ut it, 1669
 art, ~ it 1633-54 16 their] her B 18 Vertue'attir'd in 1633, A18,
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC Vertue in 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 26 did, Ed did 1633-39 did, 1650-69 27 spring,] spring 1633-39
 The

The Sunne Rising

BUfie old foole, unruly Sunne,
 Why doft thou thus,
 Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
 Muft to thy motions lovers feafons run?
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
 Late fchoole boyes, and fowre prentices,
 Goe tell Court-huntfmen, that the King will ride,
 Call countrey ants to harveft offices,
 Love, all alike, no feafon knowes, nor clyme,
 Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time
 Thy beames, fo reverend, and ftrong
 Why fhouldft thou thinke?
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,
 But that I would not lofe her fight fo long
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,
 Whether both the India's of fpice and Myne
 Be where thou leftft them, or lie here with mee
 Afke for thofe Kings whom thou faw'ft yefterday,
 And thou fhalt heare, All here in one bed lay
 She's all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing elfe is
 Princes doe but play us, compar'd to this,
 All honor's mimique, All wealth alchimie

The Sunne Rising 1633-69 Sunne Rising Ar8, L74, N, TCC, TCD
 Ad Solem A25, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96 To the Sunne Cy, Lec, O'F
 (as a second title) no title, B 3 call] look 1669 6 and] or 1669
 fowre] flowe B, Cy, P 8 offices,] offices, 1633 11-14 Thy
 beames, fo long 1633 and all MSS
 Thy beames fo reverend, and ftrong
 Dof thou not thinke
 I could eclipse and cloude them with a winke,
 But that I would not lofe her fight fo long? 1635-69
 17 fpice] fpace 1650-54 18 leftft 1633 left 1635-69 23 us,]
 us, 1633 24 wealth] wealth's A25, C, P alchimie Ed alchimie,
 1633-69

Thou

Thou funne art halfe as happy'as wee, 25
 In that the world's contracted thus,
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where,
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare 30

The Indifferent

I Can love both faire and browne,
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
 Her who loves loneneffe best, and her who maskes and plaies,
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries, 5
 Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
 And her who is dry corke, and never cries,
 I can love her, and her, and you and you,
 I can love any, so she be not true

Will no other vice content you ? 10
 Wil it not serue your turn to do, as did your mothers ?
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out
 others ?
 Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you ?
 Oh we are not, be not you so,
 Let mee, and doe you, twenty know 15
 Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe
 Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
 Grow your fixt subiect, because you are true ?

26 thus, *Ed* thus 1633-69
 The Indifferent 1633-69, *Ar8, N, TCC, TCD* A Songe, Songe, or no
title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96 Sonnet P 3 loneneffe]
 lovers 4669 maskes] sports 1669, S and 1669 & 1633-39 om
 1650-54 12 spent] worn 1669 15 mee, 1633 me, 1635-69
 17 travaile] *spelt* travell, travel 1635-69

Venus

Venus heard me figh this fong,
 And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she fwoore, 20
 She heard not this till now, and that it should be fo no more
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
 And said, alas, Some two or three
 Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
 Which thinke to stablsh dangerous confcancie 25
 But I have told them, since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them, who'are false to you

Loves Vfsury

FOr every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
 I will allow,
 Ufurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
 When with my browne, my gray haire equall bee,
 Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let 5
 Mee travell, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
 Resume my last yeares relict thinke that yet
 We'had never met
 Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
 And at next nine 10
 Keepe midnights promise, mistake by the way
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay,
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport,
 From country graffe, to comfitures of Court,
 Or cities quelque choses, let report 15
 My minde transport

19 figh] sing 1669 20 sweetest Part,] sweetest sweet, 1669, P, S
 21 and that it 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S it 1635-69, H40, P and it A18,
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC

Loves Vfsury 1633-69, L74 no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F,
 P, S Elegie S96 5 raigne, 1633, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec,
 P, S range, 1635-69, O'F, S96 See note 6 snatch, 1633, 1669
 match, 1635-54 7 relict] relique 1669 12 that] her 1669 13
 sport, 1669 sport 1633-54 sport, most MSS 15 let report 1633,
 1669, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, P, S let not report 1635-54, O'F,
 S96, Chambers See note

This

Thou funne art halfe as happy'as wee, 25
 In that the world's contracted thus,
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where,
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare 30

The Indifferent

I Can love both faire and browne,
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
 Her who loves loneneffe best, and her who maskes and plaies,
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries, 5
 Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
 And her who is dry corke, and never cries,
 I can love her, and her, and you and you,
 I can love any, so she be not true

Will no other vice content you ? 10
 Wil it not serue your turn to do, as did your mothers ?
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out
 others ?
 Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you ?
 Oh we are not, be not you so,
 Let mee, and doe you, twenty know 15
 Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe
 Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
 Grow your fixt subject, because you are true ?

26 thus, *Ed* thus 1633-69

The Indifferent 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* A Songe, Songe, or no
 title, *B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96* Sonnet *P* 3 loneneffe]
 lovers 1669 maskes] sports 1669, *S* and 1669 & 1633-39 om
 1650-54 12 spent] worn 1669 15 mee, 1633 me, 1635-69
 17 travaile] spelt travell, travel 1635-69

Venus

Venus heard me figh this fong,
 And by Loves fweeteft Part, Variety, ſhe ſwore, 20
 She heard not this till now, and that it ſhould be fo no more
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
 And ſaid, alas, Some two or three
 Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
 Which thinke to ſtabliſh dangerous conſtancie 25
 But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
 You ſhall be true to them, who'are falſe to you

Loves Vſury

FOR every houre that thou wilt ſpare mee now,
 I will allow,
 Ufurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
 When with my browne, my gray haire equal bee,
 Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let 5
 Mee travell, ſojourne, ſnatch, plot, have, forget,
 Refume my laſt yeares reliēt thinke that yet
 We had never met
 Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
 And at next nine 10
 Keepe midnights promiſe, miſtake by the way
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay,
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the ſport,
 From country graſſe, to comfitures of Court,
 Or cities quelque chofes, let report 15
 My minde tranſport

19 figh] ſing 1669 20 fweeteft Part,] fweeteft fweet, 1669, P, S
 21 and that it 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S it 1635-69, H40, P and it A18,
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC

Loves Vſury 1633-69, L74 no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F,
 P, S Elegie S96 5 raigne, 1633, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec,
 P, S range, 1635-69, O'F, S96 See note 6 ſnatch, 1633, 1669
 match, 1635-54 7 reliēt] relique 1669 12 that] her 1669 13
 ſport, 1669 ſport 1633-54 ſport, moſt MSS 15 let report 1633,
 1669, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, P, S let not report 1635-54, O'F,
 S96, Chambers See note

This

This bargaine's good, if when I'am old, I bee
 Inflam'd by thee,
 If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,
 Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine 20
 Doe thy will, then, then subject and degree,
 And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
 Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though she bee
 One that loves mee

The Canonization

For Godf sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palfie, or my gout, *paralyse*
 My five gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout,
 With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
 Take you a course, get you a place, 5
 Observe his honour, or his grace,
 Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
 Contemplate, what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love 7
 Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love? 16
 What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
 Who ⁸⁴ sales my teares have overflow'd his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove? -
 When did the heats which my veins fill
 Adde one more to the plague Bill? 15
 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love

19 or paine 1633, 1669, and most MSS and paine 1635-54, O'F 22
 fruit] fruites B, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96 24 loves 1633, 1669 and all the
 MSS love 1635-54

The Canonization 1633-39, A18, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TCC, TCD
 Canonization 1650-69, S Canonizatio S96 no title, B, H40, JC 3
 five 1633, 1669 true 1635-54 fortune] fortunes 1669 4 improve,
 1650-69 improve 1633-39 7 reall] Roiall Lec 14 veins] reynes
 1669 15 more, 1633-54, Lec man 1669, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,
 N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 17 which] whom 1669 18 Though]
 While 1669

Call

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love,
 Call her one, mee another flye, 20
 We're Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
 And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the Dove
 The Phoenix ridle hath more wit
 By us, we two being one, are it
 So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit, 25
 Wee dye and rife the fame, and prove
 Mysterious by this love

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tombes and hearse
 Our legend bee, it will be fit for verse, 30
 And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,
 We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes,
 As well a well wrought urne becomes
 The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,
 And by these hymnes, all shall approve 35
 Us *Canoniz'd* for Love

And thus invoke us, You whom reverend love
 Made one anothers hermitage,
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
 Who did the whole worlds foule contract, and drove 40
 Into the glasse of your eyes
 (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,
 Countries, Townes, Courts Beg from above
 A patterne of your love! 45

The triple Foole

I Am two tooles, I know,
 For loving, and for faying fo
 In whining Poetry,
 But where's that wifeman, that would not be I,
 If she would not deny? 5
 Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge sea waters fretfull falt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my paines,
 Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,
 Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce, 10
 For, he tames it, that fetters it in verfe

But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and voice to show,
 Doth Set and sing my paine,
 And, by delighting many, frees againe 15
 Griefe, which verfe did restraine
 To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verfe belongs,
 But not of fuch as pleases when'tis read,
 Both are increased by fuch songs
 For both their triumphs so are published, 20
 And I, which was two fooles, do so grow three,
 Who are a little wife, the best fooles bee

The triple Foole 1633-69, *Ar8, L74, N, TCC, TCD* Song or no title,
B, Cy, D, H40, H49, HN, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 4 the wifer
 man, 1669 5 If he should not deny? *P* 6 narrow om *P*
 crooked om *B* lanes] vaines *Cy, P* 9 allay, 1633-39 allay 1650-69,
Chambers 10 numbers] number 1669 11 For, he tames it] He
 tames it much *B* 13 and] or 1669

Lovers infinitenesse

IF yet I have not all thy love,
 Deare, I shall never have it all,
 I cannot breath one other sigh, to move,
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee, 5
 Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent
 Yet no more can be due to mee,
 Then at the bargaine made was ment,
 If then thy gift of love were partiall,
 That some to mee, some should to others fall, 10
 Deare, I shall never have Thee All

Or if then thou gavest mee all,
 All was but All, which thou hadst then,
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
 New love created bee, by other men, 15
 Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,
 In sighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,
 This new love may beget new feares,
 For, this love was not vowed by thee
 And yet it was, thy gift being generall, 20
 The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall
 Grow there, deare, I should have it all

Yet I would not have all yet,
 Hee that hath all can have no more,
 And since my love doth every day admit 25
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store,

Lovers infinitenesse 1633-69 Mon Tout *A25, C* no title, *B, D, H40, H49, JG, Lec, O'F, P, S* Elegie *S96* Query Loves infinitenesse
 3 move, *Ed* move, 1633-69 4 fall, *Ed* fall 1633 fall, 1635-69
 6 teares,] teares 1633 spent *Ed* spent, 1633-69 and *Grolier* spent,
Chambers 8 Then 1633-35, 1669 That 1639-54 9 were] was
 1669 partiall] generall *A25, C* 11 Thee 1633 It 1635-69
 (it 1669) 12 gavest] givest 1669 13 then, 1635-54 then, 1633
 17 and letters 1633 in letters 1635-69 19 thee 1639-69 thee,
 1633-35 20 it] is 1633 21 is 1633, 1669 was 1635-54 25-6
 And since my heart doth every day beget New love, &c *A25*

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 It stayes at home, and thou with losing favest it 30
 But wee will have a way more liberall,
 Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall
 Be one, and one anothers All

Song

Sweetest love, I do not goe,
 For wearinesse of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for mee,
 But since that I 5
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 To use my selfe in jest
 Thus by fain'd deaths to dye,

- 29-30 Except mine come when thine doth part
 And in such giving it, thou favest it *A25, C*
 Perchance mine comes, when thine doth part,
 And by such losing it, *C^c JC*
- 31 have] love 1669 find *A25, C* 32 them] us 1669
 Song 1633-69 Song or no title, *A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC,*
Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD in *A18, N, ICC, TGD*, this with Send
 home my long stray'd eyes and The Bait are given as Songs which
 were made to certain ayres which were made before 1-4 In most
MSS these lines are written as two long lines, and so with ll 9-12, 17-20,
 25-28, 33-36 4 mee, 1650-69 mee, 1633-39 5-8 But since
 dye, 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC*
 At the last must part 'tis best,
 Thus to use my selfe in jest
 By fained deaths to dye, 1635-54, *O'F*
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 Thus to use my self in jest
 By fained death to dye, 1669

Yesternight

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
 And yet is here to day, 10
 He hath no desire nor fenfe,
 Nor halfe so short a way
 Then feare not mee,
 But beleewe that I shall make
 Speedier journeyes, since I take 15
 More wings and spurres then hee

 O how feeble is mans power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot adde another houre,
 Nor a loft houre recall ! 20
 But come bad chance,
 And wee joyne to't our strength,
 And wee teach it art and length,
 It selfe o'r us to'advance

 When thou figh't, thou figh't hot winde, 25
 But figh't my soule away,
 When thou weep't, unkindly kinde,
 My lifes blood doth decay
 It cannot bee
 That thou lov't mee, as thou say't,
 If in thine my life thou wafte, 30
 Thou art the best of mee

 Let not thy divining heart
 Forethinke me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part, 35
 And may thy feares fulfill ,
 But thinke that wee
 Are but turn'd aside to sleepe ,
 They who one another keepe
 Alive, ne'r parted bee 40

15 Speedier] Haftier 1669 20 recall ' Ed recall ' 1633-69 25 not
 wind 1633 no wind 1635-69 32 Thou 1633 and MSS generally
 That 1635-54 Which 1669 best 1633-54 life 1669 36 may
 1633-35, 1669 make 1639-54 fulfill, Ed fulfill, 1633-69
 38 turn'd] la'd 1669

The Legacie

When I dyed laft, and, Deare, I dye
 As often as from thee I goe,
 Though it be but an houre agoe,
 And Lovers houres be full eternity,
 I can remember yet, that I
 Something did fay, and fomethyng did beftow,
 Though I be dead, which fent mee, I fhould be
 Mine owne executor and Legacie
 I heard mee fay, Tell her anon,
 That my felfe, (that is you, not I,)
 Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,
 I bid mee fend my heart, when I was gone,
 But I alas could there finde none,
 When I had ripp'd me, and fearch'd where hearts did lye,
 It kill'd mee againe, that I who ftill was true,
 In life, in my laft Will fhould cozen you
 Yet I found fomethyng like a heart,
 But colours it, and corners had,
 It was not good, it was not bad,
 It was intire to none, and few had part
 As good as could be made by art
 It feem'd, and therefore for our loffes fad,
 I meant to fend this heart in ftead of mine,
 But oh, no man could hold it, for twas thine

The Legacie 1633-69 Legacie L74 Song or no title, A25, B, Cy,
 D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 Elegie A18, N, TCC, TCD
 When I dyed laft,] When laft I dyed, 1669 1-4 (and deare
 eternity) Grolier 7 fent 1633, 1669 meant 1635-54 fhould be]
 might be 1669 10 that is 1635-69 that's 1633 brackets from A18,
 N, TC 13 none, 1633-69 none Chambers and Grolier 14 When
 did 1633, A25 (doe), D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96 When I had ripp'd, and
 fearch'd where hearts fhould 1635-69, A18, L74, N, TC lye, Ed lye,
 1633-69, Chambers and Grolier See note 18 But] For 1650-69
 part 1633-39 part 1650-69 22 feem'd, Ed feem'd, 1633-69,
 Grolier, and Chambers our loffes fad, 1633-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F,
 P, S96, TC our lofs be fad, 1669 our lofs be ye fad B, Cy, D, H40,
 H49, Lec, S our losses fad, Grolier our loss be fad Chambers
 meant] thought A18, L74, N, O'F, TC this 1633 that 1635-69

A Feaver

OH doe not die, for I fhall hate
 All women fo, when thou art gone,
 That thee I fhall not celebrate,
 When I remember, thou waft one
 But yet thou canft not die, I know, 5
 To leave this world behinde, is death,
 But when thou from this world wilt goe,
 The whole world vapors with thy breath
 Or if, when thou, the worlds foule, goeft,
 It ftay, tis but thy carkaffe then, 10
 The faireft woman, but thy ghof,ft,
 But corrupt wormes, the worthyeft men
 O wrangling fchooles, that fearch what fire
 Shall burne this world, had none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to afpire, 15
 That this her feaver might be it ?
 And yet ſhe cannot waft by this,
 Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
 For much corruption needfull is
 To fuell fuch a feaver long 20
 Theſe burning fits but meteors bee,
 Whoſe matter in thee is foone ſpent
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
 Are unchangeable firmament
 Yet t'was of my minde, ſeiſing thee, 25
 Though it in thee cannot perſever
 For I had rather owner bee
 Of thee one houre, then all elſe ever

A Feaver 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec, S96 Of a fever L74 The
 Fever B, Cy, O'F, P Fever A18, N, TCC, ICD no title, JC 5
 know, Ed know, 1633-69 8 with] in 1669 16 might] muſt TCC
 18 beare] endure 1669 torturing] tormenting JC, O'F (corr from
 torturing) 19 For much 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec,
 N, S, S96, TC For more 1635-69, O'F Far more Cy, P 22 is
 ſoon] ſoon is 1669 24 Are] Are an 1669, P, S96 25 Yet
 'twas of 1633-54 And here as 1669 27 For] Yet 1669

Ane

Aire and Angels

TWice or thrice had I loved thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name,
 So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angells affect us oft, and worship'd bee,
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came, 5
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did see
 But since my soule, whose child love is,
 Takes himmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
 More subtile then the parent is,
 Love must not be, but take a body too, 10
 And therefore what thou wert, and who,
 I bid Love aske, and now
 That it assume thy body, I allow,
 And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow

 Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought, 15
 And so more steddily to have gone,
 With wares which would sinke admiration,
 I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
 Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought, 20
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere,
 Then as an Angell, face, and wings
 Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
 So thy love may be my loves spheare, 25
 Just such disparitie
 As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
 'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee

Aire and Angels 1633-69, A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,
 TCC, 1CD no title, B, H40 4 bee, Ed bee, 1633-69 5 came,
 came 1633 6 I did] did I 1669 see Ed see, 1633-69 7 since
 Ed since, 1633-69 11 who, Ed who 1633-69 14 lip, eye,
 lips, eyes, 1669, Chambers 19 Ev'ry thy 1633-39, A18, B(Even), D,
 H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S(Ever), S96, TC Thy every 1650-69 22
 scatt'ring Ed scuttring 1633-35 scattering 1639-69 27 Aire 1633-54
 and all MSS A18 1669, Chambers

Breake

Breake of day

'T Is true, 'tis day, what though it be?
 O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
 Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
 Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
 Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hether, 5
 Should in despight of light keepe us together

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye,
 If it could speake as well as spie,
 This were the worst, that it could say,
 That being well, I faine would stay, 10
 And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,
 That I would not from him, that had them, goe

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
 Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
 The poore, the foule, the false, love can 15
 Admit, but not the busied man
 He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
 Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe

Breake of day 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD no title or Sonnet,
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 A Songe A25 1 day,] day,
 1633 5 in spight 1633-39, 1669, A25, JC, S96 in despight 1650-54,
 A18, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, TC 6 in despight 1633, 1650-69 in
 spight 1635-39 keepe] holde A18, L74, N, S96, TC 9 were]
 is A18, L74, N, O'F, S, TC 11 I lov'd] I love JC, N, O'F, TC 12
 him, that had them, 1633-54, D, H49, Lec, S him that hath them (or it)
 A25, B, C, L74, N, O'F, TC her, that had them, 1669 her that hath
 them B, JC (it), S96 15 foule,] foole, H40 18 as when doth
 1633, 1669, A25, C, D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96 as if should A18,
 B, JC, L74, N, O'F, TC as when should 1635-54

The

The Anniverſarie

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
 The Sun it ſelfe, which makes times, as they paſſe,
 Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was
 When thou and I firſt one another ſaw 5
 All other things, to their deſtruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay,
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yeſterday,
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his firſt, laſt, everlaſting day 10

Two graves muſt hide thine and my coarſe,
 If one might, death were no divorce
 Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
 (Who Prince enough in one another bee,)
 Muſt leave at laſt in death, theſe eyes, and cares, 15
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with ſweet ſalt teares,
 But ſoules where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then ſhall prove
 This, or a love increaſed there above,
 When bodies to their graves, ſoules from their graves
 remove 20

The Anniverſarie 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD no title, B, Cy, D,
 H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S Ad Liviam S96 3 times, as they
 paſſe, 1633, 1669 (*which brackets which paſſe*), MSS times, as theſe
 paſſe, 1635-54 time, as they paſſe, Chambers, who attributes to 1633, 1669
 12 divorce Ed divorce, 1633-69 17 love Ed love, 1633-69 20
 to their graves] to their grave 1635-39

And

And then wee shall be throughly bleft,
 But wee no more, then all the rest,
 Here upon earth, we're Kings, and none but wee
 Can be fuch Kings, nor of fuch fubjects bee
 Who is fo fafe as wee ? where none can doe 25
 Treafon to us, except one of us two
 True and falfe feares let us refraine,
 Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe
 Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine
 To write threefcore this is the fecond of our raigne 30

A Valediction of my name, in the window

I
MY name engrav'd herein,
 Doth contribute my firmneffe to this glaffe,
 Which, ever fince that charme, hath beene
 As hard, as that which grav'd it, was,
 Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock 5
 The diamonds of either rock

22 wee *A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* now
1633-69 See note rest, *Ed* rest *1633-69* 23 none *om*
1669, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96 24 None are fuch Kings, *1669,*
D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96 nor] and *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96*
 bee *Ed* bee, *1633-69* 27 refraine,] refraine *1669* 30 threefcore
Groler threefcore, *1633-69*

A Valediction Of *Sc D, H49* A Valediction of *Sc 1633-69, H40,*
Lec Valediction of *Sc A18, N, TCC, TCD* A Valediction of my
 name in the Glaffe Window *Cy* A Valediction to *Sc B* Valediction
 4 of Glaffe *O'F* Valediction in Glaffe *P* The Diamond and Glaffe *S*
 Vpon the ingravinge of his name with a Diamonde in his miftis windowe
 when he was to travel *S96* (*This is added to the title in O'F*) *similarly, JC*
 4 was, *Ed* was, *1633-69* 5 eye] eyes *A18, B, Cy, JC, N, O'F, P, S,*
S96, TC

II

'Tis much that Glasse should bee
 As all confessing, and through-fhine as I,
 'Tis more, that it shewes thee to thee,
 And cleare reflects thee to thine eye 10
 But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,
 Here you see mee, and I am you

III

As no one point, nor dash, r
 Which are but accessaries to this name,
 The showers and tempests can outwash, 15
 So shall all times finde mee the fame,
 You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
 Who have the patterne with you still

IIII

Or, if too hard and deepe
 This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach, 20
 It, as a given deaths head keepe,
 Lovers mortalitie to preach,
 Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee
 My ruinous Anatomie

V

Then, as all my foules bee, 25
 Emparadis'd in you, (in whom alone
 I understand, and grow and see,)
 The rafters of my body, bone
 Being full with you, the Muscfe, Sinew, and Veine,
 Which tile this house, will come againe 30

8 I, 1633-54 I 1669 12 am you] see you 1669 14
 accessaries 1633-69, O'F, S accessary A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, I et, N,
 P, S96, IC 15 tempests 1633, 1669 tempest 1635-54 19 Or, Ed
 O1 1633-69

VI

VI

Till my returne, repaire
 And recompact my scattered body so
 As all the vertuous powers which are
 Fix'd in the starres, are said to flow
 Into such characters, as graved bee 35
 When these starres have supremacie

VII

So, since this name was cut
 When love and griefe, their exaltation had,
 No doore 'gainst this names influence shut,
 As much more loving, as more sad, 40
 'Twill make thee, and thou shouldst, till I returne,
 Since I die daily, daily mourne

VIII

When thy inconsiderate hand*
 Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
 To looke on one, whose wit or land, 45
 New battry to thy heart may frame,
 Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
 In it offendst my Genius

IX

And when thy melted maid,
 Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page, 50
 His letter at thy pillow'hath laid,
 Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
 And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,
 May my name step in, and hide his

32 so 1633-35 so, 1639-69, Chambers See note 34 flow *Ed*
 flow, 1633-69 36 these 1633 those 1635-69 have] had 1669
 supremacie 1633-39 supremacie 1650-69 See note 37 So, *Ed* So
 1633-69 39 shut, *Ed* shut, 1633-69 44 ope 1633-69, *O'F*,
S96 out *A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, TC* 48 offendst]
 offends 1669 50 and] or 1669, *JC, O'F, S96*
 52-3 Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage
 If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this, 1669

X

And if this treafon goe 55
 To an overt act, and that thou write againe ,
 In superscribing, this name flow
 Into thy fancy, from the pane
 So, in forgetting thou remembreft right,
 And unaware to mee shalt write 60

XI

But glasse, and lines must bee,
 No meanes our firme substantiall love to keepe ,
 Neere death inflicts this lethargie,
 And this I murmur in my sleepe ,
 Impute this idle talke, to that I goe, 65
 For dying men talke often so

Twicknam garden

Blasted with sighs, and furrounded with teares,
 Hither I come to seeke the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,
 Receive such balmes, as else cure every thing ,
 But O, selfe traytor, I do bring 5
 The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
 And can convert Manna to gall,
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought

55 goe] growe *JC, O'F, S* 56 againe, 1633 againe 1635-69 57
 this] my 1669 58 pane 1633 Pen, 1635-69, *O'F, S* 60 unaware]
 unawares *B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* 64 this] thus 1635-69, *O'F, P, S, S96*
 Twicknam garden 1633-69 do or Twitnam Garden *A18, L74* (in
 margin), *N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* In a Gaiden *B* no tile, *A25,*
Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, P 3 eares] years 1669 4 balms
 cure 1633, *A25, D, H49* balm cures 1635-69, *A18, B, Cy, L74, N,*
O'F, P, S, S96, TC thing, *Ed* thing, 1633 thing 1635-69 6
 spider] spideis 1669 8 thoroughly 1633-39 thoroughly 1650-69

'Twere

'Twere wholfomer for mee, that winter did 10
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face,
 But that I may not this disgrace
 Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee 15
 Some fenlesse peece of this place bee,
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare

Hither with christall vyals, lovers come,
 And take my teares, which are loves wine, 20
 And try your mistresse Teares at home,
 For all are false, that tast not just like mine,
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares,
 Then by her shadow, what she weares 25
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee

A Valediction of the booke

I'll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe
 To anger destiny, as she doth us,
 How I shall stay, though she Esloygne me thus
 And how posterity shall know it too,

12 did] would *Ar8, A25, N, TC* 13 laugh,] laugh 1633 14 that
 I may not] since I cannot 1669 15 nor yet leave loving, 1633 *om D,*
H40, H49, Lec nor leave this garden, 1635-69, *Ar8, A25, Cy, JC, L74, N,*
O'F, P, S, S96, TC 17 groane *Ar8, D, H40, H49, N, TC* grow
 1633-69, *B, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96* 18 my yeare, 1633, 1669, *D, H40,*
H49, Lec the yeare 1635-54, *Ar8, A25, L74, N, O'F, P, TC* 20 loves]
 loves 1639 24 womans *Ar8, D, H40, H49, L74, N, TC* womens
 1633-69, *Lec, P, S96*

A Valediction of *Ec Ed* A Valediction of the Booke *Ar8, N, TCC,*
1CD Valediction of the booke *D, H49, Lec* Valediction 3 .Of the
 Booke *O'F* The Booke *Cy, P* Valediction to his booke 1633-69, *S*
 A Valediction of a booke left in a windowe *JC*

How

How thine may out-endure 5
 Sybills glory, and obscure
 Her who from Pindar could allure,
 And her, through whose helpe *Lucan* is not lame,
 And her, whose booke (they say) *Homer* did finde, and name

Study our manuscripts, those Myriades 10
 Of letters, which have past twixt thee and mee,
 Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
 To all whom loves subliming fire invades,
 Rule and example found,
 There, the faith of any ground 15
 No schismaticke will dare to wound,
 That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
 To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
 Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved tome 20
 In cypher writ, or new made Idioms,
 Wee for loves clergie only'are instruments
 When this booke is made thus,
 Should againe the ravenous
 Vandals and Goths inundate us, 25
 Learning were safe, in this our Universe
 Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick, Angels
 Verbe

Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinity
 Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke,
 Whether abstract spirituall love they like, 30
 Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not see,

18 Records, 1633-69 records, Grolier 20 tome 1633-35 to me
 1639-54 Tomb 1669, A18, Cy, Lec, N, S 21 Idioms, Ed Idioms,
 1633-69 22 instruments Ed instruments, 1633-69 See note 25
 and Goths inundate us, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, I C and the
 Goths invade us, 1633-54, S and Goths invade us, 1669, H40, J C (or), O'F,
 P 26 were safe, 1633 rest omit semicolon Universe 1633-39
 Universe, 1650-69 30 abstract] abstracted 1669

Or,

Or, loth so to amuze
 Faiths infirmitie, they chuse
 Something which they may see and use,
 For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth sit, 35
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it

Here more then in their bookes may Lawyers finde,
 Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
 And how prerogative these states devours,
 Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankind, 40
 Who though from heart, and eyes,
 They exact great subsidies,
 Forsake him who on them relies,
 And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,
 Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative 45

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can reade,)
 May of their occupation finde the grounds
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
 If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,
 In both they doe excell 50
 Who the present governe well,
 Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell,
 In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,
 As in the Bible some can finde out Alchimy

Thus vent thy thoughts, abroad I'll studie thee, 55
 As he removes farre off, that great heights takes,
 How great love is, prefence best tryall makes,
 But absence tryes how long this love will bee,

32 Or, amuze *Ed* Or amuze, 1633-69 33 infirmitie,]
 infirmities, 1669, *D, H49, Lec* 38 titles] titles, 1633 39 these states]
 those rites *A18, N, TC* 40 womankind, *Ed* womankind 1633-54
 womankind 1669 43 relies, *Ed* relies 1633 relies, 1635-69 44
 give,] give, 1635-69 46 Statesmen] Tradesmen *Cy, P* 47 grounds
Ed grounds, 1633-69 49 'tis, one] 'tis on, 1669 53 their nothing
 1635-54, *A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC* (nothings), *Lec, N, O'F, S, TC* (*but*
the MSS waver between their and there) there something 1633, 1669, *P*
 55 vent 1633, 1669 went 1635-54 thoughts, abroad] thoughts abroad
 1669 56 great heights] shadows *O'F*

To take a latitude
 Sun, or starres, are fithieft view'd 60
 At their brightest, but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have wee,
 But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee ?

Communitie

GOOD wee must love, and must hate ill,
 For ill is ill, and good good still,
 But there are things indifferent,
 Which wee may neither hate, nor love,
 But one, and then another prove, 5
 As wee shall finde our fancy bent

If then at first wise Nature had
 Made women either good or bad,
 Then some wee might hate, and some chuse,
 But since thee did them so create, 10
 That we may neither love, nor hate,
 Onely this rests, All, all may use

If they were good it would be seene,
 Good is as visible as greene,
 And to all eyes it selfe betrayes 15
 If they were bad, they could not last,
 Bad doth it selfe, and others waite,
 So, they deserve nor blame, nor praise

63 1669 omits darke
 Communitie 1635-69 no title, 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,
 L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, ICC, ICD 3 there 1635-69, A18, B, N,
 O'F, S, IC, &c these 1633, D, Cy, H49, Lec 7 had Ed had, 1633-39
 12 All, all 1633-54 All men 1669 15 betrays 1650-69 betrays,
 1633-39

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
 He that but tafts, he that devours, 20
 And he that leaves all, doth as well
 Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat,
 And when hee hath the kernell eate,
 Who doth not fling away the shell?

Loves growth

I Scarce beleeeve my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude, and season, as the graffe,
 Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I fwore, 5
 My love was infinite, if spring make't more

But if this medicine, love, which cures all forrow
 With more, not onely bee no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stufes, paining soule, or fense,
 And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow, 10
 Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use
 To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse,
 But as all else, being elemented too,
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do

And yet no greater, but more eminent, 15
 Love by the spring is growne,
 As, in the firmament,

21 well *Ed* well, 1633-69
 Loves growth 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* The Spring or Spring *B,*
Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 no title, *JC* 9 paining 1633, *A18, B,*
D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC vexing 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S* 10 working
 1633 and *MSS* as above active 1635-69 and *MSS* as above 11 pure,
 and] pure an 1669, *O'F* 14 do] do 1633

Starres by the Sunne are not enlarg'd, but showne
 Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
 From loves awakened root do bud out now 20
 If, as in water stir'd more circles bee
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
 Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
 For, they are all concentrique unto thee
 And though each spring doe adde to love new heate, 25
 As princes doe in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate the springs encrease

Loves exchange

Love, any devill else but you,
 Would for a given Soule give something too
 At Court your fellowes every day,
 Give th'art of Riming, Huntsmanship, or Play,
 For them which were their owne before, 5
 Onely I have nothing which gave more,
 But am, alas, by being lowly, lower
 I aske no dispensation now
 To falsifie a teare, or sigh, or vow,
 I do not fue from thee to draw 10
 A *non obstante* on natures law,
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine, none should forfwere
 Except that hee *Loves* minion were

18-19 Starres showne Gentle love Ed Staresses showne,
 Gentle love 1633-69

Stars are not by the sunne enlarg'd, but showne
 Greater, Loves deeds P See note

24 thee Ed thee, 1633-69 28 the 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 N, S96, TC this 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P, S

Loves exchange 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD no title, B, D, H40, H49,
 JC, Lec, O'F, P 4 or] and most MSS Play D play 1633-69 9
 or sigh, or vow, 1633-54 a sigh, a vow, 1669

Give

Give mee thy weaknesse, make mee blinde, 15
 Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eies and minde,
 Love, let me never know that this
 Is love, or, that love childish is,
 Let me not know that others know
 That she knowes my paines, leaft that fo 20
 A tender shame make me mine owne new woe

If thou give nothing, yet thou'art iust,
 Because I would not thy first motions trust,
 Small townes which stand stiffe, till great shot
 Enforce them, by warres law *condition* not 25
 Such in loves warfare is my case,
 I may not article for grace,
 Having put Love at last to shew this face

This face, by which he could command
 And change the Idolatrie of any land, 30
 This face, which wherefoe'r it comes,
 Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombes,
 And melt both Poles at once, and store
 Deserts with cities, and make more
 Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before 35

For this, Love is enrag'd with mee,
 Yet kills not If I muft example bee
 To future Rebels, If th'unborne
 Muft learne, by my being cut up, and torne
 Kill, and dissect me, Love, for this 40
 Torture againft thine owne end is,
 Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies

18 is, *Ed* is 1633-69 20 paines] paine *A18, B, D, H40, H49,*
JG, Lec, O'F, P, TC 21 1669 omits new 28 Love *D* love 1633-69
 this] his 1669 36 For this, *Ed* For, this 1633-69 Love *D*• love
 1633-69 37 not If *Ed* not, if 1633-39 not if 1650-69

Confined Love

Some man unworthy to be possessor
 Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,
 Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,
 If on womankind he might his anger wreake,
 And thence a law did grow, 5
 One might but one man know,
 But are other creatures so?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden,
 To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
 Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden 10
 If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?
 Beasts doe no joyntures lose
 Though they new lovers choose,
 But we are made worfe then those

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors, 15
 And not to seeke new lands, or not to deale withall?
 Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
 Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
 Good is not good, unlesse
 A thousand it possesse, 20
 But doth waite with greedinesse

Confined Love 1635-69 no title, 1633, Ar8, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec,
 N, O'F, TCC, TCD To the worthiest of all my lovers Cy To the
 of all my loves my virtuous mistress P 3 his] this 1669 lesser]
 the lesser Ar8, Cy, JC, P 6 might 1633-69 should B, Cy, D, H49,
 JC, L74, Lec, O'F, S, TC 9 lend] bend 1669 11 mate, 1633-39
 meate, 1650 meat, 1669 a night (i e a-night) 1633-54 all night 1669
 12 Beasts] Beast 1635 15 ship] ships 1669, Chambers 16 seeke
 new lands 1633-35 and MSS seeke lands 1639-69, Chambers, whose no'e
 is incorrect withall 1633 with all 1635-69 17 built 1633-35
 build 1639-69

The

The Dreame

D Eare love, for nothing lesse then thee
 Would I have broke this happy dreame,
 It was a theame
 For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
 Therefore thou wak'd'st me wisely, yet 5
 My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,
 Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,
 To make dreames truths, and fables histories,
 Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,
 Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest 10

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee,
 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lovest truth) an Angell, at first sight,
 But when I saw thou sawest my heart, 15
 And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
 Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
 I must confesse, it could not chuse but bee
 Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee 20

Commung and staying shew'd thee, thee,
 But rising makes me doubt, that now,
 Thou art not thou
 That love is weake, where feare's as strong as hee,

The Dreame 1633-69 do or similarly, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, L74,
 Lec, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96, TCC, TCD 6 brok'st continued'st]
 breakest continuest 1669, A25, C, P, S 7 so truth, 1633, A18, D,
 H49, L74, Lec, N, TC 10 true, 1635-69, A25, B, C, Cy, O'F, P, S See note
 10 act] doe A25, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 14 an
 Angell,] but an Angell, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC 16 thoughts,]
 om comma Grolier and Chambers See note 17 then thou knew'st when
 1669 19 must] doe A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC 20
 Prophane,] Profane's A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, TC 24 feare's
 as strong 1633-54, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, TCC feares are strong 1669,
 B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96 feare is strong N, TCD

'Tis

Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play
 That loving wretch that sweares,
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
 Which he in her Angelique findes,
 Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
 In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares
 Hope not for minde in women, at their best
 Sweetnesse and wit, they're but *Mummy*, posselt

20

The Flea

MArke but this flea, and marke in this,
 How little that which thou deny'st me is,
 It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
 And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee,
 Thou know'st that this cannot be said
 A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,
 Yet this enjoys before it wooe,
 And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
 And this, alas, is more then wee would doe

5

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
 Where wee almost, yea more then marryed are
 This flea is you and I, and this
 Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is,

10

23-4 *punctuation from MSS*

at their best,

Sweetnesse, and wit they're, but, *Mummy*, posselt 1633-54

1669 omits all punctuation in these lines

The Flea is placed here in the 1633 edition 1635-69 place it at beginning
 of Songs and Sonets The Flea or no title, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40
 H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 It suckt mee first,
 1633-54, D, H49 Lec, S96 Mee it suck'd first, 1669, A18, A25, B, C, Cy,
 L74, N, P, S, TC and now sucks] and now it sucks 1669 5 Thou
 know'st that 1633-54, D, H49, Lec Confels it. This cannot be said 1669,
 A18, A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 6 nor shame, nor
 losse 1633-54 (shame 1633), D, H49, Lec or shame, or losf 1669, A18,
 A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, 1C 9 would] could 1669 11 yea,
 1633-54, D, H49, Lec nay, 1669 A18, A25, B, C, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, 1C
 Though

Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
 And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet 15
 Though use make you apt to kill mee,
 Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
 And sacrilege, three finnes in killing three

Cruell and sodaine, haſt thou ſince
 Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence? 20
 Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
 Except in that drop which it ſuckt from thee?
 Yet thou triumph'ſt, and ſaiſt that thou
 Find'ſt not thy ſelfe, nor mee the weaker now,
 'Tis true, then learne how falſe, feares bee, 25
 Juſt ſo much honor, when thou yeeld'ſt to mee,
 Will waſt, as this flea's death tooke life from thee

The Curſe

Who ever gueſſes, thinks, or dreames he knowes
 Who is my miſtris, wither by this curſe,
 His only, and only his purſe
 May ſome dull heart to love diſpoſe,
 And ſhee yeeld then to all that are his foes, 5
 May he be ſcorn'd by one, whom all elſe ſcorne,
 Forſweare to others, what to her he'hath ſworne,
 With feare of miſſing, ſhame of getting, torne

16 you] thee *Ar8, Cy, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* 21 Wherein] In what
Ar8, A25, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TC 22 drop] blood 1669
 The Curſe 1633-69 A Curſe or The Curſe *Ar8, A25, B, C, D,*
H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD Dirae P, Q 2 curſe]
 courſe 1669 3 His only, and only his purſe 1633-54, *Ar8, A25, B,*
C, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC Him, only for his purſe
 1669, *Chambers* His one and his onely purſe P 4 heart 1633-54
 and *MSS* where 1669 and *Chambers* 5 And ſhee yeeld then to
 1633-54 and *MSS* And then yeeld unto 1669, *Chambers* 8 getting,
 Ed getting 1633-69 torne Ed torne, 1633-54 torne 1669 *Compare*
 16 and 24

Madneſſe

Madnesse his forrow, gout his cramp, may hee
 Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such 10
 And may he feele no touch

Of conscience, but of fame, and bee
 Anguish'd, not that'twas sinne, but that'twas shee
 In early and long scarcenesse may he rot,
 For land which had been his, if he had not 15
 Himselfe incestuously an heire begot

May he dreame Treason, and beleewe, that hee
 Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,
 And no record tell why
 His sonnes, which none of his may bee, 20
 Inheite nothing but his infamie
 Or may he so long Parasites have fed,
 That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,
 And at the last be circumcis'd for bread

The venom of all stepdames, gamsters gall, 25
 What Tyrans, and their subjects interwith,
 What Plants, Mynes, Beasts, Foule, Fish,
 Can contribute, all ill which all
 Prophets, or Poets spake, And all which shall
 Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee, 30
 Fall on that man, For if it be a shee
 Nature before hand hath out-cursed mee

9 cramp,] cramps, 1669, Chambers, and most MSS 10 him 1633-54
 and MSS them 1669, Chambers 12 fame,] shame, A18, A25, N, P, TC
 14-16 In early and long scarcenesse an heire begot 1633, B, D, H40,
 H49, Lec, O'F (which gives alternate version in margin), S

Or may he for her vertue reverence
 One that hates him onely for impotence,
 And equall Traitors be she and his sense

1635-69, A18, A25, C, JC, N, P, Q, S, TC
 18 Meant] Went A18, N, TC 26 Tyrans, 1633-35 Tyrants, 1639
 tyrants, 1650-69 27 Mynes, A18, A25, B, H40, JC, L74, N, O'F,
 P, Q, S, TC Myne, 1633-69, D, H49, Lec 28 ill 1669 ill, 1633-54

The Message

SEnd home my long strayed eyes to mee,
 Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee,
 Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
 Such forc'd fashions,
 And false passions, 5
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good fight, keep them still

Send home my harmlesse heart againe,
 Which no unworthy thought could staine,
 But if it be taught by thine 10
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And crosse both
 Word and oath, 15
 Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine

Yet fend me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know, and see thy lyes,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish 20
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou art now

The Message 1635-69 no title, 1633 Song or no title, A25, B, Cy, D,
 H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96 Sonnet P Songes w^{ch} were made to o^c
 (vid sup p 18) A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 thee, Ed thee, 1633-69 3
 But if they there 1669, S 10 staine,] staine, 1633-69 11 But
 1635-69 Which 1633, A18, A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TC 14 crosse A18,
 A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC breake 1633-69 16
 Keep it still 'tis 1669 19 And may laugh, when that Thou D, H49, Lec
 24 art now] dost now 1669

A noc-

*A nocturnall upon S Lucies day,
Being the shortest day*

TIs the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who scarce feaven houres herself unmaskes,
 The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes,
 The worlds whole sap is funke 5
 The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,
 Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunke,
 Dead and enterr'd, yet all these seeme to laugh,
 Compar'd with mee, who am their Epitaph

 Study me then, you who shall lovers bee 10
 At the next world, that is, at the next Spring
 For I am every dead thing,
 In whom love wrought new Alchimie
 For his art did expresse
 A quintessence even from nothingnesse, 15
 From dull privations, and leane emptinesse
 He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot
 Of absence, darknesse, death, things which are not

 All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
 Life, soule, forme, spirit, whence they beeing have, 20
 I, by loves limbecke, am the grave
 Of all, that's nothing Oft a flood
 Have wee two wept, and so
 Drownd the whole world, us two, oft did we grow
 To be two Chaoffes, when we did shew 25
 Care to ought else, and often absences
 Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasses

A nocturnal &c 1633-69, *Al8, N, O'F, TCC, TCD* 7 beds-
 feet,] bds feet 1633-69 12 every 1633, *Al8, N, O'F* (altered to a very),
IC a very 1635-69 16 emptinesse 1719 emptinesse, *Chambers*
and Grolier emptinesse 1633-54 emptinesse, 1669 See note 20
 have, *Ed* have, 1633-69

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
 Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown,
 Were I a man, that I were one, 30
 I needs must know, I should preferre,
 If I were any beaft,
 Some ends, some means, Yea plants, yea stoncs detest,
 And love, All, all some properties invest,
 If I an ordinary nothing were, 35
 As shadow, a light, and body must be here

But I am None, nor will my Sunne renew
 You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne
 At this time to the Goat is runne
 To fetch new luft, and give it you, 40
 Enjoy your summer all,
 Since thee enjoyes her long nights festivall,
 Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call
 This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this
 Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is 45

Witchcraft by a picture

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
 Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,
 My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,
 When I looke lower I espie,
 Hadst thou the wicked skill 5
 By pictures made and mard, to kill,
 How many wayes mightst thou performe thy will?

31 know,] know, 1633 32 beaft,] beast, Grolier 34 love,
 All, all *Ed* love, all, all 1633-69 invest, *Ed* invest, 1633 invest
 1635-69 37 renew 1633 renew, 1635-69 41 all, *Ed* all,
 1633-69 and Chambers, who places a full stop after festivall 44 Eve,
 1650-69 eve, 1633-39
 Witchcraft &c 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD The Picture or Picture
 Cy, JC, O'F, P, S96 A Songe B 4 espie, *Ed* espie, 1633-69
 6 to kill, *Ed* to kill? 1633-39 to kill, 1650-69

But

But now I have drunke thy sweet falt teares,
 And though thou poure more I'll depart,
 My picture vanish'd, vanish feares, 10
 That I can be endamag'd by that art,
 Though thou retaine of mee
 One picture more, yet that will bee,
 Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free

The Baite

Come live with mee, and bee my love,
 And wee will some new pleasures prove
 Of golden sands, and christall brookes,
 With filken lines, and silver hookes

There will the river whispering runne 5
 Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne
 And there the inamor'd fish will stay,
 Begging themselves they may betray

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channell hath, 10
 Will amorously to thee swimme,
 Gladder to catch thee, then thou him

9 And though] Although 1669 And though thou therefore poure more
 will depart, *B, H40* 10 vanish'd, vanish feares, 1633, *A18, B, Cy, H40,*
JC, N, P, S96, TC vanished, vanish all feares 1635-54, *O'F* vanish, vanish
 fears, 1669 11 that] thy *JC, O'F, S96* 14 all] thy *B, H40, S96*
 The Baite 1635-69 no title, 1633 Song or no title, *D, H49, JC, Lec,*
O'F, P, S96, Walton's Compleate Angler Fourth Day Chap XII
 Songs that were made &c (*vid sup p 18*) *A18, N, TCC, TCD* 2 some
 new] all the *P* 3 brookes, *Ed* brookes 1633-69 5 whispering
 1633 whispering 1635-69 6 thy] thine 1669, *A18, N, TC* 7
 inamor'd] enamelled *Walton* stay] play 1669 11 to] unto *JC, O'F,*
P to see *N* Most amorously to thee will swim *Walton*

If

If thou, to be so feene, beeſt loath,
 By Sunne, or Moone, thou darkneſt both,
 And if my ſelfe have leave to fee,
 I need not their light, having thee 15

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legges, with ſhells and weeds,
 Or treacherouſly poore fiſh beſet,
 With ſtrangling ſnare, or windowie net 20

Let coarſe bold hands, from ſlimy neſt
 The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,
 Or curious traitors, ſleavesilke flies
 Bewitch poore fiſhes wandring eyes

For thee, thou needſt no ſuch deceit,
 For thou thy ſelfe art thine owne bait,
 That fiſh, that is not catch'd thereby,
 Alas, is wiſer farre then I 25

The Apparition

When by thy ſcorne, O murtherſſe, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkſt thee free
 From all ſolicitation from mee,
 Then ſhall my gholt come to thy bed,
 And thee, fain'd veſtall, in worſe armes ſhall ſee, 5

15 my ſelfe] mine eyes *Walton* my heart *A18, N, TC* 18 with]
 which 1633 20 ſnare,] ſnares, *Walton* windowie] winding 1669 *See*
note 23 Or 1633-69 Let *Walton* ſleavesilke 1635 ſleave filke
 1639-69 and *Walton* ſleavesilke 1633 24 To witch poor wandring
 fiſhes eyes *Walton* 25 thou needſt] there needs *D, H49, Lec, S96*
 26 bait, *Ed* bait, 1633-69 27 catch'd 1633-69 catch't *Walton*
 caught *P* 28 Is wiſer far, alas *Walton*

The Apparition 1633-69 do or An Apparition *A18, A25, B, Cy,*
D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 2 that thou thinkſt]
 thou ſhalt think 1669 3 ſolicitation] ſolicitations *JC, O'F* 5 thee,
 veſtall, *Ed* thee veſtall 1633-39 thee Veſtall 1650-69
 Then

Then thy ficke taper will begin to winke,
 And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
 Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
 Thou call'st for more,
 And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke, 10
 And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye
 A verier ghost then I,
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Left that preserve thee', and since my love is spent, 15
 I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
 Then by my threatnings rest still innocent

The broken heart

HE is starke mad, who ever sayes,
 That he hath beene in love an houre,
 Yet not that love so soone decayes,
 But that it can tenne in lesse space devour,
 Who will beleewe mee, if I sweare 5
 That I have had the plague a yeare?
 Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,
 I saw a flaske of powder burne a day?
 Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
 If once into loves hands it come! 10
 All other griefes allow a part
 To other griefes, and aske themselves but some,

7 then] 1669 omits 10 in false sleepe will from 1633, Cy, D, H49,
Lec, S in false sleepe from 1635-54 in a false sleepe even from 1669
 in a false sleepe from *A25, P* in a false sleepe will from *A18, N, TC*
 13 I,] I, 1633, some copies 17 rest still] keep thee *A25, Cy, JC, O'F, P*
 The broken heart 1633-69 Broken Heart *L74* Song or no title, *A18,*
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD Elegie *P, S96* 8
 flaske 1633, *A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, Lec, O'F* (corrected from flash), *P, S*
 flash 1635-69, *A18, H49, N, TC* 10 come! *Ed* come? 1633-69
 12 some, *Ed* some, 1633-69

They

They come to us, but us Love draws,
 Hee swallows us, and never chawes
 By him, as by chain'd shot, whole rankes doe dye, 15
 He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye
 If 'twere not so, what did become
 Of my heart, when I first saw thee ?
 I brought a heart into the roome,
 But from the roome, I carried none with mee 20
 If it had gone to thee, I know
 Mine would have taught thine heart to shew
 More pittie unto mee but Love, alas,
 At one first blow did shiver it as glasse
 Yet nothing can to nothing fall, 25
 Nor any place be empty quite,
 Therefore I thinke my breast hath all
 Those peeces still, though they be not unite,
 And now as broken glasses shew
 A hundred lesser faces, so 30
 My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,
 But after one such love, can love no more

A Valediction forbidding mourning

AS virtuous men passe mildly away,
 And whisper to their soules, to goe,
 Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
 The breath goes now, and some say, no

15 chain'd shot] chain-shott *A18, A25, N, TC* 16 tyran] Tyrant
 1669 our hearts] and we 1669 17 did] could *A18, A25, B, C, L74,*
O'F, N, TC would *B, Cy, M, S* 20 mee 1650-69 mee, 1633-39
 23 alas,] alas 1633 24 first] fierce *A18, B, N, TC* 30 hundred]
 thousand *A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, P, S, TC*

A Valediction forbidding &c *Ed* A Valediction forbidding &c
 1633-69 Valediction forbidding &c *A18, N, TCC, ICD* Valediction
 agaynst &c *A25, C* A Valediction *B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec* Vpon
 the partunge from his Mistris *O'F, S96* To his love upon his departure
 from her *JC Elegie L74, P* also in *Walton's Life of Donne (1675)*
 4 The breath goes now, 1633-54, and all the *MSS* Now his breath
 goes, 1669 *Chambers* no *Ed* no 1633-54 No, 1669

So let us melt, and make no noife,
 No teare-floods, nor figh-tempefts move,
 T'were prophanation of our joyes
 To tell the layetie our love 5

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
 Men reckon what it did and meant,
 But trepidation of the fpheares,
 Though greater farre, is innocent 10

Dull fublunary lovers love 1
 (Whofe foule is fenfe) cannot admit
 Abfence, becaufe it doth remove
 Thofe things which elemented it 15

But we by a love, fo much refin'd,
 That our felves know not what it is,
 Inter-affured of the mind,
 Care leffe, eyes, lips, and hands to miffe 20

Our two foules therefore, which are one,
 Though I muft goe, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to avery thinneffe beate

If they be two, they are two fo 25
 As fiffe twin compaffes are two,
 Thy foule the fixt foot, makes no flow
 To move, but doth, if the'other doe

6 No wind-fighs or tear-floods us move, *Walton* 8 layetie our love
1633-69 (love 1633), A25, D, C, H49, Lec, S layetie of our love *A18, B,*
Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC 9 Moving brings] Movings
caufe Walton, O'F 10 it] they *Walton* 15 Abfence, becaufe
1633-54 and MSS Of abfence, *caufe 1669* 16 Thofe things
1633-54 and all MSS The thing *1669, Chambers* See note 17
much] fir 1669 18 our felves] our fouls *Walton* 20 Care leffe,
1633-35, 1669 Carelefse, *1639-54* lips, and hands *1669 and all*
MSS lips, hands *1633*

And

And though it in the center fit,
 Yet when the other far doth rome, 30
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,
 And growes erect, as that comes home
 Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
 Like th'other foot, obliquely runne,
 Thy firmnes makes my circle iust, 35
 And makes me end, where I begunne

The Extasie

WHere, like a pillow on a bed,
 A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
 The violets reclining head,
 Sat we two, one anothers best
 Our hands were firmly cimented 5
 With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
 Our eyes, upon one double string,
 So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
 Was all the meanes to make us one, 10
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation
 As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertaine victorie,
 Our foules, (which to advance their state, 15
 Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee

30 the other] my other *Walton* 31 It] Thine *Walton* 32 that]
 mine *Walton* 34 runne, *Ed* runne 1633-69 35 circle] circles
 1639-54 36 makes me] me to *Walton*
 The Extasie 1633-69 do or Extasie *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49,*
JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 reclining 1633-54 de-
 clining 1669 4 best *Ed* best, 1633-54 Sate we on one
 anothers breasts 1669 6 With 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
P, S, TC By 1635-69, *Chambers* 8 string, *Ed* string, 1633-69
 9 to'entergraft 1633, *A18, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, P, S, TC* to engraft 1635-
 69, *A25, JC, O'F, Chambers* 11 in 1633-69, *P* on *A18, A25, B, D,*
H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC 15 their 1633 and most *MSS*
 our 1635-69, *O'F, P*

And whil't our foules negotiate there,
 Wee like sepulchrall statues lay,
 All day, the same our postures were,
 And wee said nothing, all the day 20
 If any, so by love refin'd,
 That he foules language understood,
 And by good love were growen all minde,
 Within convenient distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which soule spake, 25
 Because both meant, both spake the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part farre purer then he came
 This Extasie doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love, 30
 Wee see by this, it was not sexe,
 Wee see, we saw not what did move
 But as all severall foules containe
 Mixture of things, they know not what,
 Love, these mixt foules, doth mixe againe, 35
 And makes both one, each this and that
 A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the colour, and the size,
 (All which before was poore, and scant,)
 Redoubles still, and multiplies 40
 When love, with one another so
 Interinanimates two foules,
 That abler soule, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loneliness controules
 Wee then, who are this new soule, know, 45
 Of what we are compos'd, and made,
 For, th'Atomies of which we grow,
 Are foules, whom no change can invade

18 lay, *Ed* lay, 1633-69 25 knew 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, H40, H49, JC, N, P, TC* knows 1633, *D, Lec* 29 doth] do 1669 31 sexe, 1669 sexe 1633-54 42 Interinanimates *A18, A25, B, H40, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, TC* Interinanimates 1633-69, *D, Lec* 44 loneliness] loveliness 1669 46 made, 1633-39 made 1650-69 47 Atomies 1633-54 Atomies 1669 48 are foules, 1633, 1669 are soule, 1635-54
 But

But O alas, fo long, fo farre
 Our bodies why doe wee forbear^e ? 50
 They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are
 The intelligences, they the spheare
 We owe them thanks, because they thus,
 Did us, to us, at first convey,
 Yelded their forces, sense, to us, 55
 Nor are droffe to us, but allay
 On man heavens influence workes not so,
 But that it first imprints the ayre,
 Soe soule into the soule may flow,
 Though it to body first repaire 60
 As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtile knot, which makes us man
 So must pure lovers soules descend 65
 T'affections, and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies
 To our bodies turne wee then, that so
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke, 70
 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
 But yet the body is his booke
 And if some lover, such as wee,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still marke us, he shall see 75
 Small change, when we are to bodies gone

51 though they are not *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* though not *1633-69* 52 spheare *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* spheares *1633-69* 55 forces, sense, *A18, A25, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* senses force *1633-69*
 59 Soe *A18, A25, B, H40, JC, N, P, S, S96, TC* For *1633-69, D, H49, Lec* 64 makes make *1635-39* 72 his the *1669* 76 gone *1633, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, TC* growne *1635-69, P, S96*

Loves Dettie

I Long to talke with some old lovers ghof, 5
 Who dyed before the god of Love was borne
 I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd moft,
 Sunke fo low, as to love one which did fcorne
 But fince this god produc'd a deftime,
 And that vice-nature, cuftome, lets it be ,
 I muft love her, that loves not mee
 Sure, they which made him god, meant not fo much,
 Nor he, in his young godhead-practis'd it,
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch, 10
 His office was indulgently to fit
 Actives to paffives Correſpondencie
 Only his ſubject was, It cannot bee
 Love, till I love her, that loves mee
 But every moderne god will now extend 15
 His vaſt prerogative, as far as Jove
 To rage, to luſt, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlewe of the God of Love
 Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie
 To ungod this child againe, it could not bee 20
 I ſhould love her, who loves not mee
 Rebell and Atheiſt too, why murmure I,
 As though I felt the worſt that love could doe ?
 Love might make me leave loving, or might trie
 A deeper plague, to make her love mee too, 25
 Which, ſince ſhe loves before, I'am loth to ſee,
 Falſhood is worſe then hate, and that muſt bee,
 If ſhee whom I love, ſhould love mee

Loves Dettie 1633-69, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec,
 N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD Elegye P 8 much, 1639-69 much
 1633 much? 1635 9 it, Ed it 1633-69 13 ſubjeſt] Subject
 1669 14 Love, mee 1633, 1669, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40 (who),
 H49, JC, L74, N, P, S (lov'd), TCD Love, if I love, who loves not me
 1635-54, O'F 19 Oh wak'ned] Were we not weak'ned 1669
 21 That I ſhould love, who loves not me A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49,
 JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC O'F reads as theſe but alters to as in
 printed edd 24 might make A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74,
 N, P, S, S96, TC may make 1633-69, Lec 26 Which,] Which 1633
 Loves

Loves diet

TO what a comberfome unwieldineffe
 And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,
 But that I did, to make it leffe,
 And keepe it in proportion,
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon 5
 That which love worst endures, *discrenon*

Above one figh a day I'llow'd him not,
 Of which my fortune, and my faults had part,
 And if sometimes by stealth he got
 A she figh from my mistresse heart, 10
 And thought to feast on that, I let him see
 'Twas neither very found, nor meant to mee

If he wrong from mee'a teare, I brin'd it so
 With scorne or shame, that him it nourish'd not,
 If he suck'd hers, I let him know 15
 'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
 His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat,
 For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but sweat

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
 But burnt my letters, When she writ to me, 20
 And that that favour made him fat,
 I said, if any title bee
 Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
 To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Loves diet 1633-69, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N,
 O'F, P, S, TCC (*torn out of TCD*) Amoris Dieta S96 12 mee
 Ed mee, 1633-35 mee 1639-69 18 For,] Her 1669 19
 Whatever that, 1633-39, 1669 Whate'er might him distast I still
 writ that, 1650-54 Whatsoever hee would distast I writt that, A18, N, TC
 20 But burnt my letters, When she writ to me, 1633 But burnt her
 letters when she writ to me, 1635 But burnt her letters when she writ to
 me, 1639-54, Chambers But burnt my letters which she writ to me, 1669
 21 that that 1633 if that 1635-69 See note 24 name] man 1669

Thus ~.

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flye 25
 At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse,
 Now negligent of sport I lye,
 And now as other Fawkners use,
 I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weepe
 And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke, and sleepe 30

The Will

BEfore I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,
 Great love, some Legacies, Here I bequeath
 Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can see,
 If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee,
 My tongue to Fame, to'Embassadours mine eares, 5
 To women or the sea, my teares
 Thou, Love, hast taught mee heretofore
 By making mee serve her who'had twenty more,
 That I should give to none, but such, as had too much
 before
 My constancie I to the planets give, 10
 My truth to them, who at the Court doe live,
 Mine ingenuity and opennesse,
 To Jesuites, to Buffones my pensivenesse,
 My silence to'any, who abroad hath beene,
 My mony to a Capuchin 15
 Thou Love taught't me, by appointing mee
 To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
 Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie

25 reclaim'd 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, TCC*
 redeem'd 1633, *Lec* 26 chuse] chose 1669 27 sport 1635-69, *A18,*
B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, S, S96, TCC sports 1633 30 and 1633
 and most MSS or 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, S*

The Will 1633-69 do or A Will *A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49*
Lec, M, O'F, P Loves Will *L74* Loves Legacies *A18, N, TCC*
 (torn out of *TCD*), *S* Testamentum *S96* His Last Will and Testament
JC 2 Here I 1633-54 I here 1669, *Chambers* 6 teares *Ed*
 teares, 1633-69 8 serve her] love her 1669 10 give, *Ed*
 give, 1633-69 10-27 These stanzas printed without a break, 1669
 14 bath] have 1669 18 an incapacitie] no good Capacity 1669

My

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques,
 All my good works unto the Schismatics 20
 Of Amsterdam, my best civility
 And Courtship, to an Univerſitie,
 My modeſty I give to ſouldiers bare,
 My patience let gameſters ſhare
 Thou Love taughtſt mee, by making mee 25
 Love her that holds my love diſparity,
 Onely to give to thoſe that count my gifts indignity
 I give my reputation to thoſe
 Which were my friends, Mine induſtrie to foes,
 To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulneſſe, 30
 My ſickneſſe to Phyſicians, or exceſſe,
 To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ,
 And to my company my wit
 Thou Love, by making mee adore
 Her, who begot this love in mee before, 35
 Taughtſt me to make, as though I gav'e, when I did but
 reſtore
 To him for whom the paſſing bell next tolls,
 I give my phyſick bookes, my writen rowles
 Of Morall counſels, I to Bedlam give,
 My brazen medals, unto them which live 40
 In want of bread, To them which paſſe among
 All forrainers, mine Engliſh tongue
 Thou, Love, by making mee love one
 Who thinkes her friendſhip a fit portion
 For yonger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſproportion 45
 Therefore I'll give no more, But I'll undoe
 The world by dying, becauſe love dies too
 Then all your beauties will bee no more worth
 Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth,
 19-27 omitted, A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, L74 (added later),
 Lec, M (added later), N, P, TCC given in O'F, S, and all editions 33
 wit Ed wit, 1633-69 34 Love, 1650-69 love, 1633-39 36 did
 1633 and MSS do 1635-69, O'F 45 gifts 1633-35, 1669 gift 1639-54
 46 more, But 1633 more, but 1635-69 49-51 forth, grave
 1669 forth grave, 1633-39 by interchange forth grave 1650-54
 And

And all your graces no more use shall have
 Then a Sun dyall in a grave
 Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee
 Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,
 To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three

The Funerall

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
 Nor question much
 That subtle wreath of haire, which crowns my arme,
 The mystery, the signe you must not touch,
 For 'tis my outward Soule,
 Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controule,
 And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution

For if the finewie thread my braine lets fall
 Through every part,
 Can tie those parts, and make mee one of all,
 These haire which upward grew, and strength and art
 Have from a better braine,
 Can better do it, Except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they are condemn'd
 to die

54 all three 1633-39, three being below the line in 1633 and above in 1635-39 all three 1650-54, the full stop having fallen from three to all below it annihilate thee 1669

The Funerall 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 which arme,] about mine arm, 1669 6 then to A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC unto 1633-69 12 These A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, S (The), S96, TC Those 1633-69, Lec, O'F grew, 1633-39 grow, 1650-69 16 condemn'd] condemn'd 1633

What

What ere thee meant by't, bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
 If into others hands thefe Reliques came, 20
 As'twas humility
 To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,
 So,'tis some bravery,
 That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of
 you

The Bloſſome

Little think'ft thou, poore flower,
 L Whom I have watch'd fixe or feaven dayes,
 And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough, 5
 Little think'ft thou
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
 To morrow finde thee false, or not at all

Little think'ft thou poore heart
 That labour'ft yet to nestle thee, 10
 And think'ft by hovering here to get a part
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
 And hop'ft her stiffenesse by long siege to bow
 Little think'ft thou,
 That thou to morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake, 15
 Muſt with this Sunne, and mee a journey take

17 with me, 1635-69 and MSS by me, 1633 24 save A18, B,
 Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC have 1633-69, Lec, O'F, S96 om S
 The Bloſſome 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,
 TCD no title, A25 9-13 poore heart bow] in brackets 1650-69
 10 labour'ft A18, N, TC labourest 1635-69 labours 1633 15 that
 Sunne 1633 the Sunne 1635-69

But

But thou which lov'ft to bee
 Subtile to plague thy felfe, wilt fay,
 Alas, if you muft goe, what's that to mee ?
 Here lyes my bufineffe, and here I will ftay 20
 You goe to friends, whose love and meanes pient
 Various content
 To your eyes, eares, and tongue, and every part
 If then your body goe, what need you a heart ?

Well then, ftay here, but know, 25
 When thou haft ftayd and done thy moft,
 A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
 Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghof, t
 How fhall fhee know my heart, or having none,
 Know thee for one ? 30
 Practife may make her know fome other part,
 But take my word, fhee doth not know a Heart

Meet mee at London, then,
 Twenty dayes hence, and thou fhalt fee
 Mee freffer, and more fat, by being with men, 35
 Then if I had ftaid ftill with her and thee
 For Gods fake, if you can, be you fo too
 I would give you
 There, to another friend, whom wee fhall finde
 As glad to have my body, as my minde 40

18 wilt] will 1669 23 tongue A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 N, O'F, S96, TC om S taft 1633-69 24 need you a heart ? A25,
 B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC need you have a heart ? IC need
 your heart ? 1633-69 38 I would A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O'F,
 S, S96, TC I will 1633-69, Lec

*The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the
hill, on which it is situate*

V Pon this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe
To his owne primrose, and grow Manna fo,
And where their forme, and their infinitie 5
Make a terrestriall Galaxie,
As the small starres doe in the skie
I walke to finde a true Love, and I see
That'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,
But must, or more, or lesse then woman bee 10

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish, a fixe, or foure,
For should my true-Love lesse then woman bee,
She were scarce any thing, and then, should she
Be more then woman, shee would get above 15
All thought of sexe, and thinke to move
My heart to study her, and not to love,
Both these were monstres, Since there must reside
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, then Nature falsify'd 20

Live Primrose then, and thrive
With thy true number five,
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content,
Ten is the farthest number, if halfe ten 25

The Primrose 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, ICC, TCD
The Primrose, being at *Ec* 1635-69 16 sexe, 1633 sexe,
1635-69 17 and not] and *om* 1635-39, A18, N, S, TC 23
women] woman *Chambers* 25 number, *Ed* number, 1635-69
Belonge

Belonge unto each woman, then
 Each woman may take halfe us men ,
 Or if this will not ferve their turne, Since all
 Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall
 Firft into this, five, women may take us all

30

The Relique

WHen my grave is broke up againe
 Some fecond gheft to entertaine,
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
 To be to more then one a Bed)
 And he that digs it, spies
 A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,
 Will he not let'us alone,
 And thinke that there a loving couple lies,
 Who thought that this device might be some way
 To make their foules, at the laft bufie day,
 Meet at this grave, and make a little ftay?

5

10

If this fall in a time, or land,
 Where miſ-devotion doth command,
 Then, he that digges us up, will bring
 Us, to the Biſhop, and the King,
 To make us Reliques, then
 Thou ſhalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
 A ſomething elſe thereby,

15

26 Belonge all the MSS Belongs 1633-69 See note 27 men,
 Ed men, 1633-39 men 1650-69 28 their 1633-39 the
 1650-69 29 and 1633 ſince 1635-69 30 this, Ed this 1633,
 A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, S, S96, TC om 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 The Relique 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,
 TCD no title, A25 13 miſ devotion 1633-54, A18, A25, B, D, H49,
 JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC miſi-devotion 1669, Chambers 15 and
 1633-54 and MSS or 1669, Chambers 17 Thou ſhalt be] You ſhal
 be A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, S See note

All

All women shall adore us, and some men,
 And since at such time, miracles are sought, 20
 I would have that age by this paper taught
 What miracles wee harmeleffe lovers wrought

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,
 Difference of sex no more wee knew, 25
 Then our Guardian Angells doe,
 Comming and going, wee
 Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales,
 Our hands ne'r toucht the feales,
 Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free 30
 These miracles wee did, but now alas,
 All measure, and all language, I should passe,
 Should I tell what a miracle shee was

The Dampe

WHEN I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
 And my friends curiositie
 Will have me cut up to survey each part,
 When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
 You thinke a fodaine dampe of love 5
 Will through all their senses move,
 And worke on them as mee, and so preferre
 Your murder, to the name of Maffacre

20 time] times JC, O'F 21 have that age] that age were A18,
 N, IC 25-26 Difference doe, 1633, A18, N, TC

Difference of Sex we never knew,
 No more then Guardian Angells do, 1635-69
 Difference of Sex we never knew,
 More then our Guardian Angells do A25, B, D, H49, JC,
 Lec, S, S96 (No more then our &c B, S96)

26 doe, Ed doe, 1633-69 27 wee Ed wee, 1633-69 28 not]
 yet 1669 meales, Ed meales 1633 meales 1635-69, following some
 copies of 1633 30 sets] set 1669 free 1650-69 free, 1633-39

The Dampe 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,
 TCC, TCD 4 When] And 1669 my 1633-39 mine 1650-69

Poore

Poore victories ! But if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have, 10
 Firft kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Dysdaine*,
 And let th'enchantresse *Honor*, next be flaine,
 And like a Goth and Vandall rize,
 Deface Records, and Histories
 Of your owne arts and triumphs over men, 15
 And without fuch advantage kill me then

For I could muffer up as well as you
 My Gyants, and my Witches too,
 Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretnesse*,
 But thefe I neyther looke for, nor professe, 20
 Kill mee as Woman, let mee die
 As a meere man, doe you but try
 Your paffive valor, and you fhall finde than,
 In that you'have odds enough of any man

The Diffolution

SHee's dead, And all which die
 To their firft Elements refolve,
 And wee were mutuall Elements to us,
 And made of one another
 My body then doth hers involve, 5
 And thofe things whereof I confift, hereby
 In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
 And nourifh not, but fmother

9 victories' 1650-69 victories, 1633-39 10 your] the 1669 con-
 quest] conquests JC 13 and Vandall 1633-54, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 01 Vandall 1669, Chambers 15 arts] acts 1669,
 IC 20 professe, Ed professe, 1633-69 24 In that 1633, A18, N,
 TC Naked 1635-69, B, D, H49, Lec, JC, O F, P, S
 The Diffolution 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, ICD

My

My fire of Paffion, fighes of ayre,
 Water of teares, and earthly fad despaire, 10
 Which my materialls bee,
 But neere worne out by loves securitie,
 Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
 And I might live long wretched so
 But that my fire doth with my fuell grow 15
 Now as those Active Kings
 Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
 Receive more, and spend more, and sooneft breake
 This (which I am amaz'd that I can speake)
 This death, hath with my store 20
 My use encreas'd
 And so my foule more earnestly releas'd,
 Will outftrip hers, As bullets flowen before
 A latter bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more

A Ieat Ring sent

THOU art not so black, as my heart,
 Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art,
 What would'st thou say? shall both our properties by thee
 bee spoke,
 Nothing more endlesse, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stufte, 5
 Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough
 Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
 I'am cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me'away

10 earthy 1633, A18, N, 1 C earthy 1635-69 12 neere 1635-
 69 (But securitie bracketed 1669) ne'r 1633 24 latter] later 1669
 A Ieat Ring sent 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD To a Jeat Ring
 sent to me W (among the Epigrams) 7 loves] love O'F say, Ed
 say 1633-69

Yet stay with mee since thou art come,
 Circle this fingers top, which did't her thombe 10
 Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with
 me,
 She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon breake thee

Negative love

I Never stoop'd so low, as they
 Which on an eye, cheeke, lip, can prey,
 Seldome to them, which foare no higher
 Then vertue or the minde to'admire,
 For sense, and understanding may 5
 Know, what gives fuell to their fire
 My love, though filly, is more brave,
 For may I misse, when ere I crave,
 If I know yet, what I would have
 If that be simply perfectest 10
 Which can by no way be exprest
 But *Negatives*, my love is so
 To All, which all love, I say no
 If any who deciphers best,
 What we know not, our selves, can know, 15
 Let him teach mee that nothing, This
 As yet my ease, and comfort is,
 Though I speed not, I cannot misse

Negative love 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Negative Love or the
 Nothing *O'F* The Nothing *A25, C* 4 to'admire, 1633-39 to'admire,
 1650-69 5 For] Both *A25, C* 11 way] means 1669, *O'F*
 16 nothing, 1633 nothing 1635-69

The Prohibition

Take heed of loving mee,
 At leaft remember, I forbade it thee,
 Not that I shall repaire my'unthrifty waft
 Of Breath and Blood, upon thy fighes, and teares,
 By being to thee then what to me thou waft, 5
 But, fo great Joy, our life at once outweares,
 Then, leaft thy love, by my death, frustrate bee,
 If thou love mee, take heed of loving mee

Take heed of hating mee,
 Or too much triumph in the Victorie 10
 Not that I shall be mine owne officer,
 And hate with hate againe retaliate,
 But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate
 Then, leaft my being nothing lessen thee, 15
 If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee

Yet, love and hate mee too,
 So, these extreames shall neithers office doe,
 Love mee, that I may die the gentler way,
 Hate mee, because thy love is too great for mee, 20
 Or let these two, themselves, not me decay,
 So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee,

The Prohibition 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD no title, B, Cy, D,
 H40, H49, JC, O'F, S96 in B first two verses headed I D, last verse
 T R in A18, N, S96, TCC, TCD the last stanza is omitted 3
 repaire my'unthrifty waft] repay in unthrifty a waft, 1669 5 By
 waft, Ed By waft, 1635-69, B, Cy, H40, O'F, P, RP31, S96 (mee
 for thee B, P) By being to mee then that which thou waft, 1633 om
 A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC 18 neithers Ed neythers D, H40, H49, JC
 neyther O'F, RP31 neyther their Cy ne'r their 1633-69, B 20 thy
 1635-69 my 1633 (thy in some copies) 22 I, live, Ed I live 1633-69
 Stage, 1635-69, B, Cy, H40, O'F stay, 1633, JC flaye, D, H49 not]
 and H40

Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,
To let mee live, O love and hate mee too

The Expiration

SO, fo, breake off this last lamenting kisse,
 Which sucks two foules, and vapors Both away,
 Turne thou ghost that way, and let mee turne this,
 And let our selves benight our happiest day,
 We ask'd none leave to love, nor will we owe 5
 Any, so cheape a death, as faying, Goe,

Goe, and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,
 Ease mee with death, by bidding mee goe too
 Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
 And a just office on a murderer doe 10
 Except it be too late, to kill me fo,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe

23-4 Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe
To let mee live, Oh (of in some copies) love and hate mee too 1633, B
 Then left thou thy love hate, and mee thou undoe
O let me live, yet love and hate me too 1635-54, Cy, D, H40, H49,
JC, O'F (MSS omitting first thou and some with Oh for yet)
 Left thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too 1669

The Expiration 1633-69 An Expiration A18, N, TCC, TCD
 Valediction B Valedictio O'F Valedictio Amoris S Valedico P no
 title, A25, C, JC 1 So, fo,] So, go 1669 5 ask'd A18, A25, B, C,
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC aske 1633-69, P, S 9 Oh, 1633, A18, A25, JC,
 N, TC Or, 1635-69, B, O'F, S, S96

The

The Computation

FOr the first twenty yeares, since yesterday,
 I scarce beleev'd, thou could'ft be gone away,
 For forty more, I fed on favours past,
 And forty'on hopes, that thou would'ft, they might last
 Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two, 5
 A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
 Or not divide, all being one thought of you,
 Or in a thousand more, forgot that too
 Yet call not this long life, But thinke that I
 Am, by being dead, Immortall, Can ghofts die ? 10

The Paradox

NO Lover faith, I love, nor any other
 Can judge a perfect Lover,
 Hee thinks that else none can, nor will agree
 That any loves but hee
 I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say 5
 Hee was kill'd yesterday ?
 Love with excesse of heat, more yong then old,
 Death kills with too much cold,
 Wee dye but once, and who lov'd last did die,
 Hee that faith twice, doth lye 10
 For though hee seeme to move, and stirre a while,
 It doth the sence beguile

The Computation 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD no title, B, O'F, S
 1 For 1633-54 From 1669 the 1633, A18, N, TC my 1635-69, B,
 O'F, S, Chambers 3 For] And 1669 6 One thousand
 I did think nothing nor doe, S, O F (nothing think) doe, 1635-69 doe 1633
 7 divide, 1633, 1669 deem'd, 1635-54, O'F 8 a] one O'F, S line
 dropped A18, N, TC forgot] forget 1669, A18, N, O'F, S, TC
 The Paradox 1635-69 no title, 1633, A18, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, S96
 ICC, TCD 3 can, nor will agree A18, H40, N, O'F, S, TC can or
 will agree, 1633-69 6 yesterday ?] yesterday 1633-39

Such

Along with us, which we our felves produc'd, 5
 But, now the Sunne is juft above our head,
 We doe thofe fhadowes tread,
 And to brave clearneffe all things are reduc'd
 So whilft our infant loves did grow,
 Difguifes did, and fhadowes, flow, 10
 From us, and our cares, but, now 'tis not fo
 That love hath not attain'd the high'ft degree,
 Which is ftill diligent left others fee
 Except our loves at this noone ftay,
 We fhall new fhadowes make the other way 15
 As the firft were made to blinde
 Others, thefe which come behinde
 Will worke upon our felves, and blind our eyes
 If our loves faint, and weftwardly decline,
 To me thou, falfly, thine, 20
 And I to thee mine aétions fhall difguife
 The morning fhadowes weare away,
 But thefe grow longer all the day,
 But oh, loves day is fhort, if love decay
 Love is a growing, or full conftant light, 25
 And his firft minute, after noone, is night

Sonnet The Token

SEND me fome token, that my hope may live,
 Or that my eafeleffe thoughts may fleep and reft,
 Send me fome honey to make fweet my hive,
 That in my paffion I may hope the beft

9 loves 1635-54, A18, L74, N, TC love 1669, B, D, H40, H49, JC,
 Lec, O'F, S 12 high'ft] leaft B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96
 14 loves 1635-69, A18, A25, L74, N, TC love B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec,
 O'F, S, S96 19 If our loves faint 1635-69, A25, O'F (love), P, S96 (love),
 TC If once love faint B, D, H40, H49, JC, S 26 firft A18, A25,
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, IC fhort 1635-69
 Sonnet The Token 1649-69 (following Vpon Mr Thomas Coryats
 Crudities at close of Epicedes) Ad Lefbiam S96 no title, B, Cy
 Sonnet O'F Elegie P 1 token B, O'F, S96 Tokens 1650-69, P
 4 paffion S96 paffions 1650-69, B, P

I beg

I beg noe ribbond wrought with thine owne hands, 5
 To knit our loves in the fantaſtick ſtraine
 Of new-tought youth, nor Ring to ſhew the ſtands
 Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,
 So ſhould our loves meet in ſimplicity,
 No, nor the Coralls which thy wrift inſold, 10
 Lac'd up together in congruity,
 To ſhew our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame hold,
 No, nor thy picture, though moſt gracious,
 And moſt deſir'd, becauſe beſt like the beſt,
 Nor witty Lines, which are moſt copious, 15
 Within the Writings which thou haſt addreſt
 Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my ſtore,
 But ſwear thou thinkeſt I love thee, and no more

<Selfe Love>

HE that cannot chuſe but love,
 And ſtrives againſt it ſtill,
 Never ſhall my fancy move,
 For he loves 'gaynſt his will,
 Nor he which is all his own, 5
 And can att pleaſure chuſe,
 When I am caught he can be gone,
 And when he liſt reſuſe
 Nor he that loves none but faire,
 For ſuch by all are fought, 10
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his Judgement then is nought

5 noe *B, O F, P, Sg6* nor 1650-69 9 ſimplicity, *Ed* ſimplicity
 1650-69 11 in 1650-69 with *B, O'F, Sg6* 12 hold, *Ed* hold
 1650-69 14 deſir'd becauſe beſt, *B, O'F, Sg6* deſired 'cauſe 'tis
 like thee beſt, 1650-54 deſired 'cauſe 'tis like the beſt, 1669, *Chambers*
 17 ſtore, *B, O F, P, Sg6* ſcore, 1650-69

<Selfe Love> title given by *Chambers* no title, 1650-69 (in appendix),
JC, O'F 4 'gaynſt *JC, O'F* againſt 1650-69 6 And
 can chuſe, *JC* And cannot pleaſure chuſe, 1650-69 And can all
 pleaſures chuſe, *O'F* 11 foul ones] fouleneſſ *O'F*

Nor

Nor he that hath wit, for he
 Will make me his jest or slave ,
 Nor a fool, for when others , 15
 He can neither
 Nor he that still his Mistresse payes,
 For she is thrall'd therefore
 Nor he that payes not, for he fayer
 Within, shee's worth no more 20
 Is there then no kinde of men
 Whom I may freely prove ?
 I will vent that humour then
 In mine own selfe love

14 slave, 1719 slave 1650-69 15 fool, 1719 fool 1650-69
 17 payes, JC, O'F prays, 1650-69 19 payes not,] payes, not, 1650-69
 20 Within, Ed Within 1650-69

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander

BOth rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd

Pyramus and Thisbe

TWo, by themselves, each other, love and feare
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joy'n'd here

Niobe

BY childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe

A burnt ship

OUt of a fired ship, which, by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Neere the foes ships, did by their shot decay,
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship
drown'd

Hero and Leander 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

Pyramus and Thisbe 1633-69, A18, Cy, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

i feare] feare, Chambers, and Grolier (which drops all the other commas)

Niobe 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

*2 mine owne
sad tombe 1633-69 mine owne tombe A18, N, TC made mine owne
tombe HN, W*

*A burnt ship 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD Nave arla W De
Nave arla O'F See note*

Fall

Fall of a wall

Under an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
 A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd,
 That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide

A lame begger

I Am unable, yonder begger cries,
 To stand, or move, if he say true, hee *lies*

Cales and Guyana

If you from spoyle of th'old worlds farthest end
 To the new world your kindled valors bend,
 What brave examples then do prove it trew
 That one things end doth still beginne a new

Sir Iohn Wingefield

Beyond th'old Pillers many have travailed
 Towards the Suns cradle, and his throne, and bed
 A fitter Piller our Earle did bestow
 In that late Island, for he well did know
 Farther then Wingefield no man dares to goe

A selfe accuser

Your mistris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you
 'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though't
 be true

Fall of a wall 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, ICD Cafo d'un muro O'F,
W 4 towne 1633 and MSS towre 1635-69 bones 1633-69,
A18, N, TC corpe B, HN, O'F, W

A lame begger 1633-69, A18, N, TC A beggar HN no title, P
Zoppo O'F, W

Cales and Guyana O'F Calez 〰 W first printed in Gosse's Life
 and Letters of John Donne (1899)

Sir Iohn Wingefield Ed Il Cavalliere Gio Wingef W On Cvallero
 Wingefield O'F first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne
 (1899) 2 throne W grave O'F 4 late W I ady O'F

A selfe accuser 1633-69 A Mistrisse HN no title, B, O'F, W
 2 that] om HN, O'F, W thus] om HN, O'F, W it] om HN, O'F
A licentious

A licentious person

Thy finnes and haire may no man equall call,
For, as thy finnes increafe, thy haire doe fall

Antiquary

If in his Studie he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware

Disinherited

Thy father all from thee, by his last Will,
Gave to the poore, Thou hast good title still

Phryne

Thy flattering picture, *Phryne*, is like thee,
Onely in this, that you both painted be

An obscure writer

Philo, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd
To be understood, when will hee be beleev'd?

Klockius

Klockius so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that hee dares not goe home

A licentious person 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Whore *HN* no title, *O'F, RP31, W* 1 Thy] His and so throughout, *RP31*

Antiquary 1633-69, *A18, N, P, TCC, TCD, W* Hammon *HN* no title, *Bur, Cy, O'F* Epigram *S96* 1 he hath so much 1633-69 he have such *A18, N, TC* Hamon hath such *B, Cy, HN* (have), *O'F, S96, W* 2 strange om *B, HN, O'F* all om *Bur*

Disinherited 1633-69 One disinherited *HN* no title, *Cy, O'F, P, W* 1 Will, *Ed* Will 1633-69

Phryne 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* no title, *O'F* 1 like thee,] like to thee, 1650-69

An obscure writer 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* no title, *O'F* 1 griev'd *Ed* griev'd, 1633-69 2 To be *Ed* To be 1633-69 understood, *Ed* understood, 1633-69 beleev'd?] beleev'd 1633

Klockius *HN* no title, 1633-69, *Bur, O'F* 1 *Klockius*] Rawlings *Bur* 2 In bawdie] In a bawdie *HN*

Raderus

Now I see many dangers , for that is 25
 His realme, his castle, and his dioceffe
 But if, as envious men, which would revile
 Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themselves exile
 Into another countrie, and doe it there,
 Wee play' in another house, what should we feare? 30
 There we will scorne his household policies,
 His feely plots, and pensionary spies,
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side
 Do Londons Major, or Germans, the Popes pride

ELEGIE II

The Anagram

Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
 Hath all things, whereby others beautious bee,
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
 Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
 Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough, 5
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough,
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,
 Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead
 These things are beauties elements, where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please 10

25 Now dangers,] Now do I see my dinger, 1669 that all
 MSS it 1633-69 26 dioceffe] Diocys D Diocis W 27-29
 (as envious do it there,) 1669 30 another] anothers 1669
 We into some third place retired were B, O'F, P, S96 34 Major,
 1650-54 Major, 1633-39 Mayor, 1669
 Eleg II The Anagram 1635-54 Elegie II 1633, 1669 Elegie
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P,
 S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 4 they] then's 1669, S96 teeth be 1633-69, D,
 H49, JC, Lec teeth are A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S, TC, W 6
 hair fall] hair's foul 1669 is rough 1633, 1669, A18, A25, B, D, H49,
 JC, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W is tough 1635-54, O'F, Chambers

If

If red and white and each good quality
 Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lye
 In buying things perfum'd, we aske, if there
 Be muske and amber in it, but not where
 Though all her parts be not in th'usuall place, 15
 She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say?
 When by the Gamut some Musitions make
 A perfect song, others will undertake, 20
 By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it
 Things simply good, can never be unfit
 She's faire as any, if all be like her,
 And if none bee, then she is singular
 All love is wonder, if wee justly doe 25
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
 Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,
 Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities
 Women are all like Angels, the faire be
 Like those which fell to worfe, but such as shee, 30
 Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire
 'Tis lesse grieve to be foule, then to'have beene faire
 For one nights revels, filke and gold we chuse,
 But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use
 Beauty is barren oft, best husbands say, 35
 There is best land, where there is foulest way
 Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,
 If thy past finnes have taught thee jealousy!
 Here needs no spies, nor eunuches, her commit
 Safe to thy foes, yea, to a Marmoset 40
 When Belgiaes cities, the round countiees drowne,
 That durty fouleneffe guards, and armes the towne

16 an Anagram] the Anagrams 1669 18 the 1633 that 1635-69
 words 1633-69, A25, B, L74, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC letters D, Cy, H49, W
 22 unfit D unfit, 1633-69 28 deformities] deformities, 1633
 29 faire] fairer S, S96 35 say,] say 1633 37 bec,] bec 1633
 41-2 When Belgiaes towne 1633-54 Like Belgia's cities when the
 917 3 G So

So doth her face guard her, and so, for thee,
 Which, forc'd by businesse, absent oft must bee,
 Shee, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night, 45
 Who, mightier then the sea, makes Moores seem white,
 Who, though seaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,
 And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
 Midwives would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie, 50
 Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit lesse
 Then witches, which impossibles confesse,
 Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glasse
 Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were, 55
 For, things in fashion every man will weare.

ELEGIE III

Change

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undoe,
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie
 Confirme thy love, yet much, much I feare thee
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none, 5
 Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne

Country is drown'd, That towns, 1669 Like Belgia's cities the round
 country drowns, That towns, Chambers MSS agree with 1633-54, but
 before countries read variously round (A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec,
 M, N, P, TC, W), lowe (B), foul (O F, S, S96, which read country diowns
 towns) 49 childbeds 1633-54, Lec, W childbirths 1669, A18, A25, B,
 Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 52 confesse, Ed confesse
 1633-69 53-4 Whom Joseph was 1669 and all MSS [or a
 Velvet 1669] om 1633-54

Eleg III Change 1635-54 Elegie III 1633, 1669 no title or Elegie
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S,
 S96, TCC, TCD, W 1 woikes] word 1669 4 Confirme]
 Confirms 1669, A25, L74, P 5 Women] Women, 1633 forc'd unto
 none] forbid to none B

If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
 Another fouler using these meanes, as I,
 May catch the same bird, and, as these things bee,
 Women are made for men, not him, nor mee 10
 Foxes and goats, all beafts change when they please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild then these,
 Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
 Idly make them apter to'endure then men?
 They're our clogges, not their owne, if a man bee 15
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free,
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his feed corne there,
 And yet allowes his ground more corne should beare,
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po 20
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?
 Likeness glue love and if that thou so doe,
 To make us like and love, must I change too?
 More then thy hate, I hate't, rather let mee 25
 Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,
 And soe not teach, but force my'opinion
 To love not any one, nor every one
 To live in one land, is captivitie,
 To runne all countries, a wild roguery, 30
 Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide,
 And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd
 But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this
 Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse,
 Then are they purest, Change's the nursery 35
 Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity

8 these 1633-54, D, H49, Lec those 1669, A18, A25, B Cy, JC, L74,
 N, P, TC, W 11 Foxes and goats, all beafts 1633-54 Foxes, goats
 and all beafts 1669 13 did] bid 1669 17 a plow-land] plow
 lands P 18 corne] feed P 20 Rhene,] Rhine, 1669 Po 1633
 Po, 1635-69 21 liberty 1633 libertie 1635-69 23 and doe,]
 then if so thou do, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49 JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96,
 TC, W 24 like i e alike as in A18, N, TC 31 bide] abide 1669
 32 more putrifi'd 1633-39 more purifi'd 1650-54 worse purifi'd 1689
 worse putrifi'd A18, A25, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W worst
 putrifi'd B, H49, JC

ELEGIE IV

The Perfume

ONce,*and but once found in thy company,
 All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on mee,
 And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there
 By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd) 5
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
 As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
 Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove
 Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love, 10
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,
 Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have beene
 Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
 Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light, 15
 And watch thy entries, and returns all night,
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind,
 Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
 And fearing least thou'art swolne, doth thee embrace, 20
 To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,
 And notes thy paleness, blushing, sighs, and sweats,
 And politiquely will to thee confesse
 The finnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse,
 Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move 25

Eleg IV The Perfume 1635-54 Elegie IV 1633, 1669 Elegie
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, C, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O, F, P, S, S96,
 ICC, ICD, W Discovered by a Perfume B no title, Cy, HN 2 sup-
 pos'd escapes] supposed scapes 1669, P 4 By] For P 7-8 1635-69
 and MSS generally om 1633, D, H49, Lec 9 hath] have A18, A25,
 L74, N, P, TC, W 15 Takes] Take A18, A25, N, P, TC, W 21
 To trie &c 1633, D, H49, S (dost long) And to trie &c 1635-69, A18,
 A25, L74, N, O, F, S96 (longest), TC meates, 1635-69 meates 1633
 22 blushing 1633-54, A18, A25, JC, N, IC blushes 1669 blushings B, D,
 H49, HN, L74, Lec, O, F, P, W

Thee

Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love
 Thy little brethren, which like Faery Sprights
 Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,
 And kist, and ingled on thy fathers knee,
 Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see 30
 The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
 That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
 He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide
 As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were, 35
 Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
 Could never witnesse any touch or kisse
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee
 That, which betray'd mee to my enemy 40
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were wee spied
 When, like a tyran King, that in his bed
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered
 Had it beene some bad smell, he would have thought 45
 That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought
 But as wee in our Ile emprisoned,
 Where cattell onely, and diverse dogs are bred,
 The pretious Vnicornes, strange monsters call,
 So thought he good, strange, that had none at all 50
 I taught my filkes, their whistling to forbear,
 Even my opprest shooes, dumbe and speechlesse were,
 Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
 Next mee, mee traiterously hast betraid,
 And unsuspected hast invisibly 55
 At once fled unto him, and staid with mee
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound

29 ingled] dandled 1669 30 see 1635-69 see 1633 31 grim
 eight-foot-high iron bound Ed grim-eight-foot-high iron bound 1633-69
 37 to 1633-69 for MSS 38 kisse] kisse, 1633 40 my 1633
 mine 1635-69 44 Smelt] Smells 1669 shivered A18, D, H49, L74,
 N, TC, W shivered, 1633-69 shivered, Chambers and Grolier See note
 46 that smell] the smell 1669 49 monsters Ed monsters, 1633-69
 50 good,] sweet 1669 53 bitter sweet, 1633-39 bitter-sweet, 1650-69
 Sense,

Sense, from distinguishing the sicke from sound,
 By thee the feely Amorous sucks his death
 By drawing in a leprous harlots breath, 60
 By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate
 Falls on^eus, to be call'd effeminate,
 Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
 There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall,
 Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well, 65
 Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell,
 You're loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
 Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
 If you were good, your good doth soone decay,
 And you are rare, that takes the good away 70
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly
 To embalme thy fathers corse, What^r will hee die^r

ELEGIE V

His Picture

HERE take my Picture, though I bid farewell,
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
 When wee are shadowes both, then'twas before
 When weather-beaten I come backe, my hand, 5
 Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head
 With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,

60 breath, 1650-69 breath, 1633-39 64 substantiall, *Ed* sub-
 stantiall 1633-69 66 you were] you'er 1669 smell, 1635-39
 smell, 1633, 1669 smel 1650-54 71 All] And *Chambers*
 Eleg V His Picture 1635-54 Elegie V 1633, 1669 Elegye
 (numbered variously) *A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,*
TCD, W The Picture *P* Travelling he leaves his Picture with his
 mystris *B* 1 Picture, farewell, *Ed* Picture, farewell,
 1633 rest semicolon or colon after each 8 With cares rash sodaine
 stormes, being o'rspread, 1633, *A18, N, TC* With cares rash, cruel, sudden
 stormes o'erspread *P* With cares rash-sudden cruel stormes o'erpreft *B*
 My

My body'a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powders blew stains scatter'd on my skinne, 10
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,
 So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme than,
 This shall say what I was and thou shalt say,
 Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee 15
 Should now love lesse, what hee did love to see?
 That which in him was faire and delicate,
 Was but the milke, which in loves childish state
 Did nurse it who now is growne strong enough
 To feed on that, which to disused tastes seemes tough 20

ELEGIE VI

OH, let mee not serve so, as those men serve
 Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and sterve,
 Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes,
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still 5
 Their Princes files, with many Realmes fulfill

With cares rash sudden storms o'erpressed S, S96 With cares rash sudden
 storms o'erspread Cy, D, H49, Lec With cares rash sodaine hornefess o'er
 spread A25, JC, W With cares harsh sodaine hornesse o'rspread, 1635-
 69, O'F 16 now love lesse, 1633-69, A18, N, TC like and love
 less A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96, W 19 nurse] nourish
 A18, N, P, S, TC strong] tough P 20 disused Ed disus d
 1633-39, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W weake
 1650-69 tough] rough P

Eleg VI 1635-69 Elegie VII 1633 (Elegie VI being Sorrow who
 to this house &c See Epicedes &c, p 287) Elegie (numbered vari-
 ously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC,
 TCD, W 2 fatten] flatter 1669, A18, B, Cy, L74, N, TC 3 or] and
 A18, Cy, L74, N, P, TC 6 files, 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, JC,
 L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W style A25, O'F, S, Chambers and Grosart with
 all MSS, Chambers and Grosart which (probably by confusion of wth and
 wth) 1633-69 Realmes] names 1669

Whence

Whence they no tribute have, and where no fway
 Such services I offer as shall pay
 Themselves, I hate dead names Oh then let mee
 Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee 10
 When my Soule was in her owne body sheath'd,
 Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and Steele thy constancie
 So, carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face, 15
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drowne them, so, the tapers beaming eye
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
 Yet burnes his wings, and such the devill is,
 Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his 20
 When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
 Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmly ride
 Her wedded channells bosome, and then chide
 And bend her browes, and swell if any bough 25
 Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmost brow,
 Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne
 The traisterous banke to gape, and let her in,
 She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native, and her long-kept course, 30
 And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,
 In flattering eddies promising retorne,
 She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie,
 Then say I, that is shee, and this am I
 Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget 35
 Carelesse despaire in mee, for that will whet
 My minde to scorne, and Oh, love dull'd with paine

7 where] bear 1669 14 constancie 1635-69 constancie 1633
 24 then 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S, S96, W there 1635-69, A18, A25, Cy, JC,
 N, O'F, P, TC, Chambers 26 upmost 1633 and most MSS utmost
 1635-69, O'F, Chambers brow, Ed brow 1633-39 brow 1650-69
 28 banke A18, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W banks 1633-69, Lec, O'F 33
 the 1633, D, H49, Lec her 1635-69, A18, N, TC who 1633, A18, A25,
 B, Cy, D, JC, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC which 1635-69, O'F 37
 Oh,] Ah, 1669

Was ne'r so wife, nor well arm'd as disdaine
 Then with new eyes I shall furvay thee, 'and spie
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye 40
 Though hope bred faith and love, thus taught, I shall
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance and when I
 Am the Recufant, in that resolute state, 45
 What hurts it mee to be'excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII

NAtures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove
 Too subtile Foole, thou didst not understand
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire 5
 Of fighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire
 Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie
 Desperately hot, or changing feaverously
 I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
 Of flowers, how they devisefully being set 10
 And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
 Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually

39 thee,'] *om* 1669 40 eye *Ed* eye, 1633-54 eye 1669
 eye, *Chambers* 41 Though love, 1633 Though breed
 love 1635-39 Though breed love 1650-69 (Through 1669) 42
 fall 1633-35 fall 1639-69 43 outgrow] o'ergrow *Cy, P*
 Elegie VII 1635-69 Elegie VIII 1633 Elegie (numbered variously)
A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O F, P, S, TCC, TCD, W 2
 Oh, prove] Oh, how prove 1669 6 despaire 1635-69 despaire
 1633 7 call 1633, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O F* (cor-
 rected from know), *P, TC, W* know 1635-69 cast *S, Chambers and Grosart*
 10 they devisefully being set] their devise in being set *Cy, P* 12 arrands
 1633 errands 1635-69 meet errands *B*

Remember since all thy words us'd to bee
 To every sutor, *I, if my friends agree*,
 Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach, 15
 Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach,
 And since, an houres discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill arraid
 In broken proverbs, and torne sentences
 Thou art not by so many duties his, 20
 That from the worlds Common having fever'd thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor fee,
 As mine who have with amorous delicacies
 Refin'd thee into a blis-full Paradise
 Thy graces and good words my creatures bee, 25
 I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,
 Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glasse?
 Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts foice
 And leave him then, beeing made a ready horse? 30

ELEGIE VIII

The Comparison

AS the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,
 As that which from chaf'd muskats poies doth trill,
 As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,
 Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,
 And on her (brow) her skin such lustre sets, 5
 They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets

14 agree, Ed agree 1633-69 21-2 That nor see,] in brackets
 1669 24 Paradise] paradise 1633 25 words 1633-54, A25, B, Cy,
 JC, N, O'F, P, W works 1669, A18, D, H49, Lec, TC bee, Ed bee,
 1633-69 26 thee, 1633 thee 1635-69 28 Glasse? Ed glasse
 1633-69

Eleg VIII The Comparison 1635-54 Elegie VIII 1669 Elegie
 1633 Elegie (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, C, Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P,
 S, S96, TCC, ICD, W 2 muskats] muskets 1669 4 breast, 1635-69
 breast 1633 5 (brow) Ed necke 1633-69 and MSS See note 6
 coronets 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S96, IC coronets A25,
 C, JC, S, W caolettes P

Ranke

Ranke sweaty froth thy Miftresse's brow defiles,
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles,
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law
 Enforc'd, Sanferra's starved men did draw 10
 From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest,
 And like vile lying stones in saffronde tinne,
 Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne
 Round as the world's her head, on every side, 15
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
 Or that whereof God had such jealousye,
 As, for the ravishing thereof we die
 Thy *head* is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat,
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set, 20
 Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
 Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace
 Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
 Or Joues best fortunes urne, is her faire breft
 Thine's like worme eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals skin, 25
 Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within
 And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands
 The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands
 Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the ruffet skin
 Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for sinne, 30
 Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,
 Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable state
 And like a bunch of ragged cariets stand
 The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand
 Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire, 35
 Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire
 Into th'earths worthlesse durt a soule of gold,

8 boiles, *Ed* boiles 1633-69 in MSS generally spelt as pronounced,
 biles or byles 13 vile lying stones 1635-54 and MSS vile stones lying
 1633, 1669 14 they hang *Ar8, B, JC, L74, M, N, O'F* (altered to it), *S,*
TC, W it hangs 1633-69 19 a] om 1635-39 26 grave] grav'd 1669
 dust 1633-69, *W* durt *Ar8, A25, JC, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC* 28 hands *W*
 hands, 1633-69 34 thy gouty hand 1635-69, *Ar8, A25, B, L74, N, O'F,*
P, S96, TC, W (hand, 1635-69) her gouty hand, 1633, *JC, S* thy
 mistress hand, 1669 37 durt 1635-69 part 1633, from next line

Such

Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,
 Or like hot liquid metalls newly runne 40
 Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
 Where round about the graffe is burnt away
 Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
 As a worne sucking an invenom'd fore?
 Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake, 45
 As one which gath'ring flowers, still feares a snake?
 Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
 As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent?
 So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice
 Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice, 50
 And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is
 As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kisse
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 She, and comparisons are odious

ELEGIE IX

The Autumnall

NO Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
 As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face
 Yong *Beautes* force our love, and that's a *Rape*,
 This doth but *counsaille*, yet you cannot scape

46 feares] fear'd *A18, L74, N, O'F, TC, W* 48 when 1635-69 and
MSS where 1633 50 Are Priests sacrifice,] A Priest is in his
 handling Sacrifice, 1669 51 such *A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S,*
S96, TC, W nice 1633-69
 Elegie IX The Autumnall 1635-54 Elegie The Autumnall 1633
 Elegie IX 1669 Elegie *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Elegie Autumnall *D*
H40, H49, JC, Lec An autumnall face On the Ladie Sr Edward Herbert
 mothers Ladie Danvers *B* On the Lady Herbert afterwards Danvers *O'F*
 Widdow *M, P* A Paradox of anould Woman *S* Elegie Autumnall on
 the Lady Shandoys *S96* no title, *L74* 1 Summer 1633 *Summers*
1635-69 2 face *Ed* face, 1633-69 3 our love, 1633, *D, H49,*
I ec, S our Loves, 1669 your love, 1635-54, *A18, A25, B, H40, I 74, M,*
N, O'F, P, S96, TC

If

If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*, 5
Affection here takes *Reverences* name
 Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*, That's true,
 But now shee's *gold* oft tried, and ever new
 That was her torrid and inflaming time,
 This is her tolerable *Tropique clyme* 10
 Faire eyes, who askes more heate then comes from hence,
 He in a fever wishes peffilence
 Call not these wrinkles, *graves*, If *graves* they were,
 They were *Loves graves*, for else he is no where
 Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth fit 15
 Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorut*
 And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,
 He doth not digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*
 Here dwells he, though he sojourne ev'ry where,
 In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here 20
 Here, where still *Evening* is, not *noone*, nor *night*,
 Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at *Revels*, you at *Counsaile*, fit
 This is loves timber, youth his under-wood, 25
 There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonabliest, when our taft
 And appetite to other things, is past
Xerxes strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
 Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee, 30
 Or else becaufe, being yong, nature did blesse
 Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*
 If we love things long fought, *Age* is a thing
 Which we are fifty yeares in compassing

6 *Affection* takes *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, S96, TC* *Affections* take 1633-69, *JC, O F* 8 shee's 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* they are 1633
 10 tolerable 1633, *D, H40, H49, Lec, S* habitable 1635-69, *A18, A25, L74, M, N, O F, P, TC* 14 for 1633 or 1635-69 15 Love
 love 1633 22 Where] Where's *O F, S* 23 unto all] to all her *P*
 24 *Counsaile, Ed counsaile, 1633-54 counsaile 1669* 26 enrages]
 brings *D, H49* breeds *Lec* 27 seasonabliest, 1633 seasonabliest,
 1635-69 28 past] past, 1633 30 large 1633 old 1635-69

If

If tranſitory things, which ſoone decay, 35
Age muſt be lovelyeſt at the lateſt day
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whoſe ſkin's ſlacke,
 Lanke, as an unthrifts purſe, but a ſoules ſacke,
 Whoſe *Eyes* ſeeke light within, for all here's ſhade,
 Whoſe *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, then made, 40
 Whoſe every tooth to a ſeverall place is gone,
 To vexe their ſoules at *Reſurrection*,
 Name not theſe living *Deaths-heads* unto mee,
 For theſe, not *Ancient*, but *Antique* be
 I hate extreames, yet I had rather ſtay 45
 With *Tombs*, then *Cradles*, to weare out a day
 Since ſuch loves naturall lation is, may ſtill
 My love deſcend, and journey downe the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties, ſo,
 I ſhall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe 50

37 not] noe *several MSS* 38 ſoules ſacke, 1633, 1669, and *MSS*
 ſoules ſacke, 1635-54 40 made, *Ed* made 1633-54 made, 1669
 42 their ſoules] the ſoul 1669 43 *Deaths-heads* 1633 *Death-heads*
 1635-69, *Chambers* death-shades *H40* 44 *Ancient*, *Antique* 1633,
 1669, *D*, *H49*, *Lec* *Ancients*, *Antiques* 1635-54, *B*, *O'F*, *S* *incient*
antiques *A18*, *A25*, *H40*, *L74*, *M*, *N*, *IC* be *Ed* be, 1633, 46 a]
 the 1669, *M*, *P* 47 naturall lation *A18*, *A25*, *B*, *D*, *H40*, *H49*, *L74*, *M*,
N, *P*, *S*, *IC* (sometimes *thus*, natural lation) motion naturall 1633, naturall
 ſtation 1635-69, *Lec*, *O'F* 50 ebbe out 1633, ebbe on 1635-69, *A18*
A25, *B*, *D*, *H40*, *H49*, *JC*, *L74*, *Lec*, *M*, *N*, *O'F*, *P*, *S*, *IC*

ELEGIE X

The Dreame

I Mage of her whom I love, more then she,
 Whose faire impreffion in my faithfull heart,
 Makes mee her *Medall*, and makes her love mee,
 As Kings do coynes, to which their stamps impart
 The value goe, and take my heart from hence, 5
 Which now is growne too great and good for me
Honours oppresse weake spirits, and our sense
 Strong objects dull, the more, the lesse wee see
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
 Then *Fantafie* is Queene and Soule, and all, 10
 She can present joyes meaner then you do,
 Convenient, and more proportionall
 So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,
 For, all our joyes are but fantastickall
 And so I scape the paine, for paine is true, 15
 And sleepe which locks up sense, doth lock out all
 After a such fruition I shall wake,
 And, but the waking, nothing shall repent,
 And shall to love more thankfull Sonnets make,
 Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were spent 20
 But dearest heart, and dearer image stay,
 Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough,
 Though you stay here you passe too fast away
 For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snuffe
 Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown 25
 Mad with much *heart*, then *ideott* with none

Eleg X The Dreame 1635-54 Elegie X 1669 Elegie 1633
 Picture 896 Elegie or no title, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O F,
 P, S, 896, TCC, TCD 7 sense] sense, 1633 8 dull, 1635-69
 dull, 1633 16 out] up B, P, S 17 a such 1635-54 such a 1669
 22 dreame] dreams 1669

ELEGIE

ELEGIE XI

The Bracelet

*Vpon the losse of his Mistresses Chaîne, for which
he made satisfaction*

NOT that in colour it was like thy haire,
 For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,
 For so it had that good, which oft I mist
 Nor for that filly old moralitie, 5
 That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee
 Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaîne have lost,
 Nor for the luck fake, but the bitter cost
 O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
 No leaven of vile foder did admit, 10
 Nor yet by any way have straied or gone
 From the first state of their Creation,
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithfull guide,
 To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies, 15
 To comfort my foule, when I lie or rise,
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
 Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden beare?
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,
 And punish't for offences not their owne? 20
 They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,
 When in that hell they're burnt and tyed in chains

Elegie XI &c Ed Eleg XII The Bracelet &c 1635 (Eleg XI
 being Death, for which see p 284) Eleg XII Vpon &c 1639-54 (Eleg
 IV 1650-54, a misprint) Elegie XII 1669 Elegie (numbered variously)
 The Bracelett or The Chaîne A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N,
 O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W 2 For weare] Armelets of that thou maist
 still let me weare 1669 6 were knit, 1635-69 are knit Cy are tyde
 A25, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, R212, S, S96, TCD, W were tyde L74 love]
 loves 1669 11 way 1635-69 taynt S96, O'F, W taynts B fault A25,
 Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, ICD 15 great] old 1669 16
 rise, Ed rise 1635-69 22 chains Ed chains 1635-69

Were

Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,
 For, most of these, their naturall Countreys rot
 I think possesseth, they come here to us, 25
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous,
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
 Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Iewishly
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
 That are become as Catholique as their King, 30
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
 That (more than Canon shot) availes or lets,
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke
 Like many angled figures, in the booke
 Of some great Conjuror that would enforce 35
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course,
 Which, as the foule quickens head, feet and heart,
 As streames, like veines, run through th'earth's every part,
 Visit all Countries, and have filly made
 Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd, 40
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day
 And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
 Almighty *Chymiques* from each minerall,
 Having by subtile fire a foule out-pull'd, 45
 Are dirtely and desperately gull'd
 I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
 For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin
 But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all? 50

24 these 1635-54 them 1669 their naturall Countreys *Cy, O F*
 then Countreys naturall 1635-54, *P* then naturall Countrey 1669, and rest
 of *MSS* 26 ruinous, *Ed* ruinous 1635-69 28 Iewishly *Ed*
 Iewishly, 1635-69 35 great] dread 1669 36 course, *Ed* course
 1635-69 38 streames, *Ed* streames 1635-69 40 run'd, ragged
 and decay'd, 1669, and *MSS*, but end stop varies run'd ragged and
 decay'd 1635 run'd ragged and decay'd, 1639-54 42 *Belgia Ed*
Belgia 1635-69 45 foule] Mercury *B* 47 they're in, 1635-69
 therein, *Cy, P* they were in, rest of *MSS*

Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,
 Much of my able youth, and lustyhead
 Will vanish, if thou love let them alone,
 For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone,
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer 55
 Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire,
 May like a devill roare through every street,
 And gall the finders conscience, if they meet
 Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjuror,
 That with phantastique scheames fills full much paper, 60
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuff his rents,
 So full, that though hee passe them all in sinne,
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in
 But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65
 Hee say 'twill ne'r be found, yet be content,
 Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of destiny
 Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,
 Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine, 70
 So in the first false angels, resteth still
 Wisdom and knowledge, but, 'tis turn'd to ill
 As these should doe good works, and should provide
 Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride
 And they are still bad angels, Mine are none, 75
 For, forme gives being, and their forme is gone
 Pity these Angels, yet their dignities
 Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities

51 dead, *Ed* dead 1635-69 52 lustyhead *Ed* lusty head 1635-69
 53 vanish, *Ed* vanish, 1635-69 if thou love let them alone, 1635-39
 if thou Love let them alone, 1650-69 if thou, Love, let them alone,
Grolier (conjecturing atone) 54-5 gone, And *Ed* gone, And
 1635-69, *Cy, P* gone Oh, rest of *MSS* 58 conscience, if they
 meet 1669 and *MSS* conscience, if hee meet 1635-54, *JC, L74, P*
 60 schemes *D, H49, JC, Lec, O F, S96, W* scenes 1635-69, *Cy, L74, P,*
TCD 63 passe place 1669 65 new par 1635-69 But 1635-69,
Cy, P And rest of *MSS* 66 yet 1635-69, *Cy, P* Oh rest of *MSS*
 67 that 1635-54, *Cy, P* the 1669 and rest of *MSS* 70 chaine, *Ed*
 chaine, 1635-69 74 pride *Ed* pride, 1635-69 76 being, *Ed*
 being 1635-69 77 Angels, yet *Cy, D, H49, N, P, S, TCD* Angels
 yet, 1635-69, *W*

But,

But, thou art resolute, Thy will be done¹
 Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne 80
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
 Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray
 Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)
 Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)
 Destin'd you might have beene to such an one, 85
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone
 One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,
 Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse
 But, I am guilty of your sad decay,
 May your few fellows longer with me stay 90
 But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate
 So, that I almost pittie thy estate
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall
 Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains, 95
 First mayst thou bee, then chaine'd to hellish paines,
 Or be with forraigne gold brib'd to betray
 Thy Countrey, and faile both of that and thy pay
 May the next thing thou stoop't to reach, containe
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine, 100
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
 Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee, and dwell with thee
 Itching desire, and no abilitie
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought, 105
 All mischiefes that all devils ever thought,
 Want after plenty, poore and gouty age,
 The plagues of travellers, love, marriage
 Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,

79 done¹ *Ed* done, 1635-39 done 1650-54 done² 1669 90
 few fellows] few-fellowes 1635-69 92 So, that 1635-69, *Cy*, *P* So
 much that *A25*, *D*, *H49*, *JC* (as), *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *S*, *S96* (as), *TCD*, *W* (as)
 So much *B* estate] state *D*, *H49*, &c 93 metl amongst all,
 amongst metals all, 1669, *Cy* 95 Here] Hei 1639 98 that
MSS it 1635-69 thy] om 1669 104 Itching] Itchy *MSS*
 105 evils that gold ever 1635-69, *P* hurt that ever gold hath rest of *MSS*
 106 mischiefes all *MSS* mischiefe 1635-69 108 love, marriage
 1635-54, *Cy*, *P* love and marriage 1669, and rest of *MSS* 109 at]
 that 1669

May thy swolne finnes themselves to thee present 110
 But, I forgive, repent thee honest man
 Gold is Restorative, restore it then
 But if from it thou beest loath to depart,
 Because 'tis cordiall, would twere at thy heart

ELEGIE XII

His parting from her

SInce she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
 Environ me with darknes, whilst I write
 Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
 I am to suffer when my Love is gone
 Alas the darkeſt Magick cannot do it, 5
 Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it
 Should *Cynthia* quit thee, *Venus*, and each ſtarre,
 It would not forme one thought daik as mine are
 I could lend thee obſcureneſs now, and ſay,
 Out of my ſelf, There ſhould be no more Day, 10
 Such is already my felt want of fight,
 D'd not the fires within me force a light
 Oh Love, that fire and darkneſs ſhould be mixt,
 Or to thy Triumphs foe ſtrange torments fixt?
 Is't becauſe thou thy ſelf art blind, that wee 15
 Thy Martyrs muſt no more each other ſee?

110 thee] thou 1669 113 But if from it depart, 1635-54, Cy,
 P But if that from it part, 1669 Or if with it depart rest of MSS
 Elegie XII &c Ed Eleg XIII &c 1635-54 (Eleg XIII
 being Come, Fates, &c, p 407) Elegie XIII 1669 At his De
 parture A25 At his Miſtris departure B Elegie H40, O'F, P, S96,
 TCD (II) 1 Night, Ed night 1635-69 4 Love] ſoule 1635-54
 5-44 omit, 1635-54, A25, B 6 Thou and greate Hell H40, O'F, P,
 S96 And that great Hell 1669 to boot are 1669, H40, O'F are nought
 but P, S96 7 thee, Ed thee 1669 9 thee H40 them 1669,
 P, S96, TCD 10 Day, Ed Day 1669 11 felt want H40, O'F,
 P, S96, TCD ſelf-want 1669 fight, Ed fight 1669 12 fires H40,
 S96, TCD fire 1669, P 14 Or] Aie S96 And TCD foe H40,
 O'F, P, S96, TCD ſuch 1669

Or

Or tak'ft thou pride to break us on the wheel,
 And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
 Or have we left undone some mutual Right,
 Through holy fear, that merits thy despight? 20
 No, no The falt was mine, impute it to me,
 Or rather to conspiring destinie,
 Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed,
 That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed
 And therefore now, fooner then I can say, 25
 I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away
 Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream,
 And I left wealthy only in a dream
 Yet Love, thou'rt blinder then thy self in this,
 To vex my Dove-like friend for my amis 30
 And, where my own sad truth may expiate
 Thy wrath, to make her foitune run my fate
 So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all
 Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires 35
 Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
 And made'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,
 And then thy self into our flame did'st turn?
 Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
 To paths in love so dark, so dangerous 40
 And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
 And over all, thy husbands towring eyes

17 the *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* thy 1669 20 Through holy feai,
 that merits (causes *S96*) thy despight (menteth thy spight *P*) *H40, O'F, P,*
S96, TCD That thus with parting thou seek st us to spight? 1669 21
 was *H40, S96* is 1669, *P, TCD* 23 Which decreed, *H40, O'F,*
S96 Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed, 1669, *P, TCD*
 Which, since I lov'd in jest before, decreed *H-K, which Chambers follows*
 25 now, fooner all the *MSS* fooner now 1669 1 apt] wrapt 1669
 27 a vast *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* the vast 1669 29 thy self] myself
Chambers 31 my own *H40, O'F, P, S96* one 1669 sad 1669 glad
H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD 32 fate *Ed* fate 1669 33 blinded]
 blindest *H40* 34 followers *H40, P, TCD* favountes 1669, *S96*
 37 glow *H40, S96, P, TCD* blow 1669 38 flame *H40, S96, P, TCD*
 flames 1669 40 so dangerous *H40, P, S96, TCD* and dangerous
 1669 42 all, *Ed* all 1669 towring 1669, *TCD* towred *O'F, P,*
S96 loweing *Grolier* the towred husbands eyes *H40* the Loured,
 husbandes eyes *RP31*

That

That flam'd with oylie sweate of jealousie
 Yet went we not still on with Constancie?
 Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie?
 Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
 Stolln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
 Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?
 Varied our language through all dialects,
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
 Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
 Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,
 Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
 And, after all this passed Purgatory,
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
 First let our eyes be rivited quite through
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to
 Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear
 Freeze us together, that we may stick here,
 Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed
 Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe
 Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaim,
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame
 Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes,

43 That flam'd with oylie *H40, O'F, P, S96 TCD* Inflam'd with
 th'oughle 1669 jealousie *Ed* jealousie, 1669 44 with *H40, O'F, P,*
S96, TCD in 1669 45 Have we not kept our guards, *H40, O'F,*
P, S96, TCD Have we for this kept guards, 1669 on 1669 o'
 1635-54 49 most 1635-69, *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* best 1669
 50 our] thy *RP31* 52 from our words? 1669 from words? 1635-54
 53 these secrets *MSS* the secrets 1635-69 ou] thy *RP31* 54
 Yea panting heart? 1635-69, *A25* Yea thy pale colours inward as
 thy heart? *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* 56 sad] rude *P, TCD* 57-66
 om 1635-54, *A25, B* 58 brains] beams *P* brain *Chambers* 61
 Fortune, *Ed* fortune, 1669 would rive us, with *H40, O'F, S96, TCD*
 would rive us with 1669 62 her *H40* his 1669 it] yet 1669
 bleed *Ed* bleed 1669 65 Oh Fortune,] Oh fortune, 1669, *S96*
 And Fortune *H40, P* 66 shame *H40, O'F, P, S96* name 1669 67
 Do thy great worst &c 1669 Fortune, doe thy worst &c 1635-54 (after
 56 the vulgar story?) armes, 1635-69, *H40, O'F, P, S, TCD* charmes
H-K (Grosart and Chambers)

Though

Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes
 Rend us in funder, thou canst not divide
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd, 70
 And we can love by letters still and gifts,
 And thoughts and dreams, Love never wanteth shifts
 I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall run,
 The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure, 75
 Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure
 Time shall not lose our passages, the Spring
 How fresh our love was in the beginning,
 The Summer how it ripened in the eare,
 And Autumn, what our golden harvests were 80
 The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
 But count it a lost season, so shall thee
 And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
 With hope of Day, burthens well born are light
 Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere, 85
 Yet *Phoebus* equally lights all the Sphere
 And what he cannot in like Portions pay,
 The world enjoys in Mass, and so we may
 Be then ever your self, and let no woe
 Win on your health, your youth, your beauty so 90
 Declare your self base fortunes Enemy,
 No less by your contempt then constancy
 That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
 When my own thoughts I there reflected find

69 Rend us in funder, 1669 and MSS Bend us, in funder 1635-54
 72 shifts 1635 shifts, 1639-69 76 Water H40, P, TCD Waters
 1635-69, A25, S96 sure Ed sure, 1635-69 77 Time] Times
 H40, TCD Spring Ed spring 1635-69 79 ripened in the eare,
 B, H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD ripened in the yeare, 1635 inripened the
 yeare, 1639-69 83-94 omit 1635-54, A25, B 85 Though H40,
 P, TCD The 1669, S96 87 he Portions Ed he portions
 H40 he portion O'F, P, TCD we Portion 1669 he can't in
 like proportion H-K (Grosart) 88 enjoys] yet joys H40 89 ever
 your] your fayrest H40, TCD 92 by your contempt then con-
 stancy H40, S96 be your contempt then constancy O F, H-K (Grosart),
 P, TCD be your contempt then her inconstancy 1669 94 there
 reflected H40, O'F, P, S, TCD here neglected 1669 there neglected
 H-K (Grosart, probably wrongly)

For

Officer, Iuglei, or Iustice of peace,
 Iuror or Iudge, I touch no fat sowes greafe,
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many
 I feare not *ore tenus*, for my tale,
 Nor Count nor Counsellour will redd or pale
 A Citizen and his wife the other day
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe
 His head, and on his wives lip steale a smacke,
 Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,
 Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde,
 To get acquaintance with him I began
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffique of the I(n)land seas had mari'd,
 Whether the Brittain *Burse* did fill apace,
 And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace,
 Of new-built *Algate*, and the *More-field* crosses,
 Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses
 I urged him to speake, But he (as mute
 As an old Courtier worne to his last suite)
 Replies with onely yeas and naves, At last
 (To fit his element) my theame I cast
 On Tradefmens gaines, that set his tongue agoing
 Alas, good fir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now, she smil'd and I,
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie

5 Iugler, 1635-39 Iudge, 1650-69 9 *tenus*, *Ed tenus*, 1635-69
 10 will redd or pale 1669, *B, O'F* (shall) will looke redd or pale 1635-54
 14 feate *Ed* feate, 1635-69 16 steale] seile *O'F* 21 Plaguy 1669,
B, O'F Plaguing 1635-54 22 Custome] custome 1635 24
I(n)land *Ed* Iland 1635-54 Midland 1669, *O'F* the land, the seas *B*,
but later hand has inserted mid above the line Island Chambers and Grollei
 27 *More-field*] Moorefields *B* 32 To fit] To hit *O'F* 33 agoing
Ed agoing, 1635-69 35 *In* now, *Ed* roman 1635-69

In one met thought but he went on apace,
 And at the present time with such a face
 He rail'd, as fray'd me, for he gave no praise,
 To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes, 40
 Call'd those the age of action, true (quoth Hee,
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,
 For, put to push of pay, away they runne,
 Our onely City trades of hope now are 45
 Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener,
 The much of Privileg'd kingsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poore,
 In the first state of their Creation,
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one 50
 A righteous pay-master Thus ranne he on
 In a continued rage so void of reason
 Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweate for feare of treason
 And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer
 For the protection of the wise Lord Major, 55
 And his wife brethrens worships, when one prayeth,
 He swore that none could say Amen with faith
 To get him off from what I glowed to heare,
 (In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
 The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne, 60
 Where many Citizens with their wives have bin
 Well us'd and often, here I pray'd him stay,
 To take some due refreshment by the way
 Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
 And at's returne found nothing but a Rope, 65

38 time 1669 times O'F 41 those (quoth Hee) 1669, B, O'F
 that (quoth I) 1635-54 46 Bawd, Scrivener, B, O'F Bawds,
 Tavernkeepers, Whores and Scriveners, 1635-54 Bawds, Tavernkeepers,
 Whore and Scrivener 1669 47 kingsmen, and the store 1669, B,
 O'F (kingfman) kinsmen, and store 1635-54 58 him off O'F off
 him 1669 him 1635-54 61 have bin B, O'F had beene, 1635-69
 64 the gold (his hope)] his gold, his hope 1669 65 at's 1669 11
 1635-54

So

So he on me, refus'd and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day
 I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell,
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine, 70
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe

ELEGIE XV

The Expostulation

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,
 And must she needs be false because she's faire?
 Is it your beauties make, or of your youth, 5
 Or your perfection, not to study truth?
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
 Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10
 And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete
 As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares 15
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares

66 on 1669, B at 1635-54 me,] me 1635-54 67 day 1669,
 B, O F stay 1635-39 stay 1650-54 69 dwell, 1635 dwell
 1639-54 dwell, 1669

Elegie XV Ed Eleg XVII The Expostulation 1635-54 Elegie
 XVII 1669 Elegie 1633, B, Cy, H40, HN, M, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96,
 TCD, Jonson's Underwoods 2 strong] full Und 3 purest] the
 purer Und 6 O! you 1633-69 Or of your H40 8 it hath,]
 she hath B, H40, M, N, P, S96 12 (Both hot and cold at once) RP31
 Both at once, Und (Both cold at once 1633-69, S96 Both
 heate and coole at once M make] threat Und 14 Form'd into]
 Tu'd to our Und 15 As] Blowne Und 16-18 (all sweeter
 the rest) 1633, B, Cy, M, N, O'F, P, RP31 (all sweetend &c 1635, which
 does not complete the bracket (all sweetend by our feares) &c 1639 69,
 L74 (fweeter), P (fweeter), S96 (fweetned)

And

And the divine impression of stolne kisses,
 That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forget? signe to breake?
 Or must we reade you quite from what you speake, 20
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must
 Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O I prophane, though most of women be
 This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee,
 My dearest love, though froward jealousie, 25
 With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare
 The teeming earth, and *that* forget to beare,
 Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames, 30
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours
 But O that treacherous breast to whom weake you
 Did trust our Counsells, and wee both may rue,
 Having his falshood found too late, 'twas hee 35
 That made me *cast* you guilty, and you me,
 Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
 Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third
 Curst may hee be, that so our love hath slaine,
 And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*, 40
 Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pittie,
 In plaguing him, let misery be witty,
 Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye,
 Till hee be noysome as his infamie,
 May he without remorse deny God thrice, 45
 And not be trusted more on his Soules price,

22 wish] have P 24 This kinde of beast,] The common Monstei,
 Und my thought 1633 my thoughts 1635-69, HN, S96 25
 though froward] how ever RP31, Und 26 thy'inconstancie,] the
 contrarie Und 28 beare, 1633 beare 1635-69 30 would 1633
 Und will 1635-69 streames, Ed streames, 1633-69 32 yours]
 yours, 1633 34 trust 1633-69 distrust Chambers 37 wretch]
 wrech 1633 38 third Ed third, 1633-69 39 love] loves RP31
 40 wretched as Cain, 1633-69, B, Cy, N, O'F as wretched Cain, P • as
 cursed Cain, S wretched on the Earth, as Cain Und

And

Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd
 Dangers unurg'd, Feed on this flattery, 25
 That absent Lovers one in th'other be
 Diffemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
 Thy bodies habite, nor mindes, bee not strange
 To thy selfe onely, All will spie in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace, 30
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone
 Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone
 Men of France, changeable Camelions,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Loves fuellers, and the rightest company 35
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,
 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!
 Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe
 His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage, 40
 As *Lots* faire guests were vext But none of these
 Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
 If thou stay here O stay here, for, for thee
 England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
 To walke in expectation, till from thence 45
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence
 When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,
 Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse
 Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse 50
 With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh
 Nurse, ô my love is slaine, I saw him goe

26 Lovers] friends *P* 28 mindes, *Ar8, A25, B, JC, N, IC, W*
 minde, 1635-69, *D, H49, Lec, O'F, P* 29 onely, *Ar8, D, N, TC*
 onely 1635-69 35 Loves fuellers,] Lyves fuellers, 1669, *B, D, H49,*
JC, Lec, S96, P 37 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas! 1635-54,
O'F Will too too quickly know thee, and alas 1669 Will quickly
 know thee, and know thee, and alas *Ar8, N, S* (omitting second and),
ICD, W Will quickly know thee, and thee, and alas *A25* Will quickly
 know thee, and alas *D, H49, JC, Lec, P, S96, TUC* 39 Page, *Ed* Page
 1635-39 40 hunt 1635-69, *O'F* haunt most *MSS* 42 hydroptique]
 Aydroptique 1669 46 greatest 1635-69, *B, O'F, P* gicate *Ar8, A25,*
D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC call] doe call *Ar8, N, IC* to] in to *A25,*
JC, S 49 me, nor blesse] me, Blesse *Ar8, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, IC, W*
 O'

O'r the white Alpes alone, I saw him I,
Affail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die
Augure me better chance, except dread *love* 55
Thinke it enough for me to'have had thy love

ELEGIE XVII

Variety

THE heavens rejoyce in motion, why should I
Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
And not with many youth and love divide?
Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd
The sun that sitting in the chaire of light 5
Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,
Is not contented at one Signe to Inne,
But ends his year and with a new beginnes
All things doe willingly in change delight,
The fruitfull mother of our appetite 10
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr,
And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts it self and what doth live in it
Let no man tell me such a one is faire, 15
And worthy all alone my love to share
Nature in her hath done the liberall part
Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art
To make her loveable, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her 20

Elegie XVII *Variety* *Ed printed for first time without title in appendix to 1650 and so in 1669 and 1719* An Elegie *A10* Elegie 17th *JC*
1 motion, why *Ed* motion why, 1650-69 3 love divide? *MSS* lov'd
divide? 1650-69 4 diversifi'd *Ed* diversifi'd 1650-69 6 what
else so ever doth seem 1650-69 what else is not so *A10* 12 fair-
spreading 1650-69, *JC* broad silver *A10* and farr, *A10, JC* and cleare,
1650-69 14 it self and 1650-69 it self, kills *A10* 16 And
only worthy to be past compare, *A10* 19 aver] ever 1650-69 20
would turn back from 1650-69 could not fancy *A10*

I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
 To doe her service But followes it that I
 Must serue her onely, when I may haue choice
 Of other beauties, and in change reioice?
 The law is hard, and shall not haue my voice 25
 The last I saw in all extreames is faire,
 And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire,
 Her nymph-like features such agreements haue
 That I could venture with her to the grave
 Another's brown, I like her not the worse, 30
 Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse
 Others, for that they well descended are,
 Do in my love obtain as large a share,
 And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee
 To win their love onely for their degree 35
 And though I faile of my required ends,
 The attempt is glorious and it self commends
 How happy were our Syres in ancient times,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime!
 With them it was accounted charity 40
 To stirre up race of all indifferently,
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands
 Which with the Persian still in usage stands
 Women were then no sooner asked then won,
 And what they did was honest and well done 45
 But since this title honour hath been us'd,
 Our weake credulity hath been abus'd,
 The golden laws of nature are repeald,
 Which our first Fathers in such reverence held,
 Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone, 50
 And we're made servants to opinion,

24 Of other beauties, and in change reioice? *A10 om 1650-69* 25-36
omitted in A10 30 brown, *Ed* brown 1650-69 32 are *JC* were
 1650-69 39 crime! *Ed* crime? 1650-69 43 Persian 1650-54,
JC Persians 1669, *A10* 46 title *A10, JC* little 1650-69 50
 liberty's *Ed* liberty 1650-69, *JC* revers'd, our *A10* revers'd and
 1650-69, *JC* 51 we're *A10* we 1650-69, *JC*

A monfter in no certain ſhape attir'd,
 And whoſe originall is much defir'd,
 Formleſſe at firſt, but going on it faſhions,
 And doth preſcribe manners and laws to nations 55
 Here love receiv'd immedicable harmes,
 And was diſpoiled of his daring armes
 A greater want then is his daring eyes,
 He loſt thoſe awfull wings with which he flies,
 His finewy bow, and thoſe immortall darts 60
 Wherewith he's wont to bruife reſiſting hearts
 Onely ſome few ſtrong in themſelves and free
 Retain the ſeeds of antient liberty,
 Following that part of Love although depreſt,
 And make a throne for him within their breaſt, 65
 In ſpight of modern cenſures him avowing
 Their Sovereigne, all ſervice him allowing
 Amongſt which troop although I am the leaſt,
 Yet equall in perfection with the beſt,
 I glory in ſubjection of his hand, 70
 Nor ever did decline his leaſt command
 For in whatever forme the meſſage came
 My heart did open and receive the ſame
 But time will in his courſe a point diſcry
 When I this loved ſervice muſt deny, 75
 For our allegiance temporary is,
 With firmer age returns our liberties
 What time in years and judgement we repos'd,
 Shall not ſo eaſily be to change diſpos'd,

53 whoſe originall 1650-69, *JC* one whoſe origin *A10* 54 going
 on it faſhions *A10* growing on it faſhions *JC* growing on its faſhions,
 1650-69 55 manners and laws to 1650-69, *JC* Lawes, Manners
 unto *A10* 57 armes *A10* armes, 1650-69 58 is 1650-69 of
A10 61 bruſe 1650-69 wound *A10* hearts *Ed* hearts,
 1650-69 63 ſeeds of antient 1650-69, *JC* ſeed of piſtune *A10*
 64 Love] love 1650-69 70 of his 1650-69 under's *A10* 71
 Nor decline 1650-69 Never declining from *A10* 72-7 omitted
 in *A10* 73 ſame *Ed* ſame 1650-69 ſame *JC* 75 deny,
Ed deny 1650-69 79 diſpos'd, *Ed* diſpos'd 1650-69

Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying, 80
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
 Which being found affembled in fome one,
 Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone

ELEGIE XVIII

Loves Progress

Who ever loves, if he do not propofe
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes
 To fea for nothing but to make him fick
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
 Our love, and force it new ftrange fshapes to take, 5
 We erre, and of a lump a monfter make
 Were not a Calf a monfter that were grown
 Face'd like a man, though better then his own?
 Perfection is in unitie preferr
 One woman firft, and then one thing in her 10
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilnefs, the application,
 The wholfomnefs, the ingenuitie,
 From ruft, from foil, from fire ever free
 But if I love it, 'tis becaufe 'tis made 15
 By our new nature (Ufe) the foul of trade
 All thefe in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one

80 obeying, *Ed* obeying, 1650-69 81 feccurely 1650-69 un-
 partially *A10* 82 being 1650-69 having *A10* one, *Ed* one
 1650-69 83 Wee'l love her ever, *Ed* Wee'l leave her ever, 1650-69,
JG. Would love for ever, *A10*

Elegie XVIII &c *Ed* Elegie XVIII 1669, where it is firft included
 among the *Elegies* It had already been printed in Wit and Drollery By
 Sir J M, J S, Sir W D, J D, and the moft refined Wits of the Age 1661
 It appears in *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*, with title
 Loves Progreff, or Elegie on Loves Progreffe, or with no title 4
 Love is a 1669 And Love's a *MSS* 5 ftrange 1661 and *MSS*
 ftrong 1669 11 I,] I 1669 14 ever 1669 for ever *O F, S, S96*
 16 (our new nature) use, 1661 17 thefe 1669 and *MSS* this 1661,
Cy, P, Chambers

Can men more injure women then to fay
 They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud
 Till I both be, and find one wife and good?
 May barren Angels love so But if we
 Make love to woman, virtue is not she
 As beauty's not nor wealth He that strays thus 25
 From her to hers, is more adulterous,
 Then if he took her maid Search every spheare
 And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there
 He's an infernal god and under ground,
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound 30
 Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles
 Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes
 Although we see Celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love
 So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart, 35
 And virtues, but we love the Centrique part
 Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
 For love, then this, as infinite as it
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they erre, that set out at the face? 40
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
 Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
 And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwracks us again
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have 45
 Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave
 The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns,
 It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere

20 them] om 1661 25 beauty's not 1661 and MSS beauties
 no 1669 thus] thus 1669 27 Then if he took] Then he that
 took 1661, B (takes), Cy, O'F, P, S spheare] spheai 1669 30
 abound Ed abound, 1669 32 in A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, TC
 on 1669, A25 holes] holes 1669 38 infinite] infinit 1669
 40 erre 1661-69, S, S96 stray A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, N, O F, P, TC
 42 springes, H49 and some MSS springs, 1669 46 and 1661, A18,
 A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, P, S96, TC but 1669 our 1661, MSS a
 1669 47 first Meridian 1661 and MSS sweet Meridian 1669

On

On either side, and then directs us where 50
 Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
 (Not faynte *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*)
 Her swelling lips, To which when wee are come,
 We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
 For they seem all there Syrens songs, and there 55
 Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear,
 There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell,
 The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell
 There, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin
 Ore past, and the freight *Hellepont* betweene 60
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
 (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neasts)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some Island moles may scattered there descry,
 And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way 65
 Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay,
 Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd,
 Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
 Where many Shipwreck, and no further get 70
 When thou art there, consider what this chace
 Mispent by thy beginning at the face
 Rather set out below, practice my Art,
 Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that 75

52-3 (Not *Ambrosiall*) lips *c* 1661 and MSS (not always with
 brackets and sometimes with No for Not and Canary) Not *Ambrosiall*
 Unto her swelling lips when we are come, 1669 55 For they seem all
 there 1669, *Ar8, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC* For they sing all their
 1661, *Cy, P* 57 There 1661 and MSS Then 1669 swell, *Ed*
 swell 1669 58 *Rhemora* 1669 59 the glorious Promon-
 tory,] brackets and no comma, 1669 60 Ore past, betweene
 1661 and MSS Being past the Straits of *Hellepont* between 1669
 62 Loves] loves 1669 63 yet] that *D, H49, Lec, and other MSS*
 65 Sailing] Sailing 1669 66 Navell] Naval 1669 67 thence
Ar8, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TC there 1661-9, *N(?)* hence
P thy all MSS the 1661-9 68 wouldst *Ar8, A25, B, Cy, H49,*
JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC shouldst 1669 70 many 1669 some
 doe *Ar8, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P* 73 my 1669, *A25, B,*
Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, P, S, S96, ICD thy *Chambers* thine *Ar8, TCC*

Lovely

Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at
 Least subject to disguise and change it is,
 Men say the Devil never can change his
 It is the Emblem that hath figured
 Firmness, 'tis the first part that comes to bed 80
 Civilitie we see refin'd the kifs
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be
 If Kings think that the nearer way, and do 85
 Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too,
 For as free Spheres move faster far then can
 Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
 Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,
 Then if at beauties elements he stay 90
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths averfely laid
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way which that Exchequer looks, must go
 He which doth not, his error is as great, 95
 As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat

ELEGIE XIX

Going to Bed

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers desie,
 Until I labour, I in labour lie
 The foe oft-times having the foe in fight,
 Is tir'd with standing though he never fight

80 the] *his* 1669 81-2 Civilitie, we see, refin'd the kisse Which at
 the face begonne, transplanted is *D, H49, Lec* 83 Imperial] imperial 1669
 86 too,] too 1669 90 elements 1661 and MSS enemies 1669 91
 hath] *Chambers omits* 93 owe,] owe 1669 96 Clyster gave
A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC glister gives 1669

Elegie XIX &c *Ed* in 1669, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, N,*
O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TGD, W Appeared in 1669 edition after the *Elegies*,
 unnumbered but with the heading To his Mistress going to Bed The MSS
 include it among the *Elegies* either with no heading, or simply *Elegye*, or
 numbered according to the scheme adopted B gives title which I have adopted
 as consistent with other titles 4 he 1669 they *A18, D, H49, JC,*
L74, Lec, N, TC

Off

Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering, 5
 But a far fairer world incompassing
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
 That th'eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there
 Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed time 10
 Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh
 Your gown going off, such beautilous state reveals,
 As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steales
 Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew 15
 The hairey Diademe which on you doth grow
 Now off with those shooes, and then safely tread
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed
 In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
 Receavd by men, Thou Angel bringst with thee 20
 A heaven like Mahomets Paradise, and though
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know,
 By this these Angels from an evil spite,
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright
 Licence my roaving hands, and let them go, 25
 Before, behind, between, above, below
 O my America! my new-found-land,
 My kingdome, safest when with one man man'd,
 My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,

5 glittering] glistering MSS 8 That I may see my shrine that
 shines so fair Cy, P 10 it is 1669 'tis your MSS 11 which]
 whom A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, S, TC, W 14 from MSS through
 1669 shadow] shadows 1669 16 Diademe glow
 A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O F, P, TC Diadem which on your
 head doth grow 1669 Diadems which on you do grow S, Chambers
 17 Now shooes, 1669, JC, W Off shooes A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC
 Off with those hose and shooes S safely A18, A25, B, L74, N, O F, S,
 S96, TC, W softly 1669, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P 20 Receavd by
 men, Thou all MSS Reveal'd to men, thou 1669 21 Paradise, Ed
 Paradiice, 1669 22 Ill 1669, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, S96,
 TC, W All B, O F, P, and Chambers' conjecture spirits 1669, A18, B, D,
 H49, N, S angels O F, S96 white, Ed white, 1669 26 below Ed
 below, 1669 28 kingdome, MSS Kingdom's 1669 safest A18,
 D, H49, Lec, N, TC safest, 1669 man'd, Ed man'd 1669 29
 stones, Ed stones 1669

How

How blest am I in this discovering thee ! 30
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free,
 Then where my hand is fet, my feal shall be
 Full nakedness ! All joyes are due to thee,
 As souls unbodied, bodies undloth'd must be,
 To taste whole joyes Gems which you women use 35
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,
 That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them
 Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made
 For lay-men, are all women thus array'd , 40
 Themselves are mystick books, which only wee
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
 Must see reveal'd Then since that I may know,
 As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew
 Thy self cast all, yea, this white linnen hence, 45
 There is no pennance due to innocence
 To teach thee, I am naked first , why'than
 What needst thou have more covering then a man

30 How blest am I *all MSS* How am I blest 1669 this *A18*,
B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC, W thus 1669, *A25, L74, S* dis-
 covering] discovery *B, O'F* thee ! *Ed* thee ? 1669 be] be, 1669
 35 Gems] Jems 1669 and so 37 36 like 1669 as *MSS* balls,
MSS ball 1669 38 covet *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, TC*,
W court 1669, *Cy, P, S, S96* theirs, *A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74*,
Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W those *S* that, 1669, *B, O'F* them] them 1669
 39 pictures, *Ed* pictures 1669 made *Ed* made, 1669 40 lay-men,
Ed lay men 1669 array'd, *Ed* arrayed 1669 41 Themselves only
 wee *A18, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W* Themselves
 are only mystick books, which we, 1669, *B* 43 see] be *A18, A25, D*,
H49, Lec, N, TC 1 reveal'd] revealed 1669 44 a *all MSS*
 thy 1669 Midwife, *Ed* Midwife 1669 45 hence, *Ed* hence
 1669 46 pennance due to innocence 1669, *B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, S*
 pennance, much less innocence, *A18, A25, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, W*
 47 thee, *Ed* thee 1669 first, *Ed* first, 1669

ELEGIE XX

Loves Warre

Till I have peace with thee, warr other men,
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other Warrs are scrupulous, Only thou
 O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allowe
 To any one In Flanders, who can tell 5
 Whether the Maister presse, or men rebell?
 Only we know, that which all Ideots say,
 They beare most blows which come to part the fray
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late, 10
 Yet she relies upon our Angels well,
 Which nere returne, no more then they which fell
 Sick Ireland is with a strange warr posselt
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest,
 Which time will cure yet it must doe her good 15
 If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood
 And Midas joyes our Spanissh jouineys give,
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live
 And I should be in the hott parching clyme,
 To dust and ashes turn'd before my time 20
 To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall
 Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall,
 Or in a Cloyster, save that there men dwell
 In a calme heaven, here in a swagging hell

Elegy XX &c Ed First published in F G Waldron's A Collection of
 Miscellaneous Poetry, 1802, from a MS dated 1625, then by Sir J Simeon
 in his Philobiblon Society volume of 1856 It is included among Donne's
 Elegies in A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O F, P, S, S96, TCC,
 TCD, W In B it has the title Making of Men The present text is based on
 W 7 all A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O F, S, S96, TC, W most
 JC, Chambers 8 They beare most blows which (or that) A18, B, D,
 H49, JC, L74, Lec, S, S96, TC, W They must bear blows, which Chambers
 9 giddinefs] guidings Sim giddinge Wald 11 well,] well W 13
 a strange] straying Sim 16 head] dead Sim 19 the A18, B, Cy, D, H49,
 N, S, S96, TC, W that Chambers, A25, JC, L74, O F 24 swagging]
 swaying Chambers

Long

Long voyages are long consumptions, 25
 And ships are carts for executions
 Yea they are Deaths, Is't not all one to flye
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
 Here let mee warr, in these armes lett mee lye,
 Here lett mee parlee, batter, bleede, and dye 30
 Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee,
 Thy hart thy ransome is, take myne for mee
 Other men war that they their rest may gayne,
 But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne
 Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienc'd love, 35
 There wee are alwayes under, here above
 There Engins farr off breed a iust true feare,
 Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here
 There lyes are wrongs, here safe uprightly lye,
 There men kill men, we'll make one by and by 40
 Thou nothing, I not halfe so much shall do
 In these Warrs, as they may which from us two
 Shall spring Thousands wee see which travaile not
 To warrs, But stay swords, armes, and shott
 To make at home, And shall not I do then 45
 More glorious service, staying to make men?

25 consumptions,] consumptions *W* line omitted, *Wald* 29 lye] *spelt ly*
W and so 30 dy 33 gayne,] gayne *W* 37 There] *These Sim*
 and, that, with, which] *contracted throughout, W*

HEROICALL EPISTLE

Sapho to Philænis

WHere is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said
 To have ² is that inchanting force decaid ²
Verse that drawes *Natures* workes, from *Natures* law,
 Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw
 Have my teares quench'd my old *Poetique* fire, 5
 Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire* ²
 Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want then libertie
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth fit,
 But that is waxe, and fires environ it 10
 My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence,
 And I am rob'd of *PiEtur*e, *Heart*, and *Senſe*
 Dwells with me ſtill mine irkſome *Memory*,
 Which, both to keepe, and loſe, grieves equally
 That tells me'how faire thou art Thou art ſo faire, 15
 As, *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,
 Are giac'd thereby, And to make blinde men ſee,
 What things *gods* are, I ſay they're like to thee
 For, if we juſtly call each filly *man*
 A *litle world*, What ſhall we call thee than ² 20
 Thou art not ſoft, and cleare, and ſtrait, and faire,
 As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,

Heroicall Epistle | In 1633 Sapho to Philaenis follows Basse's Epitaph
 upon Shakespeare and precedes The Annuntiation and Paſſion In 1635
 it was placed with some other miscellaneous and dubious poems among the
 Letters to severall Perſonages, where it has appeared in all subsequent
 editions I have transferred it to the neighbourhood of the Elegies and given
 it the title which seems to describe exactly the genre to which it belongs In
 JC it is entitled Elegie 18.b The other MSS are A18, A25, O'F, N, P,
 TCC, TCD In A25, JC, and P, ll 31-54 are omitted 2 have ²
 1650-69 have, 1633-39 3 woikes, 1633-39 woike, 1650-69, O'F
 8 maker, 1635-69 maker, 1633 17 thereby, And 1635-69 theieby
 And 1633, some copies 22 As Down, 1633-69, A18, N, TC As dowves
 P As downs O'F See note Cedars,] as Cedars, A18, N, O'F, TC
 But

But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye
 Such was my *Phao* awhile, but shall be never, 25
 As thou, wait, art, and, oh, maist be ever
 Here lovers sweare in their *Idolatrie*,
 That I am such, but *Griefe* discolors me
 And yet I grieve the lesse, least *Griefe* remove
 My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love 30
 Plaies some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
 A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it
 His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possesse
 Thy body is a naturall *Paradise*, 35
 In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*, why shouldst thou than
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behinde them that which their sin shoves,
 And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows 40
 But of our dalliance no more signes there are,
 Then *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in aire
 And betweene us all sweetnesse may be had,
 All, all that *Nature* yields, or *Art* can adde
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two, 45
 But so, as thine from one another doe,
 And, oh, no more, the likenesse being such,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lippe to lippe none denies,
 Why should they breft to breft, or thighs to thighs? 50
 Likenesse begets such strange selfe flatterie,
 That touching my selfe, all seemes done to thee
 My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse,
 And amorously thanke my selfe for this
 Me, in my glasse, I call thee, But alas, 55

26 maist be ever 1633, A18, A25, N, TC maist thou be ever 1635-69,
 O'F shalt be for ever P mayst thou be for ever JC 33 thorny
 hairy 1633-69 thorney-hairy TCD thorny, hairy modern edd 40 are
 Ed are, 1633-69

When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and *glasse*,
 O cure this loving madnesse, and restore
 Me to mee, thee, my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*
 So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet dye,
 And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*, 60
 So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
Envy in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,
 And so be *change*, and *sicknesse*, farre from thee,
 As thou by comming neere, keep'ft them from me

58 me to mee, thee, 1635-69, A18, A25, JC, N, P, IC (*generally mee,*
in MSS) me to mee, thee, 1633 me to thee, thee *Chambers halfe,*
 harte A25, JC, P

59-60 So may thy cheekes outweare all scarlet dye
 May blisse and thee be one eternallye P om JC

61 mighty, amazing Ed mighty amazing 1633-69 almighty amazing P

EPITHALAMIONS,

OR

MARRIAGE SONGS.

*An Epithalamion, Or marriage Song on the Lady Elizabeth,
and Count Palatine being married on St Valentines day*

I

HAile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every yeare 5
The Lirique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,
Thou mak'st the black bird speed as soone,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon, 10
The husband cocke lookes out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed
This day more cheerfully then ever shine,
This day, which might enflame thy self, Old Valentine

II

Till now, Thou warmd'st with multiplying loves 15
Two larkes, two sparrowes, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phoenixes,
Thou mak'st a Taper see
What the funne never saw, and what the Arke 20

Epithalamions, &c 1635-69 no general title, 1633 An Epithalamion,
&c 1633-69, A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TGD (most of the
MSS have the full title but with slight verbal variations) 13 shine, Ed
shine 1633-69 14 enflame] enflāe 1633 18 Phoenixes, Ed
Phoenixes, 1633 Phoenixes 1635-69

(Which

(Which was of foules, and beafts, the cage, and park,)
 Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,
 Two Phœnixes, whose joynd breasts
 Are unto one another mutuall nefts,
 Where motion kindles fuch fires, as fhall give 25
 Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old fhall live
 Whole love and courage never fhall decline,
 But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine

III

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sunne,
 Thy felfe from thine affection 30
 Takeft warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All leffer birds will take their Jollitie
 Up, up, faire Bride, and call,
 Thy ftarres, from out their feveral boxes, take
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make 35
 Thy felfe, a conftellation, of them All,
 And by their blazing, fignifie,
 That a Great Princefs falls, but doth not die,
 Bee thou a new ftarre, that to us portends
 Ends of much wonder, And be Thou thofe ends 40
 Since thou doft this day in new glory fhine,
 May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine

IIII

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
 Meeting Another, growes the fame,
 So meet thy Fredericke, and fo 45
 To an unfeperable union growe
 Since feperation

21 foules, 1633 fowle, 1635-69 22 Thee, 1633, 1650-69 Thee
 1635-39 37 their blazing 1633-69, *D, Lec* this blazing *A25, B, H49,*
JC, N, O F (altered to their), *P, TCD* 40 ends 1635-69 ends, 1633
 42 this thy 1633-54, *B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD* this day 1669,
A25, JC, Chambers 46 growe *A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, S96,*
TCD goe, 1633-69, *Lec*

Falls not on such things as are infinite,
 Nor things which are but one, can disunite,
 You're twice inseparable, great, and one, 50
 Goe then to where the Bishop staies,
 To make you one, his way, which divers waies
 Must be effected, and when all is past,
 And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
 You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine, 55
 Besides this Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine

V

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,
 Longer to day, then other daies?
 Staies he new light from these to get?
 And finding here such store, is loth to set? 60
 And why doe you two walke,
 So slowly pac'd in this procession?
 Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
 And be to others spectacle, and talke?
 The feast, with gluttonous delaies, 65
 Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
 The masquers come too late, and I thinke, will stay,
 Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away
 Alas, did not Antiquity assigne
 A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine? 70

VI

They did, and night is come, and yet wee see
 Formalities retarding thee
 What meane these Ladies, which (as though
 They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe
 So nicely about the Bride, 75

49 disunite, *Grolier* disunite 1633-69 and *Chambers* 56 Bishops
 knot, or Bishop Valentine *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P* (our), *S96,*
TC Bishops knot, O Bishop Valentine 1633-54 Bishops knot of Bishop
 Valentine 1669 Bishops knot, of Bishop Valentine *Chambers* 60
 store 1633, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S96, TCD* starres, 1635-69,
O'F, Chambers 67 come too late, 1633 come late, 1635-69
 70 O Valentine? 1633-54, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD*
 old Valentine? 1669

A Bride, before a good night could be said,
 Should vanish from her cloathes, into her bed,
 As Soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd
 ~But now she is laid, What though shee bee?
 Yet there are more delayes, For, where is he? 80
 He comes, and passeth through Spheare after Spheare,
 First her sheetes, then her Armes, then any where
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine

VII

Here lyes a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here, 85
 She gives the best light to his Spheare,
 Or each is both, and all, and so
 They unto one another nothing owe,
 And yet they doe, but are
 So iust and rich in that coyne which they pay, 90
 That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay,
 Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,
 They quickly pay their debt, and then
 Take no acquittances, but pay again,
 They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall 95
 No such occasion to be liberall
 More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
 Then all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine

VIII

And by this act of these two Phenixes
 Nature againe restored is, 100
 For since these two are two no more,
 Ther's but one Phenix still, as was before
 Rest now at last, and wee

81 passeth 1633-39 passeth 1650-69 Spheare, *Ed* Spheare 1633
 Spheare 1635-69 82 where 1650-69 where, 1633-39 85 here,
 1633-39, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TCD* there, 1650-69, *O' F, P, S96*
 91 stay,] stay, 1633 92 spare, 1633-54 spare 1669 94 acquittances,
 1635-69 acquittance, 1633 96 such] *om* 1669

As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
 Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day, 105
 Onely desir'd, because your face wee see,
 Others neare you shall whispering speake,
 And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,
 And win by observing, then, whose hand it is
 That opens first a curtaine, hers or his, 110
 This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
 Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine

ECCLOGVE

1613 December 26

*Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas
 time, reprehends his absence from court, at the marriage
 Of the Earle of Sommerfet, Idios gives an account of
 his purpose therein, and of his absence thence*

Allophanes

VNreasonable man, statue of ice,
 What could to countries solitude entice
 Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?
 Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime
 Even small birds, who by that courage dare, 5
 In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire
 What delicacie can in fields appeare,
 Whil't Flora'herfelfe doth a freeze jerkyn weare?
 Whil't windes do all the trees and hedges strip
 Of leaves, to furnish roddes enough to whip 10

104 As uprise,] brackets 1650-69 105 day,] day 1633
 ECCLOGVE &c 1633-69 similarly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N,
 O'F, S96, ICC, TCD his absence thence 1633, Lec his Actions there
 1635-69, A18, H49, N, O'F, TC his absence then D, S96 2 countries]
 country A18, N, TC 4 clime 1633-39 clime 1650-69 clime D
 5 small 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC smaller 1635-69, Chambers

Thy madnesse from thee, and all springs by frost
 Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure loft,
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
 With iust solemnity, do it in Lent,
 At Court the spring already advanced is, 15
 The Sunne stayes longer up, and yet not his
 The glory is, farre other, other fires
 Firſt, zeale to Prince and State, then loves defires
 Burne in one brest, and like heavens two great lights,
 The firſt doth governe dayes, the other nights 20
 And then that early light, which did appeare
 Before the Sunne and Moone created were,
 The Princes favour is defus'd o'r all,
 From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall,
 Then from thoſe wombes of ſtarres, the Brides bright
 eyes, 25
 At every glance, a conſtellation flies,
 And ſowes the Court with ſtarres, and doth prevent
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament,
 Firſt her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
 Then from their beames their jewels luſters riſe, 30
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good deſire,
 Moſt other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
 Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell
 Or but like Stoves, for luſt and envy get 35
 Continuall, but artificiaall heat,
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds diſgeſt,
 And make our Court an everlaſting Eaſt
 And can'ſt thou be from thence ?

Idios No, I am there
 As heaven, to men diſpos'd, is every where, 40

12 Have 1633 Having 1635-69 murmure A18, A23, B, D, H49,
 N, O F, TC murmures 1633-69 22 were, Ed were, 1633-69
 29 kindle] kindles 1633 34 plotts, 1635-69, A18, B, D, H49, N, O F,
 S96, TC places, 1633, 1669, Lec 37 diſgeſt, 1633-39 diſgeſt, 1650-69
 39 there D there 1633-69 40 where, 1633 where 1635-69,
 owing to the dropping of ſtop in previous line

So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
 Not onely all their house, but all their State
 Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,
 Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
 Not onely in fulnesse, but capacitie, 45
 Enlarging narrow men, to feele and see,
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow
 So, reclus'd hermits often times do know
 More of heavens glory, then a worldling can
 As man is of the world, the heart of man, 50
 Is an epitome of Gods great booke
 Of creatures, and man need no farther looke,
 So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,
 As their one common soule, give life to both,
 I am not then from Court

Allophanes

Dreamer, thou art 55
 Think'ft thou fantastique that thou hast a part
 In the East-Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice, or Amber in thy taste?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
 Seest thou all good because thou seest no harme? 60
 The earth doth in her inward bowels hold
 Stuffe well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold,
 But never shall, except it chance to lye,
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye,
 As, for divine things, faith comes from above, 65
 So, for best civill use, all tinctures move
 From higher powers, From God religion springs,
 Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with mee,
 That Angels, though on earth employd they bee, 70

42 State] State, 1633 54 one 1633, A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC own
 1635-69, Lec 55 I am Court 1633, A18, B, D, H49, N, S96, TC
 And am I then from Court? 1635-69 art 1650-69 art, 1633-39 57
 East-Indian A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC Indian 1633-69
 61 inward A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC inner 1633-69
 Are

Are still in heav'n, so is hee still at home
 That doth, abroad, to honest actions come
 Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday
 Might'st have read more then all thy books bewray,
 Hast thou a history, which doth present 75
 A Court, where all affections do assent
 Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?
 And where it is no levity to trust?
 Where there is no ambition, but to obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may, 80
 Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all
 Finde that the King therein is liberall
 To them, in him, because his favours bend
 To vertue, to the which they all pretend?
 Thou hast no such, yet here was this, and more, 85
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before
 Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
 And is no more in his minority,
 Hee is admitted now into that brest
 Where the Kings Counsells and his secrets rest 90
 What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?

Idios

I knew
 All this, and onely therefore I withdrew
 To know and feele all this, and not to have
 Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave
 Of his owne thoughts, I would not therefore stay 95
 At a great feast, having no Grace to say
 And yet I scap'd not here, for being come
 Full of the common joy, I utter'd some,
 Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made
 Either the Court or mens hearts to invade, 100

75 present] represent *Ar8, N, TC* 78 trust? *Ed* trust 1633-39
 trust, 1650-69 84 pretend? *Ed* pretend 1633-69 85 more, 1633
 more 1635-69 86 before 1633-69 before, *Chambers* See note
 92 withdrew] withdrew 1633 96 say 1635-69 say, 1633 98
 joy, some, *Ed* joy, some, 1633 joy, some 1635-69

But

But since I'am dead, and buried, I could frame
 No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
 So much as this poore song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice

EPITHALAMION

I

The time of the Marriage

THou art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die, 105
 Though thou upon thy death bed lye,
 And should'st within five dayes expire,
 Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
 When he doth in his largest circle runne 110
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easie liquid jawe
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart 115

II

Equality of persons

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
 In this new couple, dost thou prize,
 When his eye as inflaming is
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
 Be tryed by beauty, and than 120
 The bridegroome is a maid, and not a man
 If by that manly courage they be tryed,
 Which scornes unjust opinion, then the bride

EPITHALAMION *D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96 om 1633-69 See note*
 107 expire,] expire 1633-39 108 by 1633 from 1635-69 121
 man 1669, *D* man, 1633-39 man, 1650-54

Becomes

Becomes a man Should chance or envies Art
 Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part? 125
 Since both have both th'enflaming eyes, and both the
 loving heart

III

Raising of the Bridegroom

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you
 Singly, so much one are you two,
 Yet let me here contemplate thee,
 First, cheerfull Bridegroom, and first let mee see, 130
 How thou prevent'st the Sunne,
 And his red foming horses dost outrunne,
 How, having laid downe in thy Sovereignes brest
 All businesse, from thence to reinvest
 Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art 135
 To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart

IIII

Raising of the Bride

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
 To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,
 Since Soone thou lyest downe first, tis fit 140
 Thou in first rising should'st allow for it
 Pouder thy Radiant haire,
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st weare,

124 or] our 1669 126 both th'enflaming eyes, A18, B, D, H49,
 N, O'F, S96, TC th'enflaming eye, 1633 the enflaming eye, 1635-69
 128 Singly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC Single, 1633-69, Lec
 129 Yet let A23, O'F Let 1633-69 141 should'st] should 1669
 it 1635-69 it, 1633

Thou

Thou, which to all which come to looke upon,
 Art meant for Phœbus, would'ft be Phaëton 145
 For our ease, give thine eyes th'unusual part
 Of joy, a Teare, fo quencht, thou maist impart,
 To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving
 heart

V

Her Apparrelling

Thus thou descend'ft to our infirmitie,
 Who can the Sun in water see 150
 Soe dost thou, when in filke and gold,
 Thou cloudst thy selfe, since wee which doe behold,
 Are dust, and wormes, 'tis iust
 Our objects be the fruits of wormes and dust,
 Let every Jewell be a glorious starre, 155
 Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are
 And though thou stoope, to'appeare to us in part,
 Still in that Picture thou intirely art,
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving
 heart

VI

Going to the Chappell

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and wee, 160
 As men which through a Cipres see
 The rising sun, doe thinke it two,
 Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,

144 Thou, which D Thou, which, 1633 Thou which, 1635-69 145
 Art A18, B, S96, TCC Are 1633, D, H49, Lec, N, TCD Wert 1635-69,
 O'F for] for, 1633 Phaeton 1635-69 Phaeton, 1633 146 ease,
 eyes 1635-69 ease, eyes, 1633 150 see 1633-69 see,
 Grolier But see note 157 stoope, us 1635-69 stoope, •
 us, 1633

But

But that vaile being gone,
 By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one 165
 The Church Triumphant made this match before,
 And new the Militant doth strive no more,
 Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,
 Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart
 All blessings, which are feene, or thought, by Angels eye
 or heart 170

VII

The Benediction

Blest payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring
 Daily new joyes, and never sing,
 Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
 Till honor, yea till wisdome grow so stale,
 That, new great heights to trie, 175
 It must serve your ambition, to die,
 Raise heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
 Heires from this King, to take thankses, you, to give,
 Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art
 May never age, or error overthwart 180
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this
 heart

VIII

Feasts and Revells

But you are over-blest Plenty this day
 Injures, it causeth time to stay,
 The tables groane, as though this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast 185

167 more, *Ed* more, 1633 more 1635-69 170 or thought]
 Or thought 1633 172 sing, 1633 sing 1635-69 178 you,]
 yours, *A23, B, D, O'F, S96* give, 1633 give 1635-69 179
 Art *Ed* Art, 1633-69

And

And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true,
For every part to dance and revell goes
They tread the ayre, and fal not where they rose
Though six houres since, the Sunne to bed did part, 190
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A funfet to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart

IX

The Brides going to bed

What mean'ft thou Bride, this companie to keep?
To fit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so 195
Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertaine
And doe all this daies dances o'r againe
Know that if Sun and Moone together doe
Rise in one point, they doe not set so too, 200
Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone, where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'ft in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving
heart

X

The Bridegroomes comming

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,
And findes a gellie in the place, 205
So doth the Bridegroome haft as much,
Being told this starre is falne, and findes her such

194 wouldst] would 1669 200 too, Ed too 1635-69 to 1633
202 being gone, Ed being gone, 1633-39 being gone 1650-69 207
such 1635-69 such, 1633

And as friends may looke strange,
 By a new fashon, or apparrells change,
 Their soules, though long acquainted they had beene, 210
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seene,
 Therefore at first shee modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part,
 As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart

XI

The good-night

Now, as in Tullias tombe, one lampe burnt cleare, 215
 Unchang'd for fifteene hundred yeare,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire, 220
 But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
 For none of these is fuell, but fire too
 This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
 Make of so noble individuall parts
 One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts 225

Idios

As I have brought this song, that I may doe
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too

Allophanes

No S^r This paper I have justly got,
 For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not
 His only that presents it, but of all, 230
 What ever celebrates this Festivall

211 seene, *Ed* seene 1633-69 214 eye] hand 1650-69 215
 burnt] burn 1669 218 divine 1635-69 divine, 1633 230 all,
 1635-69 all, 1633

Is common, since the joy thereof is so
 Nor may your selfe be Priest But let me goe,
 Backe to the Court, and I will lay't upon
 Such Altars, as prize your devotion 235

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne

THE Sun-beames in the East are spred,
 Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,
 No more shall you returne to it alone,
 It nourseth sadnesse, and your bodies print,
 Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint, 5
 You and your other you meet there anon,
 Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing thigh,
 Which when next time you in these sheets wil smother,
 There it must meet another, .

Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh, 10
 Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name

Daughters of London, you which bee
 Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasure,
 You which are Angels, yet still bring with you 15
 Thoufands of Angels on your mariage daies,
 Help with your presence and devise to praise
 These rites, which also unto you grow due,
 Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
 By you, fit place for every flower and jewell, 20
 Make her for love fit fewell

As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde,
 So may thee faire, rich, glad, and in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name

Epithalamion &c 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, ICD Epithalamion on a
 Cruzen A34, B, O'F, S, S96 do of the La Elz P Epithalamion W
 4 bodies 1635-69 and MSS body 1633 8 smother, 1650-69
 smother 1633-39 17 presence Ed presence, 1633-69 See note
 22 faire, rich, glad, and in A18, N, TC, W faire and rich, in 1633-69, B,
 O'F, P, S96

And

And you frolique Patricians, 25
 Sonns of these Senators wealths deep oceans,
 Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,
 Yee country men, who but your beasts love none,
 Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,
 Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits, 30
 Here shine, This Bridegroom to the Temple bring
 Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,
 The sober virgin paceth,
 Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing,
 Weep not nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame, 35
To day put on perfection, and a womans name
 Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
 Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they bee,
 Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe 40
 Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,
 Long after their owne parents fatten thee
 All elder clames, and all cold barrenesse,
 All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,
 Which might these two dissever, 45
 All wayes all th'other may each one possesse,
 For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name
 Oh winter dayes bring much delight,
 Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night, 50
 Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats,
 Other disports then dancing jollities,
 Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
 But that the Sun still in our halfe Sphære sweates,

25 Patricians,] Patricians 1633 26 Sonns of deep oceans, *Ed*
 Some of these Senators wealths deep oceans, 1633, *A18, N, TC* Sonnes of
 these Senatours, wealths deep oceans *W* Sonnes of those Senatours,
 wealths deepe oceans, 1635-69, *B, O'F, S96* (*but* Senators *O'F, S96*) *See*
note 29 those fellowships] that Fellowship *S96* 31 bring *W* bring
 1633-39 bring, 1650-69 32 straw'd] strow'd 1669 42 thee
 1635-69 thee, 1633 46 All wayes *W* Alwaies, 1633 Alwaies,
 1635-69 49 Oh winter dayes *A34, B, O'F, P, S96, W* Winter dayes
 1633-69, *A18, N, TC* 53 eyes, 1635-69 eyes, 1633

Hee flies in winter, but he now stands still 55
Yet shadowes turne, Noone point he hath attain'd,

His steeds nill bee restrain'd,

But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill,
Thou shalt, when he hath runne the worlds half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name 60

The amorous evening starre is rose,
Why then should not our amorous starre inclose

Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings
Musicians, and danciers take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use 65

As much wearinesse as perfection brings,

You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts
Rest duly, at night all their toyles are dispensed,
But in their beds commenced

Are other labours, and more dainty feasts, 70
She goes a maid, who, least she turne the fame,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name

Thy virgins girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptiall bed (loves altar) lye

A pleasing sacrifice, now dispossesse 75
Thee of these chaines and robes which were put on
T'adorne the day, not thee, for thou, alone,

Like vertue and truth, art best in nakednesse,

This bed is onely to virginities
A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle, 80
Till now thou wast but able

To be what now thou art, then that by thee
No more be said, *I may bee*, but, *I am*,

To night put on perfection, and a womans name

55 still *W* still, 1633-69 57 nill *W* will 1633-69 and rest of
MSS B inserts not See note 59 runne the worlds halfe frame,
A34, B, S96, W runne the Heavens halfe frame, 1635-69, *O' F* come the
worlds half frame, 1633, *A18, N, TC* 60 put] but 1633 72 puts]
put 1669 73 Thy virgins girdle 1633-69, *W* The Virgin Girdle
B, O F, S96 Thy Virgin girdle *P* 74 [loves alter] 1633-69 76
were] wee some copies of 1633, *Grolier* 78 art] are 1669

Even like a faithfull man content, 85
 That this life for a better should be spent,
 So, shee a mothers rich stile doth preferre,
 And æ the Bridegroomes wish'd approach doth lye,
 Like an appointed lambe, when tenderly
 The priest comes on his knees t'embowell her, 90
 Now sleep or watch with more joy, and O light
 Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early,
 This Sun will love so dearely
 Her rest, that long, long we shall want her fight,
 Wonders are wrought, for shee which had no maime, 95
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name

86 spent, *Ed* spent, 1633 spent 1635-69 95 maime, 1633, *W*
 name, 1635-69, *A18, A34, B, N, P, S96, TC*

SATYRES.

Satyre I.

A Way thou fondling motley humorist,
 Leave mee, and in this standing woodden chest,
 Conforted with these few bookes, let me lye
 In prision, and here be coffin'd, when I dye,
 Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines, and here 5
 Natures Secretary, the Philosopher,
 And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
 The sinewes of a cities mistique bodie,
 Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
 Giddie fantastique Poets of each land 10
 Shall I leave all this constant company,
 And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee?
 First sweare by thy best love in earnest
 (If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
 Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street, 15
 Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
 Not though a Captaine do come in thy way
 Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,
 Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier
 Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer 20

Satyre I 1633-69, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, Q, S, W Satyre the Second or
 Satyre 2 A25, B, O'F Satyre or A Satyre of Mr John Donnes Cy, L74,
 S96 no title (but placed first), H51, N, TCD 1 fondling 1633, L74, Lec,
 N, S, ICD changeling 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q,
 S96, W 5 conduits, Divines, 1650-69, Q conduits, Divines,
 1633-39 6 Is Natures Secretary, 1669, S96 Philosopher, Ed
 Philosopher 1633-39 Philosopher 1659-69 7 jolly 1633, A25,
 B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, Q, S, S96, TCD, W wily 1635-69, O'F
 with P 12 headlong, wild uncertaine thee? 1633 om comma 1635-69
 and Grolier 13 love in earnest 1633, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74,
 Lec, N, P, Q, S, S96, ICD, W love, here, in earnest 1635-69, O'F 16
 dost meet,] doe meet H51, Q, W 19 Not 1633-69, A25, Lec, P, Q Nor
 Cy, D, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W piert] neat Q

Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
 Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,
 Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
 A spezch to Court his beautious sonne and heire¹
 For better or worfe take mee, or leave mee 25
 To take, and leave mee is adultery
 Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
 Of refin'd manneis, yet ceremoniall man,
 That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
 Dost search, and like a needy broker prize 30
 The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
 So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat
 That wilt comfort none, untill thou have knowne
 What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
 As though all thy companions should make thee 35
 Jointures, and marry thy deare company
 Why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve,
 But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love
 The nakednesse and baienesse to enjoy,
 Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy) 40
 Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare²
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are,
 And till our Soules be unapparrelled
 Of bodies, they from blisse are banished
 Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne 45
 Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beafts skin,

23 Wilt 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD Shalt A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC,
 O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W 24 heire¹ Ed heire² 1633-69 25 or worfe
 1633-69, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD and worfe A25, B, H49, H51,
 S96, W or for worfe P and for worfe JC 27 Oh monstious,]
 A (i e Ah) or O Monster, B, D, H49, H51, JC, W 29 eyes 1635-69
 eyes, 1633 32 raise 1633-69, D, H49, H51, L74, Lec, N, TCD
 vaile A25, B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W hat] hate 1633 33 comfort
 none,] comfort with none, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96 untill] till 1669 37-40
 brackets 1650-69, Q that boy 1633 that boy, 1635-39
 39 barenesse A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, W bariennesse 1633-69,
 L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD 40 Of] of 1633 or 1633, 1669 om 1635-54
 41 bare² 1635-69 bare, 1633 45 first blest 1633-69, Cy, D, H49, L74,
 Lec, N, TCD, W first blest A25, B, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S 46 yet 1633,
 A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD om 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P
 And

And in this course attire, which I now weare,
 With God, and with the Muses I conferre
 But since thou like a contrite penitent,
 Charitably warn'd of thy finnes, dost repent 50
 These vanities, and giddinesse, loe
 I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe
 But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
 Worne by as many severall men in finne,
 As are black feathers, or musk-colour hofe, 55
 Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those
 Sooner may one gueffe, who shall beare away
 The Infanta of London, Heire to an India,
 And sooner may a gulling weather Spie
 By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly 60
 What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or fuits next yeare
 Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare,
 Then thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence 65
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
 Now we are in the street, He first of all
 Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,
 And so imprisoned, and hem'd in by mee
 Sells for a little state his libertie, 70
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet

47 weare, 1650-69 weare 1633-39 50 warn'd] warn'd 1633
 52 goe 1635-69 goe, 1633 54 Worne by] Worne out by 1650-69
 55 musk-colour 1633-35, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W musk-coloured
 1639-69, A25, P, Q 58 The Infanta India, Ed The Infanta
 India, A25, O'F, Q The infant India, 1633-54 and MSS
 generally The Infantry of London, hence to India 1669 60
 Scheme 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, Q schemes L74, S schemes
 N Sceanes 1633, Cy, Lec, TCD scene P 62 subtile witted D, H49
 subtile witted 1633-54, L74, N, TCD supple-witted A25, JC (altered to
 subtile), H51, O'F, P, Q, S, W giddy-headed 1669 youths] youth 1669
 63 depart'st from mee] depart st from hence Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, S, W
 departest hence A25, Q, S96 canst JC, Q can 1633-69 and many MSS
 66 conscience?] conscience 1633 70 state] room H51 his 1635-69
 and all MSS high 1633, Chambers libertie,] libertie, 1633

Every fine filken painted foole we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, thrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know 75
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe
 And as fiddlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
 So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh't the ground
 But to a grave man, he doth move no more
 Then the wife politique horse would heretofore, 80
 Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,
 When any names the King of Spaine to you
 Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, & cries, Do you see
 Yonder well favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
 That dances so divinely, Oh, said I, 85
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?
 Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
 Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
 Met us, they talk'd, I whispered, let's goe,
 'T may be you smell him not, truly I doe, 90
 He heares not mee, but, on the other side
 A many-coloured Peacock having spide,
 Leaves him and mee, I for my lost sheep stay,
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, him whom I last left, all repute 95
 For his device, in hanfoming a fute,
 To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and plight,
 Of all the Court, to have the best conceit,
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe,

73 them] then 1633 78 stoops 1635-69, *A25, Cy, D, H49, H51,*
O'F, Q stoopeth *B, P* stoopt 1633, *L74, Lec, N, ICD* nigh't the
 ground] nigheft ground *D, H49, P, Q, W* 81-2 om 1633 84
 youth? 1635-69 youth, 1633 Oh,] Yea, *A25, B, H51, JC, Q, W* 86
 here] so *H51* 89 us, *Ed* us 1635-69 us, 1633 whispered, let's goe,
Ed whispered, let us goe, 1633-54 whisperd, let us goe, 1669 whispered
 (letts goe) *Q* See note 90 'T may be] May be *Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W 94 goes on the way,] goes, on the way *D, H49,*
Q(m), W(in) 95 all repute 1635-69 and *MSS* generally s'all repute
 1633, *Lec* 97 print, cut, and plight (pleite, 1635-39 pleit, 1650-69),
 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, ICD* cut, print, or pleate (plight &c), *A25, B,*
Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q S96, W

But

But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so? 100
 Why? he hath travayld, Long? No, but to me
 (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be
 Perfect French, and Italian, I replied,
 So is the Poxe, He answered not, but spy'd
 More men of fort, of parts, and qualities, 105
 At last his Love he in a window spies,
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
 Violently ravish'd to his lechery
 Many were there, he could command no more,
 Hee quarrell'd fought, bled, and turn'd out of dore 110
 Directly came to mee hanging the head,
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed

Satyre II

Sir, though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate, toward them, breeds pittie towards the rest

100 stoop'st 1633, 1669, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q,
 TCD stoop'st 1635-54, O'F 101 Why? he hath travayld, Long?
 No, but to me S96 Why he hath travayld Long? No but to mee
 W Why, hee hath travayld Long? no But to mee H49 Why he hath
 travayld, Long? Noe but to mee JC Why, he hath travailed (traveled
 1635-39) long? no, but to me 1633-39 Why hath he travelled long?
 no, but to me 1650-54, P Why He hath travelled long, no, but to me
 1669 See note 102 understand] understood 1669 brackets from Q
 See note 105 and qualities,] of qualities, Lec, P, Q, S96 106
 a] om 1669 108 lechery 1635-69 and MSS liberty, 1633 109
 were there, 1633-39 there were, 1650-69

Satyre II 1633-69, D, H49, H51, HN (after C B copy in margin),
 JC, Lec, Q, S, W Satyre 3rd A25 Law Satyre P Satyre or no title,
 B, C, L74, N, O'F, S96, TCD

there is one

2-3 All this towne perfectly yet in every state
 In all ill things so excellently best
 There are some found so villunously best, H51
 All this towne perfectly yet everie state
 Hath in't one found so villanously best S96
 4 toward] towards 1669 and MSS them,] that A25 toward] toward
 1653-54 rest] left, 1633

Though

Though Poetry indeed be such a finne 5
 As I thinke that brings dearths, and Spaniards in,
 Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be steru'd out, yet their state
 Is poore, disfarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate 10
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade,
 And faves his life) gives ideot actors meanes
 (Starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes,
 As in some Organ, Puppits dance above 15
 And bellows pant below, which them do move
 One would move Love by rithmes, but witchcrafts charms
 Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes
 Rammes, and slings now are feely battery,
 Pistolets are the best Artillerie 20
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doores for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That excuse for writing, and for writing ill,
 But hee is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw 25
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his owne things, and they are his owne, 'tis true,
 For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne
 The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne 30

6 As I thinke that 1633 As I thinke That 1635-54 As, I think,
 that 1669 As I'ame afraid brings H51 dearths, A25, H51, HN, L74,
 Lec, N, TCD, W dearth, 1633-69, D, H49 7 and] or A25, D H49,
 H51, O'F, P, S96, W 8 Ridlingly it 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD It
 riddlinghe rest of MSS 10 hate Ed hate 1633-69 12 cannot
 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD could not rest of MSS 14 sceanes,
 Ed sceanes 1633-69 and Chambers 15 Organ 1633-54, L74, Lec,
 N, TCD Organs 1669 and rest of MSS 16 move 1633-69 move,
 Chambers See note 17 rithmes, 1633-69, Lec, Q, TCD rimes,
 A25, B, Cy (rime), D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, W 18
 harmes Ed harmes 1633-69 19 Rammes, and slings] Rimes and
 fongs P 22 fingers at doores 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD Boyes
 fingng at dore (or dores) B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, O'F (corrected from
 fingers), P, Q (at a dore), S, W fingeis at mens dores A25 24
 excuse] scuse MSS

But

But theſe do mee no harme, nor they which uſe
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-uſure Jewes,
 To out-drinke the ſea, to out-ſweare the Letanie,
 Who with finnes all kindes as familiar bee
 As Confessors, and for whoſe finfull ſake, 35
 Schoolemen new tenements in hell muſt make
 Whoſe ſtrange finnes, Canoniſts could hardly tell
 In which Commandements large receit they dwell
 But theſe puniſh themſelves, the inſolence
 Of Coſcus onely breeds my juſt offence, 40
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,
 And plodding on, muſt make a calfe an oxe)
 Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late
 But a ſcarce Poet, jollier of this ſtate,
 Then are new benefic'd miniſters, he throwes 45
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, whereſoever he goes,
 His title of Barrifier, on every wench,
 And wooes in language of the Pleas, and Bench
 A motion, Lady, Speake Coſcus, I have beene
 In love, ever ſince *tricesimo* of the Queene, 50
 Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got
 To ſtay my rivals ſuit, that hee ſhould not
 Proceed, ſpare mee, In Hillary terme I went,
 You ſaid, If I return'd next ſize in Lent,

32 To out-doe Dildoes, 1635-69, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD To
 out-doe ———, 1633 To out-ſwive dildoes Cy, D, H49, HN, O'F, S,
 S96, W

33 Letanie, Ed Letanie, 1669 and all MSS ———
 1633 simply omit, 1635-39 gallant, he 1650-54 See note 34 finnes
 all kindes 1635-69, A25 B, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, Q, S, TCD,
 W finnes of all kindes 1633, Cy(kind), Lec, P 35-6 ſake, Schoolemen
 1669 ſake Schoolemen, 1633-54 40 juſt 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD
 great A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W harts JC 43
 Lawyer, Ed Lawyei, 1633-69 which was (alas) of late Ed which
 was alas of late 1633 which, (alas) of late 1635-69 44 a ſcarce
 A25, H49, H51, HN, JC (altered in margin), L74, Q, S96, TCD, W ſcarce
 a 1633-69, D, Lec, P Poet, 1635-69 Poet 1633 this 1633-69 that
 A25, Cy, H51, Q his HN, JC, O'F, S 49 Lady, Ed Lady,
 1633 Lady 1635-39. Lady 1650-69 Coſcus, 1633 Coſcus 1635-69
 53 Proceed, 1669 Proceed, 1633-54 54 return'd] Returne 1633
 next ſize 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, O'F TCD this ſize rest of MSS

I ſhould

I should be in remitter of your grace, 5b
 In th'interim my letters should take place
 Of affidavits words, words, which would teare
 The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,
 More, more, then ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore 6b
 When sicke with Poëtrie, and posselt with muse
 Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd, but men which chuse
 Law practise for meere gaine, bold soule, repute
 Worse then imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute
 Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke 6b
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare
 That onely suretiship hath brought them there,
 And to every sutor lye in every thing,
 Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King, 7b
 Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
 Bearing-like Asses, and more shamelesse farre
 Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge, for
 Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
 Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives, 7b
 As these things do in him, by these he thrives
 Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land,
 From Scots, to Wight, from Mount, to Dover strand
 And spying heires melting with luxurie,
 Satan will not joy at their finnes, as hee 8b

58 soft maids eare, *Ed* soft maids eare 1633-54 and *MSS* Maids
 soft ear 1669 59 scolding] scolding's 1669 60 rore] rore, 1633
 63 gaine, bold soule, repute *Ed* gaine, bold soule repute 1633-69, *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, L74, P, W* gayne (bold soule) repute *Q* gain, bold
 souls repute 1719 and *Chambers* gayne, hold soule repute *A25, N, S, TCD,*
 and *Lowell's* conjecture in *Grolier* See note 68 That] The *Chambers*
 69-70 These lines represented by dashes, 1633 70 yea *A25, B, Cy, D,*
H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W or 1635-69
 72 Bearing-like Asses, *Ed* Bearing like Asses, 1633-69 and *MSS*
 73 whores, 1633-69 whores, *Chambers* and *Grolier* See note 74-5
 These lines represented by dashes, 1633 77 our land,] our land, *A25, B,*
Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W the land,
 1633-69, *Q* 79 luxurie, 1633-69, *A25, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F (corr*
fr Gluttony), *P, Q, TCD* Gluttony *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, S, S96, W*
 80 will] would *A25, Q*

For

For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare
 (Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding gearre,
 Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time 85
 Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime
 In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes
 Assurances, bigge, as glofs'd civill lawes,
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse 90
 These hee writes not, nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length, as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profest, He did desire
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those lawes, 95
 Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clause
 But when he sells or changes land, he impaires
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out; *ses heeres*,
 As flyly as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense, or in Divinity 100
 As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt
 Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore
 Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals
 Carthusian fasts, and fullsome Bachanalls 106

84 Relique like *A25, B, D, H49, H51, L74, N, O'F, Q, S, S96, TCD, W*
 Reliquely 1633-69, *Cy, JC, Lec, P* gearre,] cheare, 1669 (which brackets
 from 81 as to end of 84), *Cy* 86 men] Maids 1669 87 parchments
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, W parchment 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, O'F,*
P, S, S96, TCD his] the 1669 98 *ses* 1633-69, *B, L74, Lec, Q, and*
other MSS his *Cy, D, H49, H51, P* heeres,] heeres 1633 99 *As*]
 And 1669 by] by, 1633 102 doubt] doubt 1633 105 Where's
Ed Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes, great hals? 1633, *Lec,*
N, TCD (but hals *MSS*) Where the old landlords troops, and almes?
 In hals 1635-69, *L74, O'F* Where the old landlords troops and almes?
 In great hals *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, P, Q, S, W* (but the punctuation
 is very irregular, and some have s after Wheie) See note

Equally

Equally I hate, meanes bleffe, in rich mens homes
 I bid kill some beaſts, but no Hecatombs,
 None ſtarve, none ſurfet ſo, But (Oh) we allow,
 Good workes as good, but out of faſhion now, 110
 Like old rich wardrops, but my words none drawes
 Within the vaſt reach of th'huge ſtatute lawes

Satyre III

KInde pittie chokes my ſpleene, brave ſcorn forbids
 Thoſe teares to iſſue which ſwell my eye-lids,
 I muſt not laugh, nor weepe finnes, and be wiſe,
 Can railing then cure theſe worne maladies?
 Is not our Miſtreſſe faire Religion, 5
 As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
 As vertue was to the firſt blinded age?
 Are not heavens joyes as valiant to aſſuage
 Luſts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
 As wee do them in meanes, ſhall they ſurpaſſe 10
 Us in the end, and ſhall thy fathers ſpirit
 Meete blinde Philoſophers in heaven, whoſe merit
 Of ſtrict life may be imputed faith, and heare
 Thee, whom hee taught ſo eaſie wayes and neare

107 Equally I hate,] Equallie hate, *Q* hate, *Ed* hate, 1633 hate
 1635-69 meanes bleſs, 1633, *A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, O'F, P,*
Q, TCD, W Meane's bleſt 1635-69, *Cy, S, S96* (altered to is bleſt) See note
 111 wardrops, 1633 wardrobes 1635-69 112 ſtatute lawes 1633-54
 and all MSS ſtatutes jawes 1669, *Chambers*

Satyre III 1633-69, *B, D, H49, H51* (with title Of Religion), *JC, Lec,*
O'F, Q, S, W Satyre the 4th *A25, Cy* Satyre the Second *P* A Satire
L74 no title, *N, TCD* 1 chokes] checks 1635-54 cheeks 1669
 eye-lids, *Ed* eye-lids, 1633-39 eyelids 1650-69 3 and] but 1669
 7 to 1635-69, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, S, W* in 1633,
Lec, N, TCD 9 honour was] honours were *Cy, D, H49, S* 14 ſo
 eaſie wayes and neare 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, P, TCD* wayes eaſie and neere
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, S, W wayes ſo eaſy and neere *O F*

To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this, 15
 This feare great courage, and high valour is
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships wooden Sepulchers, a prey
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20
 Haft thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoueries? and thrise
 Colder then Salamanders, like divine
 Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,
 Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee, 25
 Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee
 Which cryes not, Goddeffe, to thy Mistresse, draw,
 Or eate thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand 30
 Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
 And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?
 Know thy foes The foule Devill (whom thou
 Strivest to please,) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit, and as 35
 The worlds all parts wither away and passe,

15 this, [this 1633 16 is]is, 1633 17 Dutch, and dar'st 1633-69, L74,
Lec, N, P, TCD Dutch? dar'st A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, S, W
 22-3 discoueries? Salamanders, Ed discoueries, Salamanders?
 1633-69 28 words? words, 1633 31 Sentinell 1633-69, L74,
Lec, N, P, TCD Souldier A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, S, W his
 1633-54 this 1669, A25, H51, P, Q 32 forbidden 1633 and most
MSS forbid 1635-69, H51

33-4 Know thy foes, the foule Devell whom thou
 Strivest to please &c

H51, Q and generally (but with varying punctuation and sometimes foe), A25,
 B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, W

Know thy foe, the foule devill h's, whom thou
 Strivest to please for hate, not love, would allow
 1633, L74 (is), *Lec, N* (his), S (is), *TCD* (his)

Know thy foes The foule devill, he, whom thou
 Striv'st to please, for hate, not love, would allow

1635-69 (he, please, bracketed, 1669)
 35 quit 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, P, S, TCD* ridd A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51,
 JC, O'F, Q, W

So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet, laft,
 Flefh (it selfes death) and joyes which flefh can tafte, 40
 Thou loveft, and thy faire goodly foule, which doth
 Give this flefh power to tafte joy, thou doft loath
 Seeke true religion O where? Mirreus
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seekes her at Rome, there, becaufe hee doth know 45
 That fhee was there a thoufand yeares agoe,
 He loves her ragges fo, as wee here obey
 The ftaecloth where the Prince fate yefterday
 Crantz to fuch brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd 50
 Religion, plaine, fimple, fullen, yong,
 Contemptuous, yet unhanfome, As among
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholfome, but courfe country drudges
 Graius ftayes ftill at home here, and becaufe 55
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
 Still new like fafhions, bid him thinke that fhee
 Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
 Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender, as Wards ftill 60
 Take fuch wives as their Guardians offer, or
 Pay valewes Carelefse Phrygius doth abhorre
 All, becaufe all cannot be good, as one
 Knowing fome women whores, dares marry none
 Graccus loves all as one, and thinkes that fo 65
 As women do in divers countries goe

40 (it felfes death) 1635-69, A25, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD,
 W (it felfe death) 1633, Cy, D, S 42 loath] loath, 1633 44 here,]
 her, 1633 45 Rome, Ed Rome, 1633-69 47 He 1633, 1669
 And 1635-54 her D, H49, H51, Lec, O'F, P, S, W the 1633-69, I 74,
 N, P, TCD 49 Crantz W Crants 1633-54, A25, H51, JC, Lec, N, TCD
 Grants or Grauntes 1669, L74, O'F, P Grant Cy, D, H49 Crates Q
 52 unhanfome, Ed unhanfome 1633-69 54 drudges] drudges 1633
 57 bid or bidd MSS bids 1633-69 62 Prigas H51 Phrygas W
 Phrigias A25

In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
 So doth, so is Religion, and this blind-
 nesse too much light breeds, but unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow, 70
 And the right, aske thy father which is free,
 Let him aske his, though truth and falshood bee
 Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is,
 Be busie to seeke her, beleeeve mee this,
 Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best 75
 To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
 May all be bad, doubt wisely, in strange way
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray,
 To sleepe, or runne wrong, is On a huge hill,
 Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will 80
 Reach her, about must, and about must goe,
 And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so,
 Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
 Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night
 To will, implies delay, therefore now doe 85
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines, hard knowledge too
 The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
 Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes
 Keepe the truth which thou hast found, men do not stand
 In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand 90
 Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate

67 kinde, *Ed* kinde, 1633-69 70 must but in reverse order *Q*
 73 is, 1633 is 1635-69 74 hei, 1633 her, 1635-69 77 wisely,
Ed wisely, 1633-69 78 stray, 1633-69, *Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S,*
ICD, W stave, *A25, B, H49, H51, JC, P, Q* 79 is On] is on 1633
 huge] high *B, Cy, D, H51, O'F, Q, W* 80 Cragged, 1669, *L74, N, P,*
TCD Cragg'd, 1633-54, *Lec* Ragged *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, W*
 Ruggued *H51, Q* 81 about must goe, 1633-54, *O'F* about it goe,
 1669 about goe *A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, L74, N, P, Q, W* 84 Soule
 1633-69, *L74, N, P, TCD* minde rest of *MSS* that night *Ed* that
 night, 1633, 1669 the night 1635-54 85 doe *Ed* doe 1633,
Chambers and Grolier doe 1635-69, *D, W* See note 86 too *H51,*
S, W spelt to 1633-69, many *MSS* to (*prep*) *Chambers* 88 eyes]
 eyes, 1633 90 In so ill (evil *H51*) case here, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49,*
H51, JC, L74, O F, P, Q, S, W here om 1633-69, *N, TCD*

Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
 To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
 At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee 95
 To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
 A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know, 100
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd, to be
 Then humble to her is idolatrie
 As streames are, Power is, those blest flowers that dwell
 At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well,
 But having left their roots, and themselves given 105
 To the streames tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
 Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost
 So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust
 Power from God claym'd, then God himselfe to trust 110

Satyre IIII

WELL, I may now receive, and die, My finne
 Indeed is great, but I have beene in
 A Purgatorie, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation to, and scarce map of this

94 mans 1633-69, A25, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD mens B, Cy, D,
 H49, H51, JC, S, W not om 1635-54 95 Oh, will it then boot thee Ed
 Will boot thee 1633, L74, N, P, TCD Or boot thee 1635-69 Oh
 will it then serve thee A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, O F(Or), Q, S, W 97
 thee] me 1669 99 strong? Ed strong 1633 strong, 1635-69
 101 is] are 1669 chang'd,] chang'd 1633 to be Ed to be, 1633-69
 102 idolatrie] idolatrie, 1633 103 is,] is, 1633 104 do well
 1633-69, Lec, N, P, TCD prove well A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74,
 O'F, Q, S, W 106 alas,] alas 1633 107 mills, and rockes, 1633,
 L74, N, P, TCD Mills, rocks, 1635-69, and rest of MSS

Satyre IIII 1633-69, B, D, H49, HN (anno 1594 in margin), JC, Lec,
 O'F, P, Q, S, W Mr Dunns first Satire A25 Another Satire by the same
 J D Cy (where it is the third) Satyre S96 no title, L74, N, TCD (in
 L74 it is second, in N, TCD third in order) 2 but I 1633, A25, D, H49,
 HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, W but yet I 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S96 4 A
 recreation to, and scarce Q A recreation, and scant 1633-69, and other MSS
 My

My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been 5
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to bee seene,
 I had no fuit there, nor new fuite to shew,
 Yet went to Court, But as Glaze which did goe
 To'a Maffe in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse, 10
 Before he scapt, So'it pleas'd my destinie
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to thinke me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, as lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vaine, as witlesse, and as false as they 15
 Which dwell at Court, for once going that way
 Therefore I suffered this, Towards me did runne
 A thing more strange, then on Niles slime, the Sunne
 E'r bred, or all which into Noahs Arke came,
 A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name, 20
 Stranger then seaven Antiquaries studies,
 Then Africks Monstres, Guanaes rarities
 Stranger then strangers, One, who for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had fure beene flaine,
 If he had liv'd then, And without helpe dies, 25
 When next the Prentises'gainst Strangers rise
 One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by,
 One, to whom, the examining Justice fure would cry,
 Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are
 His cloths were strange, though coarse, and black, though
 bare, 30

5 neither 1633-69 nor some MSS and Chambers, who wrongly attributes
 to 1635-39 8 Glaze 1633, D, H49, HN, Lec Glaze 1635-69, and rest
 of MSS 9 To'a mafs A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, S, S96,
 TCD, W To Maffe 1633-69, Cy, Q, Lec 10-11 curse, scapt,
 1633-39 curse, scapt, 1650-69 12 of going, 1633, 1669, B, Cy,
 D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD, W in going, 1635-54, A25, O'F 14
 as lustfull,] as om 1635-69 and many MSS 16 at Court, A25, B, Cy,
 D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W in Court, 1633-69,
 Lec 18 Niles] Nilus D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD 19 bred, W
 b ed, 1633-69 came, W came 1633-69 20 name, W name, 1633
 name 1635-69 22 rarities W rarities, 1633-69 23 then
 strangers, 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD, W then
 strangest D, H49, JC (corr from strangers), S

Sleevelesse

Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had beene
 Velvet, but'twas now (so much ground was seene)
 Become Tufftassatie, and our children shall
 See it plaine Rashe awhile, then nought at all
 This thing hath travail'd, and faith, speakes all tongues 35
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs
 Made of th'Accents, and best phraze of all these,
 He speakes no language, If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast,
 But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast, 40
 Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the termes of law
 Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
 Me to beare this yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue, call'd complement
 In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores, 45
 Make men speake treason, cosen subtilest whores,
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
 Jovius, or Surlius; or both together
 He names mee, and comes to mee, I whisper, God!
 How have I finn'd, that thy wraths furious rod, 50
 This fellow chuseth me? He faith, Sir,
 I love your judgement, Whom doe you prefer,
 For the best linguist? And I feelily
 Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie,
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir, Beza then, 55
 Some other Jesuites, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies, I named, There
 He stopt mee, and said, Nay, your Apostles were

32 ground] the ground *HN* 35 This 1633 The 1635-69 faith,
 1633-54, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN* (sayeth), *JC, L74, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S* (faith
 he), *TCD, W* faith, 1669, *Chambers and Grolier, without note* 36 be-
 longs] belongs, 1633 37 th'Accents,] the antient, *HN* the ancients,
 (*prob for ancientest, but corrected to accents,*) *L74* 38 no language,
A25, Q one language, 1633-69, and *MSS generally* 43 beare]
 hear 1669 this *Q* this, 1633-69 44 With his tongue, 1669, *Q*
 With his tongue 1633-54 47 or] and *Cy, D, H49 HN, JC, O'F, Q, W*
 48 Surlius,] Sleydon *O'F* (*corrected to Surlius*), *Q* Snodons, *A25* See note
 51 chuseth] chafeth *P, Q* 55 Sir, *Ed* Sir 1633-69 56 Some
 other *HN* Some 1633-69 and most *MSS* two other *S* 57 There
 1633 (*T family printed*) here 1635-69

Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was,
 Yet a poore gentleman, all these may passe 60
 By travaile Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told
 That I was faine to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have beene Interpreter
 To Babells bricklayers, sure the Tower had flood 65
 He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
 You would leave lonenesse I said, not alone
 My lonenesse is, but Spartanes fashon,
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaff, 70
 No more can Princes courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue,
 He, like to a high stretcht lute string squeakt, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talke of Kings At Westminster,
 Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes, 75
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,
 Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,
 From King to King and all their kin can walke
 Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings, your eyes meet
 Kings only, The way to it, is Kingstreet 80
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse
 Are not your Frenchmen neate? Mine? as you see,
 I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee followes mee

59 Good pretty 1633-69 Pretty good *Cy, O'F, Q, S, S96* Panurge
 1635-54 Panurge 1633 Panurgus 1669 (*omitting and*), *JC, O'F, Q* 60
 gentleman, all *Ed* gentleman, All 1633-69 60-1 passe By travaile
 1633-54 passe But travaile 1669 62 prais'd *Ed* praised 1633-69
 wonders 1635-69 and most *MSS* words 1633, *Lec, N, TCD* 67 lone-
 nesse 1635-69, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W* loneliness,
 1633, *L74, Lec, N, TCD* 68 loneness 1635-69, *A25, &c* loneliness
 1633, *L74, &c* fashon, 1633 fashon 1635-69 69 last 1633, 1669,
D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD, W taste 1635-54, *O'F, Q* (taste), *S,*
S96 80 Kingstreet 1633 Kingstreet 1635-39 Kings street 1650-69
 83 Mine? 1635-54 and *MSS* Fine, 1633 Mine, 1669 84 French-
 man, *Ed* frenchman, 1633 and most *MSS* Sir, 1635-69, *Q* here, *Cy*

Certes they are neatly cloth'd, I, of this minde am, 85
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram
 Not so Sir, I have more Under this pitch
 He would not flie, I chaff'd him, But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse So, I (foole) found, 90
 Crossing hurt mee, To fit my fullenneffe,
 He to another key, his stile doth addresse,
 And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staies
 A Sembriefe, 'twixt each drop, he nigardly, 95
 As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
 Of triviall household trash he knowes, He knowes
 When the Queene frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes what
 A fubtle States-man may gather of that, 100
 He knowes who loves, whom, and who by poyson
 Haft to an Offices reverfion,
 He knowes who'hath fold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-
 fhels to transport, Shortly boyes shall not play 105
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay
 Toll to some Courtier, And wiser then all us,
 He knowes what Ladie is not painted, Thus

85-6 cloth'd, I, Grogaram *Ed* cloth'd I, Grogaram, 1633
 cloth'd I, Grogaram 1635-69 86 your Grogaram 1633-69, L74,
Lec, N, TCD this Grogaram A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W
 the Grogaram P 89 ground *Ed* grown'd 1633 grownd 1635-69
 90 (foole)] *no bracket* 1633 92 addresse, N, *TCD* addresse 1633
dress 1635-39, D, W *dress*, 1650-69 96 lye D, H49, W
 he, 1633-69 98 trash he knowes, He knowes D, H49, W trash,
 He knowes, He knowes 1633 trash He knowes, He knowes 1635-39
 trash, He knowes, He knowes 1650-69 101 loves, whom, 1633
 loves, whom, 1635-54 loves, whom, 1669 loves whom, *Chambers and*
Grolier 104 and 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, S96, TCD* or A25, B, Cy, D,
 H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, W 106 At blow-point or span counter A25, B, D,
 H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, S96, W they pay Cy, D, H49, HN, *Lec, N, O'F,*
 P, Q, S, S96, *TCD, W* shall pay 1633-69, JC 108 what 1633-69, Cy,
 L74, *Lec, N, TCD* which A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W

He

He with home-meats tries me, I belch, spue, spit,
 Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient, Yet 110
 He thrusts on more, And as if he'd undertooke
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke
 Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since
 The Spaniards came, to the losse of Amyens
 Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat, 115
 Readie to travaile So I sigh, and sweat
 To heare this Makeron talke In vaine, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his owne to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, Libells now'gainst each great man 120
 He names a price for every office paid,
 He saith, our warres thrive ill, because delai'd,
 That offices are entail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre
 As the last day, And that great officers, 125
 Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers
 Who wafts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
 Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats
 I more amas'd then Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then 130
 Becoming Traytor, and mee thought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
 To sucke me in, for hearing him, I found
 That as burnt venome Leachers do grow found
 By giving others their soares, I might growe 135
 Guilty, and he free Therefore I did shew

109 tries 1633, A25, D, H49, HN, L74, N, Q, TCD, W cloyes 1635-69,
 O'F, S tyres Cy, JC, P 111 thrusts on more, 1633-69, O'F thrusts
 more, A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, W thrusts me more, L74, Lec,
 N, S, TCD thrusts me P as if he'd undertooke most MSS as if
 he'd undertooke 1633, N, TCD as he had undertooke 1635-69 113
 have] hath 1633, Lec 117 this] his B, L74, O'F, TCD, W talke
 In vaine, for D, W, and other MSS talke in vaine For 1633, Q talke,
 in vaine For 1635-69 123 entail'd, and that there 1633 entailed, and
 there 1635-54 intailed and that there 1669 128 whores, Ed Whores,
 1633-69 132 Statutes] Statues 1639 133 in, for hearing him,
 1669, N, P, TCD in, for hearing him, 1650-54 in, for hearing him
 1633-39, A25, D, H49, L74, O'F, S, W 134-6 (I hat free) represented
 by dashes in 1633 134 venome 1635-54 venomous 1669 venomd many
 MSS

All signes of loathing, But since I am in,
 I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers finne
 To the laſt farthing, Therefore to my power
 Toughly and ſtubbornly I beare this croſſe, But the'houre 140
 Of mercy now was come, He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to ſcape his torturing,
 And ſaies, Sir, can you ſpare me, I ſaid, willingly,
 Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crowne? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as Ranſome, But as fidlers, ſtill, 145
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thruſt one more jigge upon you ſo did hee
 With his long complementall thanks vex me
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my Crowne Scant 150
 His thanks were ended, when I, (which did ſee
 All the court fill'd with more ſtrange things then hee)
 Ran from thence with ſuch or more haſt, then one
 Who feares more actions, doth make from priſon
 At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſſe 155
 My precious ſoule began, the wretchedneſſe
 Of ſuiters at court to mourne, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
 It ſelfe on mee, Such men as he ſaw there,
 I ſaw at court, and worſe, and more, Low feare 160
 Becomes the guiltie, not the accuſer, Then,
 Shall I, nones ſlave, of high borne, or raiſ'd men
 Feare frowneſ? And, my Miſtreſſe Truth, betray thee
 To th'huffing braggart, puſt Nobility?
 No, no, Thou which ſince yesterdai haſt beene 165
 Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeene,

141 mercy now 1633-69 my redemption Cy, P redemption now Q, S
 145 Gave] Gave Cy, D, H49 146 Though] Thou 1635 152
 more then] ſuch as 1669 154 make B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC,
 L74, O F, P, Q, S96, W haſte 1633-69, Lec, N, S, TCD (from previous line)
 om A25 priſon] priſon, 1633 156 precious 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD
 piteous 1635-69 and reſt of MSS 159 on 1633, Cy, L74, Lec, N, O' F,
 P, S, TCD o'r 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, Q, S96, W 162 nones] none
 1669 164 th'huffing braggart, 1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC,
 L74, O' F, P, Q, S, S96, W (but no commas in MSS) huffing, braggart,
 1633-54, Lec, N, TCD th'huffing, braggart, 1719 Nobility?]

Nobility 1633

Il thy journey, Vanitie,
 the bladder of our court? I
 ich made your waxen garden, and
 from Italy to stand 170
 ondon, flouts our Prefence, for
 painted things, which no fappe, nor
 hem, ours are, And naturall
 ocks are, their fruits, bastard all
 k and past, All whom the Mues, 175
 us, Dyet, or the stewes,
 orning held, now the fecond
 ady, that day, in flocks, are found
 e, and I, (God pardon mee)
 sweet their Apparrells be, as bee 180
 y fold to buy them, For a King
 e, cry the flatterers, And bring
 eke to the Theatre to fell,
 ll fates, Me seemes they doe as well
 ourt, All are players, who e'r lookes 185
 es dare not goe) o'r Cheapfide books,
 ir wardrops Inventory Now,
 me, As Pirats, which doe know
 ne weak ships fraught with Cutchannel,
 d them, and praife, as they thinke, well, 190

69, L74, Lec, N, TCD yon A25, B, JC, O'F, Q, W the
 S96 170 Transported 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, Q,
 ted B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96, W to stand] to
 l being struck through), S 171 ou Prefence, 1633,
 CD our Court here, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Q, S,
 1635-69, O'F 173 are,] are, 1633 178 are found
 found 1635-54 179 I, (God pardon mee) 1633
 nee) 1635 I (God pardon me) 1639-69 aye—God
 nbers 180 then Apparrells] th'apparels B, Cy, D,
 182 cry the flatterers, 1633 cry his flatterers, 1635-54,
 ers, Cy, D H49, JC, Q, S, W cries the flatterer, 1669,
 hanged to flatterer), I ec (flatterers) 185 players,]
 187 wardrops 1633 wardrobes 1635-69 Inventory
 188 doe know 1633-69, Lec, N, Q, TCD did know
 JC, P, S, S96, W 190 (is they think) 1669

Their

Their beauties, they the mens wits, Both are bought
 Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gownes, I thought
 This caufe, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And wōmen buy all reds which scarlets die
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net, 195
 She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose set
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
 From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,
 As if the Prefence were a Moschite, and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, 200
 Making them confesse not only mortall
 Great flaines and holes in them, but veniall
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate
 And then by *Durers* rules surway the state
 Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye 205
 Of his neck to his legge, and waite to thighe
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie
 Perfect as circles, with such nicetie
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes 210
 Him not so much as good will, he arrefts,
 And unto her protests protests protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne
 Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition,
 And whisperd by Jesu, so often, that A 215
 Purfevant would have ravish'd him away

194 scarlets] scarlett *D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, Q, W* 195 call'd] calls
A25, HN, O'F, P, Q 195-6 net, set] net set, 1633 198
 hat] hat, 1633-54 199 As if the Prefence Moschite, 1633-69,
Lec (colon 1635-69) As the Prefence Moschite, (or Mefchite,) *A25, B,*
Cy, HN, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W As the Queenes Prefence Mefchite,
D, H49 As if the Queenes Prefence mefchite, *S* 203 fornicate]
 fornicate 1633 204 surway 1633-69, *N, O'F, P, Q, TCD* surwayes *B,*
Cy, D, H49, JC, S, W 205 trye *Ed* tryes 1633-69 and *MSS* 206
 to thighe *Ed* to thighe 1633-69 and *MSS* to his thighs *Q* 211
 he arrefts, 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD* straight arrefts, *A25, Cy, D, H49,*
HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W 215 whisperd 1633, *D, H49, L74, N, TCD, W*
 whispers 1635-69 216 Topchiffe would have ravish'd him quite away
JC, O'F, Q (JC and O'F alter to Purfevant)

For

For faying of our Ladies pfalter, But'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who, in the other extreme, only doth 220
 Call a rough carelesfenesse, good fashion,
 Whose cloak his spurres teare, whom he spits on
 He cares not, His ill words doe no harme
 To him, he rusheth in, as if arme, arme,
 He meant to crie, And though his face be as ill 225
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to looke worfe, he keepes all in awe,
 Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd fo
 As men which from gaoles to'execution goe, 230
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the feaven deadly finnes?) Being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Croffe for a barre, men that doe know
 No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine 235
 Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine,
 I fhooke like a fpyed Spie Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drowne the finnes of this place, for, for mee
 Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee 240

217 of om Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, S, W 222 whom 1633, A25, B, D, H49, L74, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W or whom 1635-69, O'F 223 He
 caies not, His 1633 and MSS He caies not hee His 1635-69 224
 rusheth] rushes 1639-69 226 still 1635-69, Q, and other MSS yet
 still 1633, L74, N, TCD 229 I leave] Ile leave B, Cy, D, H49, W
 230 men which from A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W men from 1633-69 232 finnes?) Being Ed
 finnes) being 1633-39 finnes?) being 1650-69 all the editions and some
 MSS close the sentence at 236 wine 236 Living barrells of beefe,
 flaggons of wine 1633-54 Living, barrels of beef, and flaggons of wine
 1669 237 Spie] Spie, 1633 238 Seas of Wit and Arts, B, Cy, L74, N, P, Q, TCD Seas of Wits and Arts, 1633, D, H49, JC, Lec, S Seas
 of witt and art, A25, HN Great seas of witt and art, O'F, S96 Seas of
 all Wits and Arts, cony Lowell 239 Drowne] To drowne O'F, S96
 240 Which] Who MSS am but a scarce brooke, 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD
 am but a scant brooke, 1635-69 am a scant brooke, B, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W
 am a shallow brooke, Cy, D, H49, S, S96

To

To wash the staines away, Although I yet
 With *Macchabees* modestie, the knowne merit
 Of my worke lessen yet some wise man shall,
 I hope; esteeme my writs Canonically

Satyre V

THou shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
 Whom any pittie warmes, He which did lay
 Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood
 May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)
 Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme 5
 Are wretched or wicked of these two a theame
 Charity and liberty give me What is hee
 Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery
 Can write, and jest? If all things be in all,
 As I thinke, since all, which weie, are, and shall 10
 Bee, be made of the same elements
 Each thing, each thing implyes or represents
 Then man is a world, in which, Officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas, and Suiters,
 Springs, now full, now shallow, now drye, which, to 15
 That which drownes them, run These selfe reasons do
 Prove the world a man, in which, officers
 Are the devouring stomacke, and Suiters
 The excrements, which they voyd All men are duft,
 How much worfe are Suiters, who to mens lust 20

241 the 1633-69 their *A25, B, Cy, D, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W* these *L74, N, TCD* Although] though 1633 and *MSS* 242 the knowne merit 1633-69, *JC, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD* known om *B, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, P, S, W* 243 wife man] wife men 1650-69, *B, HN, L74, P, TCD, W*
 Satyre V 1633-69, *A25, B, D, JC, Lec, O'F, Q, S, W* Satyre the third *P* no title, *L74, N, TCD* (in *L74* it is third, in *N, TCD* fourth in order)
 I shalt] shal 1669 9 and] in 1669 12 implyes 1635-69 *spelt* employes 1633 and some *MSS* represents 1635-69 represents, 1633 13 Officers] Officers, 1633-69 14 ravishing 1633-69 ravenous *Q* ravening *P, S*
 19 voyd All 1669 voyd, all 1633-54 duft, *W* duft, 1633-69

Are made preyes? O worfe then duft, or wormes meat,
 For they do eate you now, whose felves wormes fhall eate
 They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are
 The winde which drives them, and a waftfull waire
 Is fought againft you, and you fight it, they 25
 Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
 Like wittals, th'iffue your owne ruine is
 Greateft and faireft Empreffe, know you this?
 Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know
 Whofe meades her armes drowne, or whofe corne o'rflow 30
 You Sir, whofe righteoufnes ſhe loves, whom I
 By having leave to ferve, am moft richly
 For fervice paid, authoriz'd, now beginne
 To know and weed out this enormous finne
 O Age of rufty iron! Some better wit 35
 Call it ſome worfe name, if ought equall it,
 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold, now
 Injuſtice is fold dearer farre Allow
 All demands, fees, and duties, gamſters, anon
 The mony which you ſweat, and ſweare for, is gon 40
 Into other hands So controverted lands
 Scape, like Angelica, the ſtrivers hands
 If Law be in the Judges heart, and hee
 Have no heart to reſiſt letter, or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below 45
 Flow from the firſt maine head, and theſe can throw

21 preyes? 1669 preyes 1633-54 26 their 1633, *D*, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*,
S, *TCD*, *W* the 1635-69, *O'F*, *P*, *Q* 27 wittals, *W* wittals, 1633-69
 is] is, 1633 33 authoriz'd, 1635-54 authorized, 1633 authoriz'd 1669
 35-6 Some equall it,] in brackets 1635-54
 37-9 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold, now
 Injuſtice is fold deeier farre, allow
 All demands, fees, and duties, gamſters, anon 1633, *D*, *JC* (All
 claym'd fees), *Lec*, *N*, *Q* (All claym'd fees), *TCD*, *W* (All
 claym'd fees)
 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold (now
 Injuſtice is fold dearer) did allow
 All claim'd fees and duties Gameſters, anon 1635-54, *B*, *O'F*, *P* (*the*
laſt two omit that was), *Chambers* (*no italics*)
 The iron Age was, when juſtice was fold, now
 Injuſtice is fold dearer far, allow
 All claim'd fees and duties, Gameſters, anon 1669
 46 Flow] Flows *O'F*, *Chambers* See note Thee,

Thee, if they fucke thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters, But if the injury
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'ft
 Againſt the ſtream, when upwards when thou art moſt 50
 Heavy and moſt faint, and in theſe labours they,
 'Gainſt whom thou ſhould'ſt complaine, will in the way
 Become great feaſ, o'r which, when thou ſhalt bee
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou ſhalt ſee
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before, 55
 All things follow their like, only who have may have more
 Judges are Gods, he who made and ſaid them ſo,
 Meant not that men ſhould be forc'd to them to goe,
 By meanes of Angels, When ſupplications
 We ſend to God, to Dominations, 60
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if wee
 Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
 Scarce to Kings, ſo 'tis Would it not anger
 A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr,
 To ſee a Purſivant come in, and call 65
 All his cloathes, Copes, Bookes, Primers, and all
 His Plate, Challices, and miſtake them away,
 And aſke a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may
 Faire lawes white reverend name be ſtrumpeted,
 To warrant thefts ſhe is eſtabliſhed 70
 Recorder to Deſtiny, on earth, and ſhee
 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us who muſt bee
 Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles
 Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nailes,

49 complaine,] complaine, 1633 go'ft] goeſt 1633-39 50 when
 upwards 1633-54, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W up-
 wards, 1669, Chambers 52 the 1633 thy 1635-69 56 only who have]
 only, who have, 1633 more] more 1633 57 he ſo, 1633-54
 and he who made them ſo, 1669 he and cal'd (*changed to ſtuld*) them ſo,
 O'F 58 that] *om* 1669 59 ſupplications] ſupplication 1635-54
 61 Courts, 1635-69, B, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W Court, 1633, D, Lec, N,
 S, TCD 63 'tis Would 1669 'tis, would 1633 'tis, Would 1635-54
 68 aſke 1669, A25, B, D, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, W lack 1633-54, Lec
 comming?] comming, 1633 72 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us
 &c Q, W, Chambers Speakes Fates words, and tells who muſt bee 1633-69

With which she scratcheth Suiters, In bodies 75
 Of men, so in law, nailes are th'extremities,
 So Officers stretch to more then Law can doe,
 As our nailes reach what no else part comes to
 Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath hee
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80
 Foole, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now hungerly
 Begst right, But that dole comes not till these dye
 Thou had'st much, and lawes Urim and Thummim trie
 Thou wouldst for more, and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper 85
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
 Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities
 O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
 Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies
 Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cosened, 90
 And div'st, neare drowning, for what's vanished

76 men,] men, 1633 th'extremities, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O' F,
 P, Q, S, TCD, W extremities, 1633 extremities 1635-69 78 comes to]
 can come to Q 80 which erst men bar'd 1635-69, B, O' F, Q, S, W
 which men bared 1633, D, Lec, N, TCD which men erst bar'd A25, L74, P
 85 great] om Q Carricks 1633-35 Charricks 1639-69 87 Haman,
 1633 Hammon, 1635-69, P MSS generally vary between Haman and
 Hammond when 1633, 1669, D, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD if 1635-54, A25,
 B, JC, O' F, Q S 90 Thou'art Ed Thou art 1633-69 cosened,]
 cozeneth, 1669 91 And 1633 Which 1635-69 Whoe Q div'st,
 1633-54, N, P, S, ICD div'st 1669 div'dst D, L74, Lec (altered from
 div'st), W div'd A25, B, JC, O' F, S (Grosart), Q what's vanished N
 what vanished 1633-54 and rest of MSS what vanisheth 1669

Vpon Mr Thomas Coryats Crudities

O.H. to what height will love of greatnesse drive
 Thy leavened spirit, *Sesqui-superlatiue*?
 Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and would seek than
 Some vaster thing, and found't a Curtizan
 That inland Sea having discovered well, 5
 A Cellar gulfe, where one might faile to hell
 From Heydelberg, thou longdst to see And thou
 This Booke, greater then all, producest now
 Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,
 That none can study it to any end 10
 'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote,
 Nor poorely limited with head or foot
 If man be therefore man, because he can
 Reason, and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man
 One halfe being made, thy modestie was such, 15
 That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch
 When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
 Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
 A prosperous nose-borne wenne, which sometimes growes
 To be farre greater then the Mother-nose? 20
 Goe then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes, and *Gesner* Authors show,
 Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*, appear
 As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, 25
 Talke of *Will Conquerour*, and *Prestor Iack*
 Go bashfull man, lest here thou blush to looke
 Vpon the progresse of thy glorious booke,
 To which both Indies sacrifices send,
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, 30

Vpon Mr &c 1649, where it was placed with The Token (p 72),
 at the end of the Funerall Elegies appeared originally in Coryats Crudities
 (1611 see note) with heading Incipit Joannes Donne 2 leavened
 1611 learned 1649-69 and mod edd 7 longdst 1611 long't
 1649-69 19 sometimes] sometime 1611 24 Gazettier 1611
 Garretter 1649-69 28 booke,] booke 1611

(Meaning

(Meaning to see't no more) upon the presse
 The East sends hither her delicioufnesse,
 And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from thence,
 The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense
 This magnifies thy leaves, but if they stoope 35
 To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope
 Voluminous barrels, if thy leaves do then
 Convey these wares in parcels unto men,
 If for vast Tons of Currans, and of Figs,
 Of Medicinall and Aromatique twigs, 40
 Thy leaves a better method do provide,
 Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide,
 If they stoope lower yet, and vent our wares,
 Home-manufactures, to thick popular Faïres,
 If *omni-prægnant* there, upon warme stalls, 45
 They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,
 Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
 That they all kinde of matter comprehend
 Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
 A Pandect makest, and Vniuersall Booke 50
 The bravest Heroes, for publike good,
 Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood
 Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
 Do publike good, cut in Anatomies,
 So will thy booke in peeces, for a Lord 55
 Which casts at Portescues, and all the board,
 Provide whole books, each leafe enough will be
 For friends to passe time, and keep company
 Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures, and fill out for the half-pint wit 60
 Some shall wrap pils, and save a friends life so,
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe
 Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
 So much, at once their hunger to assuage
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye 65
 All in one bottome, in one Librarie

Some Leaves may paste strings there in other books,
 And so one may, which on another looks,
 Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you,
 But hardly* much, and yet I think this true, * I meane
 As *Sibyls* was, your booke is mysticall, from one 70
 For every peece is as much worth as all page which
 Therefore mine impotency I confesse, shall paste
 The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse strings in a
 Thy Gyant-wit'orethrowes me, I am gone, booke¹ 75
 And rather then read all, I would reade none

I D

In eundem Macaronicon

Quot, dos haec, Linguistæ perfecti, Disticha farront,
Tot cuerdos States men, hic livre fara mus
Es sat a my l'honneur estre hic inteso, Car I leave
L'honra, de personne nestre creduto, ubi

Explicit Joannes Donne

¹ I meane &c side-note in 1611
 In eundem &c 1611, concluding the above



JOHN DONNE, 1613

From the engraving prefixed to his son's edition of the *Letters to Several Persons of Honour* 1651, 1654

LETTERS

TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES,

THE STORME

To Mr *Christopher Brooke*

THou which art I, ('tis nothing to be foe)
 Thou which art still thy selfe, by these shalt know
 Part of our passage, And, a hand, or eye
 By *Hilhard* drawne, is worth an history,
 By a worse painter made, and (without pride) 5
 When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
 My lines are such 'Tis the preheminnence
 Of friendship onely to'impute excellence
 England to whom we'owe, what we be, and have,
 Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave 10
 (For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay,
 Honour and misery have one face and way)
 From out her pregnant intiailes figh'd a winde
 Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
 Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw 15
 Downeward againe, and so when it did view
 How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,
 Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,
 Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh and sweet,
 As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete, 20
 Meate comes, it came, and swole our sailes, when wee
 So joyd, as *Sara*'her swelling joy'd to see

The Storme To Mr Christopher Brooke 1633 (1635-69 add from
 the Iland voyage with the Earle of Essex) The Storme, A Storme or
 Storme, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TGD, W*
 some add To Mr C B or a longer note to the same effect as 1635-69 to
 St Basil Brooke *JC, S* 2 these 1633 and most MSS this 1635-69,
O'F, S 4 an 1633 a 1635-69 7 such *Ed* such 1633-69 11
 soothsay, 1650-54 spelt Southsay 1633-39 gainfay 1669 12 and
 way 1633, 1669 one way 1635-54 18 lye] lae Q 19
 fresh *W* fresh, 1633-69 20 As *W* As, 1633-69

But

But 'twas but so kinde, as our countrimen,
 Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then
 Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre 25
 Afunder, meet againſt a third to warre,
 The South and Weſt winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
 Waves like a rowling trench before them threw
 Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,
 Like ſhot, not fear'd till felt, our failes affaile, 30
 And what at firſt was call'd a guſt, the ſame
 Hath now a ſtormes, anon a tempeſts name
Ionas, I pittie thee, and curſe thoſe men,
 Who when the ſtorm rag'd moſt, did wake thee then,
 Sleepe is paines eaſieſt ſalue, and doth fullfill 35
 All offices of death, except to kill
 But when I wakt, I ſaw, that I ſaw not,
 I, and the Sunne, which ſhould teach mee had forgot
 Eaſt, Weſt, Day, Night, and I could onely ſay,
 If the world had laſted, now it had beene day 40
 Thouſands our noyſes were, yet wee mongſt all
 Could none by his right name, but thunder call
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
 Then if the Sunne had drunke the ſea before
 Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye, equally 45
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muſt dye,
 And as ſin-burd'ned foules from graves will creepe,
 At the laſt day, ſome forth their cabbins peepe
 And tremblingly aſke what newes, and doe heare ſo,
 Like jealous huſbands, what they would not know 50

23 'twas 1650-69 'twas, 1633-39 30 fear'd] fear'd, 1633 37
 not, *Ed* not 1633-69 38 I, and the Sunne, 1633-69 and most *MSS*
 yea, and the Sunne, *Q* 39 Day, Night, *D, W* day, night, 1633-69
 could onely ſay 1633-69 could but ſay *Cy, HN, JC, L74, Q, N, S, TCD, W*
 could then but ſay *O'F* could ſay *H49, Lec* ſhould ſay *D* 40 laſted,
 now 1633, 1669 laſted, yet 1635-54 Laſted yet, *O'F* 42 his] this 1669
 44 before] before, 1633 46 dye, *Ed* dye 1633-69 47 giaves 1669,
A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCD, W grave 1633-54, *Cy*
 49 tremblingly 1633, *A25, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W* trembling
 1635-69, *Cy, JC, O'F, P, S* 50 Like 1633, *D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec,*
N, TCD, W As 1635-69

Some

Some sitting on the hatches, would feeme there,
 With hideous gazing to feare away feare
 Then note they the ships sickneffes, the Mast
 Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Waft
 With a falt dropfie clog'd, and all our tacklings 55
 Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings
 And from our totterd sailes, ragges drop downe to,
 As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe
 Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
 Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence 60
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
 Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe,
 Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers, and if they
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say
 Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme, 65
 Hell somewhat lightfome, and the'Bermuda calme
 Darknesse, lights elder brother, his birth-right
 Claims o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light
 All things are one, and that one none can be,
 Since all formes, uniforme deformity 70
 Doth cover, so that wee, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day
 So violent, yet long these furies bee,
 That though thine absence sterue me, I wish not thee

53 Then] There 1669 54 this] an 1635-69 56 too-high-stretched
 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD, W (MS spelling generally
 to and stretch) too-too high-stretch'd 1635-54 to too high-stretch'd 1669,
 B, O'F 59 Even our Ordinance 1633 and MSS Yea even our Ordinance
 1635-69 60 Strive 1633, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, S, TCD, W Strives
 1635-69, Chambers Striv'd A25, B, Cy 66 Hell] Hell s S lightfome]
 light B, Cy and the'Bermuda 1633, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W and the
 Bermudas B, Cy, HN, P, S, Q the Bermudas 1635-54 O'F the Bermuda s
 1669 67 elder A25, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W
 eldest 1633-69, B, Lec 68 Claims 1635-69 and MSS Claim'd 1633
 this 1633, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD the 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, O'F,
 P, Q, S

THE CALME

O^U storme is past, and that stormes tyrannous rage,
 A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage
 The fable is inverted, and farre more
 A blocke afflicts, now, then a storke before
 Stormes chafe, and soone weare out themselves, or us, 5
 In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus
 As steady as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy mistresse glasse, or what shines there,
 The sea is now And, as the Iles which wee
 Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee 10
 As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout
 And all our beauty, and our trimme, decays,
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes
 The fighting place now seamens ragges supply, 15
 And all the tackling is a frippery
 No use of lanthornes, and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday
 Earths hollowneses, which the worlds lungs are,
 Have no more winde then the upper valt of aire 20
 We can nor lost friends, nor fought foes recover,
 But meteorlike, save that wee move not, hover
 Onely the Calenture together drawes
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jaws
 And on the hatches as on Altars lyes 25
 Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice
 Who live, that miracle do multiply

The Calme 1633-69 *similarly*, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec,
 N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD 4 storke] stroke 1639 7 can wish, that my
 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD could wish that my
 Q could wish my 1635-69, Chambers, who makes no note of 1633 reading
 9 the Iles 1633-69 these illes D, H49, Lec, Chambers (no note) those
 Iles B, Cy, HN, JC, L74, N, P, Q, TCD 11 out 1635-69 out 1633
 14 ended] ending 1669 15 ragges] rage 1669 17 No] Now 1669
 21 lost] leste Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD 24 jaws 1633, A25,
 B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD mawes, 1635-69, O'F, P,
 Chambers

Where

Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye
 If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath
 No more refreshing, then our brimstone Bath, 30
 But from the sea, into the ship we turne,
 Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne
 Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the shepheards scoffe,
 Or like slacke finew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,
 Languish our ships Now, as a Miriade 35
 Of Ants, durst th'Emperours lov'd snake invade,
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
 Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ships
 Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,
 Or to disuse mee from the queasie paine 40
 Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst
 Of honour, or faire death, out pusht mee first,
 I lose my end for here as well as I
 A desperate may live, and a coward die
 Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies, 45
 Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
 A scourge, gainst which wee all forget to pray,
 He that at sea prayes for more winde, as well
 Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell 50
 What are wee then? How little more alas
 Is man now, then before he was? he was

29 these,] this, *L74, Q, TCD* 30 our *1633, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD* a *1635-69, A25, P* 33 shepheards *1650-69* shepheards *1633-39* 37 Sea-goales, (or gayles &c) *1633, 1669, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD* Sea-gulls, *1635-54, O'F, Chambers* Sea-fayles, *B, JC* 38 our Pinnaces, now *1635-54, B, O'F* our venices, now *1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, TCD* with *Vince's*, our *1669* 40 Or] Or, *1633-69* 44 and a coward *1633, MSS* and coward *1635-69* a coward *P, S* 45 and all] and each *B, Q, S* 48 forget *1633-54, D, H49, Lec, P, S* forgot *1669, A25, HN, JC, L74, N, Q, TCD* 50 poles] pole *JC, Q* 52-3 he was? he was Nothing, for us, wee are for nothing fit, *1633, N, P, S, TCD* (but *MSS* have no stop after Nothing) he was, he was? Nothing, for us, wee are for nothing fit, *1635-54* he was, he was? Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit, *1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, O'F, Q* but the *MSS* have not all got a mark of interrogation or other stop after second he was See note

Nothing, for us, wee aie for nothing fit,
 Chance, or our felves still disproportion it
 Wee have no power, no will, no fense; I lye,
 I should not then thus feele this miserie

To S^r Henry Wotton

S^rIr, more then kisses, letters mingle Soules,
 For, thus friends absent speake This ease controules
 The tediousnesse of my life But for these
 I could ideate nothing, which could please,
 But I should wither in one day, and passe
 To'a bottle of Hay, that am a locke of Graffe
 Life is a voyage, and in our lifes wayes
 Countries, Courts, Towns are Rockes, or Remoraes,
 They breake or stop all ships, yet our state's such,
 That though then pitch they staine worfe, wee must touch
 If in the furnace of the even line,
 Or under th'adverse icy poles thou pine,
 Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in,
 Dwell there But Oh, what refuge canst thou winne
 Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen?
 Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen?
 Can dung and garlike be'a perfume? or can
 A Scorpion and Torpedo cure a man?

To S^r Henry Wotton 1633-69 (Su 1669) same or no title, A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, ICC, TCD To M^r H W B, W (B adds J D) See note 4 I could invent nothing at all to please, 1669 6 bottle] bottle 1633 To a lock of hay, that am a Bottle of grais 1669 7 lifes 1633 lives 1635-69 10 though worfe, in brackets 1650-69 11 even 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S96, IC, W raging 1633-54 other P over S 12 poles A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, O'F, S, W pole 1633-69, A18, HN, N, TC 16 cities, extremes, Ed cities extremes 1633-69 17 dung and garlike 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W (dung, 1633) dung, or gar like 1635-69, A25, Cy, O'F, P, S a perfume] a om 1635-54, Chambers 18 Scorpion Ed Scorpion, 1633-69 and Torpedo A18, D, H49, N, IC, W or Torpedo 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S See note

Cities

Cities are worst of all three, of all three
 (O knottie riddle) each is worst equally 20
 Cities are Sepulchers, they who dwell there
 Are carcases, as if no such there were
 And Courts are Theaters, where some men play
 Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay
 The Country is a desert, where no good, 25
 Gain'd (as habits, not borne,) is understood
 There men become beasts, and prone to more evils,
 In cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devills
 As in the first Chaos confusedly
 Each elements qualities were in the other three, 30
 So pride, lust, covetize, being severall
 To these three places, yet all are in all,
 And mingled thus, their issue incestuous
 Falshood is denizon'd Virtue is barbarous
 Let no man say there, Virtues flintie wall 35
 Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all
 Men are sponges, which to poure out, receive,
 Who know false play, rather then lose, deceive
 For in best understandings, sinne beganne,
 Angels sinn'd first, then Devills, and then man 40

19 of all three 1633 of all three? 1635-69 22 no such 1633, A18,
 A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W none such 1635-69, O'F, P there were
 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, S, W they were 1633, Lec then
 were A18, N, TC 24 and of one clay 1633 and MSS generally of one
 clay 1635-39 of one day 1650-54 and at one daye A25 Princes, some
 slaves, and all end in one day 1669
 25-6 The Country is a desert, where no good,
 Gain'd, as habits, not borne, is understood 1633, 1669, A18, B, Cy,
 D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC, W
 The Country is a desert, where the good,
 Gain'd inhabits not, borne, is not understood 1635-54, O'F, P, S
 The Country is a desert, where noe good
 Gain'd doth inhabit, nor borne's understood A25
 27 more 1633, A25, W meere Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, S96 men (a slip for
 mere) A18, N, TC all 1635-69 See note 33 issue incestuous 1633,
 A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W issue is incestuous 1635-69, P, S issues
 monstrous A25 35 there] then Lec

Onely

Onely perchance beaſts ſinne not, wretched wee
 Are beaſts in all, but white integritie
 I thinke if men, which in theſe places live
 Durſt'looke for themſelves, and themſelves retrieve,
 They would like ſtrangers greet themſelves, ſeeing than 45
 Utopian youth, growne old Italian

Be thou thine owne home, and in thy ſelfe dwell,
 Inne any where, continuance maketh hell
 And ſeeing the ſnaile, which every where doth come,
 Carrying his owne houſe ſtill, ſtill is at home, 50
 Follow (for he is eaſie pac'd) this ſnaile,
 Bee thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gaile
 And in the worlds ſea, do not like corke ſleepe
 Upon the waters face, nor in the deepe
 Sinke like a lead without a line but as 55
 Fiſhes glide, leaving no print where they paſſe,
 Nor making ſound, ſo cloſely thy courſe goe,
 Let men diſpute, whether thou breathe, or no
 Onely'in this one thing, be no Galeniſt To make
 Courts hot ambitions wholeſome, do not take 60
 A dramme of Countries dulneſſe, do not adde
 Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad
 But, Sir, I adviſe not you, I rather doe
 Say o'er thoſe leſſons, which I learn'd of you
 Whom, free from German ſchiſmes, and lightneſſe 65
 Of France, and faire Italies faithleſſneſſe,
 Having from theſe fuck'd all they had of worth,
 And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
 I throughly love But if my ſelfe, I have wonne
 To know my rules, I have, and you have 70

DONNE

44 for themſelves, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, S, S96, TC*
W in themſelves, 1633-69 into themſelves, themſelves retrieve, *Cy, O'F, P*
 45 than] then 1633 45-6 than Italian] that Italianate *Cy, P*
 47 Be thou 1633 *Lec* Be then 1635-69 and *MSS* 50 home, *Ed* home
 1633 home 1635-69 52 gaile 1635-69 goale, 1633 57 fo
D, W fo, 1633-69 58-9 breathe,] breath, 1633 or no Onely'in this
 one thing, be no Galeniſt *Ed* or no Onely Galeniſt 1633, *A18, B, D,*
H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W or no Onely in this be no Galeniſt 1635-69
Cy, O'F, S 64 you] you 1633 65 German 1633 and all *MSS*
 Germanies 1635-69, *Grosart and Chambers* (without note)

To Sr Henry Goodyere

WHO makes the Past, a patterne for next yeare,
 Turnes no new leafe, but still the same things reads,
 Seene things, he sees againe, heard things doth heare,
 And makes his life, but like a paire of beads

A Palace, when'tis that, which it should be, 5
 Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays
 But hee which dwels there, is not so, for hee
 Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise,

So had your body her morning, hath her noone,
 And shall not better, her next change is night 10
 But her faire larger guest, to whom Sun and Moone
 Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,
 Her appetite, and her digestion mend,
 Wee must not sterue, nor hope to pamper her 15
 With womens milke, and pappe unto the end

Provide you manlyer dyet, you have seene
 All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts,
 But aske your Garners if you have not beene
 In haruests, too indulgent to your sports 20

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant
 A while from hence Perchance outlandish ground
 Beares no more wit, then ours, but yet more scant
 Are those diversions there, which here abound

To Sir Henry Goodyere 1633-69 so with Goodyere variously spelt
A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec To Sr Henry Goodyere (H G *A18, N, TC*)
 moving him to travell *A18, N, O'F TC* 1 Past, 1633-54, *A18, A25,*
B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC Last 1669, *Chambers* 2 reads,] read,
 1650-54 6 decays] decays, 1633 16 womens] womans 1669
 17 dyet, *Ed* dyet, 1633 (with a larger interval than is usually given to
 a comma), 1669 dyet 1635-54 20 haruests, 1633-54, *A18, B, D,*
H49, Lec, TC haruest, 1669, *A25, C, Cy, N, O'F, Chambers*

To

To be a stranger hath that benefit, 25
 Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke
 Goe, whither? Hence, you get, if you forget,
 New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoake
 Our soule, whose country's heaven, and God her father,
 Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent, 30
 Yet, so much in her travaile she doth gather,
 That she returnes home, wiser then she went,
 It payes you well, if it teach you to spare,
 And make you, 'asham'd, to make your hawks praise,
 yours,
 Which when herselfe she lessens in the aire, 35
 You then first say, that high enough she toures
 However, keepe the lively taft you hold
 Of God, love him as now, but feare him more,
 And in your afternoones thinke what you told
 And promis'd him, at morning prayer before 40
 Let falshood like a discord anger you,
 Else be not froward But why doe I touch
 Things, of which none is in your practise new,
 And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much,
 But thus I make you keepe your promise Sir, 45
 Riding I had you, though you still staid there,
 And in these thoughts, although you never stirre,
 You came with mee to Micham, and are here

27 Goe, *A18, B, TC* Goe, 1633-69 Hence, *A18, TC* hence, 1633 hence 1635-54 Hence 1669 28 in us, 1633, *A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, TC* to us, 1635-69, *B, O'F* 34 you, 'asham'd, *Ed* you 'asham'd, 1633-69 you asham'd *Chambers and Groher* See note 37 However, 1633-39 However 1650-69 Howsoever *A18, B, D, N, O'F, TC* 38 as] *om* 1639-69 42 froward] froward, 1633 44 Tables 1633-54, *Lec* Fables 1669, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, TC* 45 make] made *A18, N, TC* 48 with mee to] to mee at *A18, N, TC*

To Mr Rowland Woodward

Like one who'in her third widdowhood doth proeie
 LHer selfe a Nunne, tyed to retirednesse,
 So'affects my muse now, a chaste fallownesse,

Since thee to few, yet to too many'hath showne
 How love-song weeds, and Satyrique thornes are growne 5
 Where feeds of better Arts, were early sown

Though to use, and love Poëtrie, to mee,
 Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no'adulterie,
 Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee

For though to us it seeme,' and be light and thinne, 10
 Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throwes in
 Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as sinne

If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee
 May cloth them with faith, and deare honestie,
 Which God imputes, as native puritie 15

There is no Vertue, but Religion
 Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
 Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion

To Mr Rowland Woodward 1633-69 *similarly or without heading*, A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD A Letter of Doctor Dunne to one that desired some of his papers B To Mr R W W
 1 professe] professe, 1633 2 retirednesse, 1633-69, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F, P, S a retirednesse, A18, L74, N, TC, W 3 fallownesse, Ed fallownesse 1633-54 fallownesse, 1669 holinesse Cy, P, S96 4 too] so W showne 1633, 1669 showne, 1635-54 5 How love-song weeds, 1633 How long loves weeds, 1635-54, O'F How Love song weeds, 1669 6 sown 1633, 1669 sown' 1635-54 sown, Chambers, who retains the full-stop after fallownesse 10 to us it] to use it, Cy, P, S96 seeme,' and be light 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, S, S96, TC, W seem but light 1635-69, Cy, OF, P, and Chambers, who attributes to 1633 the reading seem and be but light 13 white] whites Cy, O'F, P 14 honestie] integritie Cy, P, S, S96 15 puritie] puritie, 1633 16 Religion 1669 Religion, 1633 Religion 1635-54

Seeke

Seeke wee then our felves in our felves, for as
Men force the Sunne with much more force to paffe, 20
By gathering his beames with a chriſtall glaſſe,

So wee, If wee into our felves will turne,
Blowing our ſparkes of vertue, may outburne
The ſtraw, which doth about our hearts ſojourne

You know, Phyſitians, when they would infuſe 25
Into any'oyle, the Soules of Simples, uſe
Places, where they may lie ſtill warme, to chuſe

So workes retiredneſſe in us, To rome
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
Such freedome doth a baniſhment become 30

Wee are but farmers of our felves, yet may,
If we can ſtocke our felves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much deare treaſure for the great rent day

Manure thy ſelfe then, to thy ſelfe be'approv'd,
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd, 35
But to know, that I love thee and would be lov'd

23 ou] the *A18, L74, N, TC* ſparkes 1633-54, *B, Cy, D, H49, IC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W* ſpaik 1669, *A18, H40, S, Chambers*
25 infuſe] infuſe 1633 26 Soules 1633-69, *Cy P foule B, D, H40 IC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W* 28 To 1635-69 to 1633 29
Giddily, 1669 Giddily 1633-54 31 farmers 1635-69, and all MSS, where it is generally ſpelt feimers teimers 1633 33 deare 1633, and most MSS good 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S96* 34 approv'd 1633-54, *A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, IC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W* improv'd 1669, *B, Chambers* 36 lov'd 1633-69 below'd *A18, I 74, N, P, S, S96, TC*

To S^r Henry Wootton

Here's no more newes, then vertue, I may as well
Tell you *Cales*, or S^t *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell

Yet, as to'get stomachs, we walke up and downe,
And toyle to sweeten rest, so, may God frowne, 5
If, but to loth both, I haunt Court, or Towne

For here no one is from the'extremitie
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to'him, full, is worse then hee

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate, 10
(Gods Commiffary,) doth so thoroughly hate,
As in'the Courts Squadron to marshall their state

If they stand arm'd with feely honesty,
With wishing prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians'gainst Spanishe hosts they bee 15

Suspitious boldnesse to this place belongs,
And to'have as many eares as all have tongues,
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs

To S^r Henry Wootton 1633-69 do or A Letter to &c B, Cy, D,
H49, L74, Lec, S, S96 (of these Cy and S add From Court and From y^e
Court) From Court P To M^r H W 20 Jul 1598 at Court HN
To M^r H W 20 July 1598 (sic) At Court W Jo D to M^r H W
A18, N, TC Another Letter JC 1 newes] new 1669 2 Tell you
Cales, (*Cals*, 1633) or S^t *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell 1633, A18, B (tales),
Cy (and S^t *Michaels* tales), D, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F (tales), P, S, S96 (tales),
TC, W (MSS waver in spelling—but *Cales* Cy, HN, P) Tell you *Cals*, or
Saint *Michaels* tales, as tell 1635-54, *Chambers* (*Calais*) Tell *Cals*, or Saint
Michaels Mount, as tell 1669 Tell you *Calais*, or Saint *Michaels* Mount as
tell 1719 All modern editions read *Calais* 6 or] and 1669 9
to'him, full, 1633 to him, full, 1635-69 to him is full A18, L74, N,
O'F, TC 12 state 1635-69 state 1633 14 wishing prayers,
1633, A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W wishing, prayers, 1669,
HN wishes, prayers, 1635-54, B, Cy, O'F, P, *Chambers*

Beleeve

That you are good and not one Heretique
 Denies it if he did, yet you are fo
 For, rockes, which high top'd and deep rooted sticke,
 Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow 20

In every thing there naturally growes
 A *Balsamum* to keepe it fresh, and new,
 If'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes,
 Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you

But you of learning and religion, 25
 And vertue, and such ingredients, have made
 A methridate, whose operation
 Keepest off, or cures what can be done or said

Yet, this is not your phyficke, but your food,
 A dyet fit for you, for you are here 30
 The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood,
 That ever did in womans shape appeare

Since you are then Gods masterpeece, and fo
 His Factor for our loves, do as you doe,
 Make your returne home gracious, and bestow 35
 This life on that, fo make one life of two
 For so God helpe mee, I would not misse you there
 For all the good which you can do me here

19 high top'd and deep rooted 1633, *N, TCD* high to fenfe deepe-rooted 1635-54, *O'F, Chambers* (who has overlooked 1633 reading) high to fenfe and deepe-rooted 596 high to fun and deepe rooted L74, *RP31, S* high do seem, deep-rooted 1669, *Cy* (but *MS* with and) high to some, and deepe-rooted *D, H49, Leu* high to seeme, and deepe-rooted *B* See note 25
 But *Ed* But, 1633-69 36 This 1635-69, *B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O F, RP31, S, TCD, Grosart and Chambers* Thy 1633, *Groher* See note

To the Countesse of Bedford

MADAME,

YOU have refin'd mee, and to worthyest things
(Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune,) now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings,
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee
Two ills can ne're perplexe us, finne to'excuse, 5
But of two good things, we may leave and chuse

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
(Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)
Makes her not be, or not show) all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee, 10
For, as darke texts need notes there some must bee
To usher vertue, and say, *This is shee*

So in the country's beauty, to this place.
You are the season (Madame) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face 15
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'enshrines,
As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so, 20
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures, by new recknings goe
This shoves that you from nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificall day

To the Countesse of Bedford 1633-69 similarly or with no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD 2 (Vertue, Fortune,)] brackets Ed Fortune, 1633 Fortune, 1635-69, Grolier Fortune Chambers See note 5 ne're] nere 1633 6 and] or 1669 8-9 1633 begins to bracket (Where not show) but does not finish, putting a colon after show the others drop the larger brackets, retaining the smaller (as mee) 9 be] see 1669 show] show 1633-54 show 1669 11 notes there some 1633-54 notes some there 1669 17 enshrines, 1719 enshrines 1633-69 20 computations so, 1633-69 computations, so, Chambers In

192 *Letters to Severall Personages*

In this you'have made the Court the Antipodes, 25
 And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sunne,
 To doe profane autumnall offices,
 Whilft here to you, wee sacrificers runne,
 And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee'obey,
 We found your influence, and your Dictates fay 30

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,
 Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice,
 These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymnes*, they sue
 But that I may surway the edifice
 In all Religions as much care hath bin 35
 Of Temples frames, and beauty,'as Rites within

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby
 Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,
 But serve discourse, and curiosity,
 With that which doth religion but invest, 40
 And shunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles,
 And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
 You as you'are vertues temple, not as shee,
 What walls of tender cristall her enfold, 45
 What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars bee,
 And after this surway, oppose to all
 Bablers of Chappels, you th'Escuriall

Yet not as consecrate, but merely'as faire,
 On these I cast a lay and country eye 50
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,
 I finde you all record, and prophecie
 Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit
 No sad nor guilty legends, you are it

42 fooles] fooles 1633 48 Bablers 1633 Babblers 1635-54
 Builders 1669 49 faire, *Ed* faire, 1633-69 50 eye] eye, 1633
 52 and prophecye] all prophecye *B, D, H49, Lec, N, O' F, TGD* pro
 phecie] prophecye, 1633 some copies

If good and lovely were not one, of both 55
 You were the transcript, and originall,
 The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,
 And every peece of you, is both their All
 So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
 Must do the same thinge still, you cannot two 60

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
 Serves heresie to further or repress)
 Taft of Poëtique rage, or flattery,
 And need not, where all hearts one truth professe,
 Oft from new proofes, and new phraze, new doubts grow,
 As strange attire aliens the men wee know 66

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale
 To higher Courts, senses decree is true,
 The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweale,
 The story of beauty, in Twicknam is, and you 70
 Who hath seene one, would both, As, who had bin
 In Paradise, would seeke the Cherubin

To S^r *Edward Herbert* at *Iulyers*

MAN is a lumpe, where all beafts kneaded bee,
 Wisdome makes him an Arke where all agree,
 The foole, in whom these beafts do live at jarre,
 Is sport to others, and a Theater,

57 Parent] Parents 1669 Growth, 1669 Growth 1633-54 58 both
 1633 and MSS worth 1635-69, O'F All Ed All, 1633-69 60
 thinge B, Cy, D, H40, H49, N, O'F things 1633-69, Lec 61 nice thinne
 1633-54 nicest 1669 66 aliens 1633, 1669 and MSS alters 1635-54,
 O'F 67 and] end 1669, not lend as in Chambers' note appeale
 Ed appeale, 1633-69 68 true, 1633 true 1635-69 71 had bin
 1633-35 hath bin 1639-69 See note

To S^r Edward &c 1633, D, H49, Lec, O'F A Letter to S^r Edward
 Herbert (or Harbert). B, Cy (which adds Incertu Authoris), 896 To Sir
 E H Ar8, N, TC no title, P Elegia Vicesima Tertia S To S^r Edward,
 Herbert, now (since 1669) Lord Herbert of Cherbury, being at the siege of
 Iulyers 1635-69 4 Theater, Ed Theatei, 1633-69 Theater D

Nor scapes hee so, but is himselfe their prey, 5
 All which was man in him, is eate away,
 And now his beasts on one another feed,
 Yet couple'in anger, and new monsters breed
 How happy's hee, which hath due place assign'd
 To his beasts, and disaforested his minde! 10
 Empail'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in,
 Can sow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin,
 Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast,
 And is not Affe himselfe to all the rest
 Else, man not onely is the heard of swine, 15
 But he's those devills too, which did incline
 Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse
 For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curie
 As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
 The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne, 20
 So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
 Our apprehension contributes the sting
 To us, as to his chickins, he doth cast
 Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taste,
 We do infuse to what he meant for meat, 25
 Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat
 For, God no such specifick poyson hath
 As kills we know not how, his fiercest wrath
 Hath no antipathy, but may be good
 At left for physicke, if not for our food 30
 Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod,
 And is his devill, that might be his God
 Since then our businesse is, to rectifie
 Nature, to what she was, wee're led awry
 By them, who man to us in little show, 35
 Greater then due, no forme we can bestow

5 prey, *Ed* prey, 1633-69 8 breed] breed, 1633 10 minde!
Ed minde? 1633-69 17 a headlong] a om 1669 an headlong 1635-54
 24 taste, *Ed* taste 1633-69 28 we know 1633 and *MSS* men know
 1635-69, O'F 35 shew, 1669 show, 1633-54, *Chambers* 36
 due, 1633-69 due, *Chambers*. See note

On him, for Man into himselfe can draw
 All, All his faith can swallow, or reason chaw
 All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
 All the round world, to man is but a pill,
 In all it workes not, but it is in all
 Poyfonous, or purgative, or cordiall,
 For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
 And is to others icy *Opium*
 As brave as true, is that profession than 45
 Which you doe use to make, that you know man
 This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
 All worthy bookes, and now are such an one
 Actions are authors, and of those in you
 Your friends finde every day a mart of new 50

To the Countesse of Bedford

T'Have written then, when you writ, seem'd to mee
 Worst of spirituall vices, Simony,
 And not t'have written then, seemes little lesse
 Then worst of civill vices, thanklesse
 In this, my debt I seem'd loath to confesse, 5
 In that, I seem'd to shunne beholdingnesse
 But 'tis not foe, *nothings*, as I am, may
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
 By having leave to write so, then before 10
 Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are showne,
 May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or stone?

38 All, All 1669 All All 1635-54 All, All 1633 chaw 1633
 chaw, 1635-69, *Grolier* 39 fill, 1633-54 till 1669 fill, *Grolier*
 44 icy] jcy 1633 47-8 credible, bookes, *Ed* credible,
 bookes, 1633-69 credible bookes *Grolier*
 To the *Sc* 1633-69 To the Countesse of B N, O'F, TCD 5 debt
 1669, N, O'F, TCD doubt 1633-54 7 foe, *Ed* foe, 1633-54 foe.
 1669 *nothings*, 1635-54 *nothing*, 1633, N, TCD *Nothing* 1669 may]
 may, 1633

Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane
 Here *Peter loves*, there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane
 So whether my hymnes you admit or chuse, 15
 In me you have hallowed a Pagan Muse,
 And denizend a stranger, who mistaught
 By blamers of the times they mard, hath fought
 Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
 Shine in the worlds best part, or all It ; You 20
 I have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts
 Suffers an Ofracisme, and departs
 Profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe,
 But whither, only knowing you, I know ,
 Your (or you) vertue two vast uses serves, 25
 It ranfomes one sex, and one Court preserves
 There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
 Is knowne to any other, not to you
 And you can never know it, To admit
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it 30
 But since to you, your praises discords bee,
 Stoop, others ills to meditate with mee
 Oh ! to confesse wee know not what we should,
 Is halfe excuse, wee know not what we would
 Lightnesse depreffeth us, emptinesse fills, 35
 We sweat and faint, yet still goe downe the hills
 As new Philofophy arrests the Sunne,
 And bids the passive earth about it runne,
 So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends ,
 Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends, 40
 As dead low earth ecclipses and controules

14. hath] have 1633 om N, TCD (have inserted) Dian's 1635-54
 Dian's 1633 Dma's 1669 20 or all It, You 1635-54 or
 all it, you 1669, N, O'F, TCD or all, in you 1633 (you, some copies)
 25 Your (or you) vertue O'F Your, or you vertue, 1633-54 You, or
 you vertue, 1669 26 preserves Ed preserves, 1633-69 28
 you] you 1633-39 30 is some] it some 1633 32 Stoop, others
 ills] Stoop (Stop 1633) others ills, 1633-54 Stoop others ills 1669
 34 excuse, Ed excuse, 1633-69, Grosart (who transposes should and
 would), Chambers - excuse Grolier See note would Ed would]
 1633-69 36 the hills Ed the hills, 1633-69 37 Philosophy
 Philosophy 1633 some copies, 1669

The quick high Moone so doth the body, Soules
 In none but us, are such mixt engines found,
 As hands of double office For, the ground
 We till with them, and them to heav'n wee raise, 45
 Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,
 Doth but one halfe, that's none, He which said, *Plough*
And looke not back, to looke up doth allow
 Good feed degenerates, and oft obeyes
 The soyles disease, and into cockle straves, 50
 Let the minds thoughts be but transplanted so,
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
 Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove
 These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities, 55
 Caskets of soules, Temples, and Palaces
 For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee,
 Soules but preserv'd, not naturally free
 As men to our prisons, new soules to us are sent,
 Which learne vice there, and come in innocent 60
 First feeds of every creature are in us,
 What ere the world hath bad, or pretious,
 Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene
 That stones, wormes, frogges, and snakes in man are
 seene
 But who ere saw, though nature can worke foe, 65
 That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?
 We have added to the world Virginia, and sent
 Two new starres lately to the firmament,

45 raise,] raise 1633 46 this,] these 1669 50 straves, *Ed*
 straves 1633-69 51 Let] Let but 1669 54 Wee (but no foraine
 tyrants could) remove *Ed* Wee but no foraine tyrants could, remove *O'F*
 Wee but no foraine tyrants could remove, 1633-54 (tyrants 1633)
 We, but no foraine tyrants, could remove 1669, *Chambers and Grolier See*
note 55 dignities, *Ed* dignities 1633-69 56 Palaces 1633-35
 Palaces 1639-69 58 not naturally free *Ed* not naturally free, 1633,
N, TCD borne naturally free, 1635-69, *O'F* 59 prisons, new soules
 1633 prisons now, soules 1635-69, *O'F* prisons, now soules *N TCD*
 60 vice 1635-69, *O'F* it 1633, *N, TCD* 66 That] That, 1633 grow?
 1639-69 grow 1633-35

Why

Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
 T'increafe with ours, those faire foules company 70
 But I muſt end this letter, though it doe
 Stand on two truths, neither is true to you
 Vertue hath ſome perverseneſſe, For ſhe will
 Neither beleewe her good, nor others ill
 Even in you, vertues beſt paradise, 75
 Vertue hath ſome, but wiſe degrees of vice
 Too many vertues, or too much of one
 Begets in you unjuſt ſuſpition,
 And ignorance of vice, makes vertue leſſe,
 Quenching compaſſion of our wretchedneſſe 80
 But theſe are riddles, Some aſperſion
 Of vice becomes well ſome complexion
 Stateſmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
 The bad with bad, a ſpider with a toad
 For ſo, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill 85
 And make her do much good againſt her will,
 But in your Commonwealth, or world in you,
 Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe
 Take then no vitious purge, but be content
 With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment 90

To the Counteſſe of Bedford

On New-yeares day

THis twilight of two yeares, not paſt nor next,
 Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
 Who Meteor-like, of ſtuffe and forme perplext,
 Whoſe *what*, and *where*, in diſputation is,
 If I ſhould call mee *any thing*, ſhould miſſe 5

74 ill] ill, 1633-35 75 you, 1669 you 1635-54 your 1633
 78 ſuſpition, *Ed* ſuſpition 1633-69 79 makes] make 1635-39 87
 Commonwealth, you,] *no commas* 1633
 • To the &c 1633-69 To the Counteſſe of B at New-yeares tide *N*,
O'F, TCD 3-4 (Meteor-like, diſputation is,) 1635-69
I fumme

I fumme the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not
 Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
 That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,
 Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true
 This bravery is, since these times shew'd mee you 10

In recompence I would shew future times
 What you were, and teach them to'urge towards such
 Verse embalms vertue, and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
 Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much
 As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch 15

Mine are short-liv'd, the tincture of your name
 Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
 New spirits for, strong agents with the same
 Force that doth warme and cherish, us doe waite,
 Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last 20

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
 Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
 And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
 Will vanish soone, and so possesse no place,
 And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace 25

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
 One corne of one low anthills dust, and lesse,
 Should name, know, or expresse a thing so high,
 And not an inch, measure infinity 30

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
 But leave, lest truth b'endanger'd by my praise,
 And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,

9 true *Ed* true, 1633 true 1635-69 10 is, *Ed* is 1633-69 (in
 1633 the interval shows that a comma was intended) times] time 1633
 12 such *Ed* such, 1633-69 16 short-liv'd] short liv'd 1633 17
 fast,] fast 1633 18 spirits *Ed* spirit 1633 spirits, 1635-69 19
 cherish, us doe 1633 cherish us, doe 1635-69 27 I, *Ed* I 1633-69
 28 (One corne and lesse,) 1635-69 29 name, know,] no commas
 1633-69 30 And not an inch, 1633 And (not an inch) 1635-69
 infinity] infinite 1669

And ufeth oft, when fuch a heart mif-fayes,
 To make it good, for, fuch a praifer prayes 35
 Hee will beft teach you, how you fhould lay out
 His ftock of *beauty, learning, favour, blood*,
 He will perplex fecurity with doubt,
 And cleare thofe doubts, hide from you, and fhew you
 good,
 And fo increafe your appetite and food, 40
 Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not
 One latitude in cloyfters, and in Court,
 Indifferent there the greateft fpace hath got,
 Some pittys not good there, fome vaine difport,
 On this fide finne, with that place may comport 45
 Yet he, as hee bounds fea, will fixe your houres,
 Which pleafure, and delight may not ingrefle,
 And though what none elfe loft, be trueft yours,
 Hee will make you, what you did not, poffeffe,
 By ufing others, not vice, but weakenefle 50
 He will make you fpeake truths, and credibly,
 And make you doubt, that others doe not fo
 Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to fpie,
 And fcape fpies, to good ends, and hee will fhew
 What you may not acknowledge, what not know 55
 For your owne confcience, he gives innocence,
 But for your fame, a difcreet warineffe,
 And though to fcape, then to revenge offence
 Be better, he fhewes both, and to repreffe
 Loy, when your ftate fwells, *fadneffe* when'tis leffe 60

35 praifer prayes 1635-69, O'F prayer prayes 1633 prayer praife N,
 TGD 37 blood,] blood, 1633 39 doubts,] doubts, 1633 42
 Court, Ed Court, 1633-69 43 got, Ed got, 1633-69 44 pittys
 1633-69 piety James Russell Lowell, in Grolier note See note 45 On
 this fide finne, Ed (from Chambers) On this fide, finne, 1633 On this
 fide, fin, 1635-69 See note 46 he, Ed he 1633-69 47 Which]
 With 1633 55 may] will 1669 58-9 (though to fcape Be
 better,) 1635-69

From

From need of teares he will defend your foule,
 Or make a rebaptizing of one teare,
 Hee cannot, (that's, he will not) dis-inroule
 Your name, and when with active joy we heare
 This private Ghospell, then'tis our New Yeare 65

To the Countesse of Huntingdon

MADAME,
MAn to Gods image, *Eve*, to mans was made,
 Nor finde wee that God breath'd a foule in her,
 Canons will not Church functions you invade,
 Nor lawes to civill office you preferre
 Who vagrant transitory Comets sees, 5
 Wonders, because they're rare, But a new staire
 Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
 Is miracle, for, there no new things are,
 In woman so perchance milde innocence
 A seldome comet is, but active good 10
 A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense,
 For, Art and Nature this in them withstood
 As such a starre, the *Magi* led to view
 The manger-cradled infant, God below
 By vertues beames by fame deiv'd from you, 15
 May apt foules, and the worst may, vertue know
 If the worlds age, and death be argued well
 By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
 Then we might feare that vertue, since she fell
 So low as woman, should be neare her end 20

65 New Yeare] new yeare, 1633
 To the &c 1633-69, O'F To the C of H N, TCD 1 image,]
 image, 1633 mans] man 1650-69 9 woman] women 1669 13
 the] which 1633 *Magi*] Magis N, O'F, TCD compare p 243, l 390
 14 below Ed below 1633-69 15 beames by you, 1633 beames
 (by you) 1635-69 16 may, Ed may 1633-69

But

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd, exil'd by men
 She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you,
 She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,
 But now amass'd, contracted in a few
 She guilded us But you are gold, and Shee, 25
 Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you,
 Soft dispositions which ductile bee,
 Elixarlike, she makes not cleane, but new
 Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not foe, 30
 But vertue having made you vertue, 'is faine
 T'adhere in these names, her and you to shew,
 Elfe, being alike pure, wee should neither see,
 As, water being into ayre rarify'd,
 Neither appeare, till in one cloud they bee, 35
 So, for our sakes you do low names abide,
 Taught by great constellations, which being fram'd,
 Of the most starres, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,
 When single planets by the *Gods* are nam'd,
 You covet not great names, of great things full 40
 So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
 And in the vaile of kindred others see,
 To some ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,
 And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to mee
 To whom, because from you all vertues flow, 45
 And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
 I, which doe so, as your true subject owe
 Some tribute for that, so these lines are due

22 you, *Ed* you, 1633-69 24 amass'd, 1633, *O'F* a masse 1635-69,
N, TCD 25-6 But you are gold, and Shee, transubstantiates
 you, *Ed* But you are gold, and Shee, transubstantiates you, 1633
 but you are gold, and she,
 Informed us, but transubstantiates you, 1635-69, *Chambers* (but no comma
 after and she and colon or full stop after you 1650-69, *Chambers*) 33 see,
Ed see, 1633-69 37-9 (which being are nam'd) 1635-69 42
 vaile] vale 1669 43 ye 1633 you 1635-69 47 doe so, 1635-69,
O'F doe *N, TCD* to you 1633 48 due] due, 1633

If you can thinke theſe flatteries, they are,
 For then your judgement is below my praife, 50
 If they were ſo, oft, flatteries worke as farre,
 As Counſels, and as farre th'endeavour raiſe
 So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
 But I remaine a poyſon'd fountaine full,
 But not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood 55
 Are more above all flattery, then my will
 And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
 But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
 Pronounce, that all theſe praifes ſhould be true,
 And vertue ſhould your beauty, and birth outgrow 60
 Now that my propheſies are all fulfill'd,
 Rather then God ſhould not be honour'd too,
 And all theſe gifts confels'd, which hee inſtill'd,
 Your ſelfe were bound to ſay that which I doe
 So I, but your Recorder am in this, 65
 Or mouth, or Speaker of the univerſe,
 A miniſteriall Notary, for 'tis
 Not I, but you and fame, that make this verſe,
 I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,
 And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praife 70

To M^r T W

All haile ſweet Poët, more full of more ſtrong fire,
 Then hath or ſhall enkindle any ſpirit,
 I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit
 Of wit and Art I love not but admire,

55 But 1633, N, O'F, TCD And 1635-69, Chambers 64 that]
 thar 1633 66 o: Speaker 1633 and Speaker 1635-69 67 Notary,]
 notary, 1633

To M^r T W P, S, W To M I W 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD A
 Letter To M^r T W O'F Ad amicum 896 no title, B, Cy i more full]
 and full 1669 2 any ſpirit, 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, TC, W my dull ſpirit,
 1635-69, B, O'F, S 3 this merit 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, S, TC, W thy
 merit 1635-69, B, O'F, Chambers

Who

Who have before or shall write after thee, 5
 Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
 Like infancie or age to mans firme stay,
 Or earely and late twilights to mid-day
 Men say, and truly, that they better be
 Which be envyed then pittied therefore I, 10
 Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie
 O wouldst thou, by like reason, pittie mee!
 But care not for mee I, that ever was
 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
 (Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole 15
 A monfter and a begger,) am now a foole
 Oh how I grieve, that late borne modesty
 Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,
 That men may not themselves, their owne good parts
 Extoll, without suspect of surquedrie, 20
 For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
 Thy worth but thine how good it were to see
 A Poem in thy praise, and writ by thee
 Now if this song be too'harsh for rime, yet, as 25
 The Painters bad god made a good devill,

11 thee thee] the the 1669 12 mee! Ed mee W mee,
 1633-69 13 mee Ed mee, 1633-69 ever was] never was B, P, S96
 14-16 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
 (Before and a begger,) Ed
 In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, (alas,
 Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)
 A monfter and a begger, 1633 (some copies others read 15 Before
 by thy grace &c, which is also the Grolier conjecture), A18, Cy, N, P, S,
 TC, W (but W and some of the other MSS have no brackets)
 In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,
 (But for thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)
 A Monfter and a beggar, 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 In fortunes, nor (or S96) in natures gifts alas,
 But by thy grace, &c B, S96 See note
 16 am now a foole Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W am a foole 1633-69, A18, B,
 N, TC 23 worth 1669, B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W worke 1633-54,
 A18, N, TC

'Twill

'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill,
 If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe
 Then write, that I may follow, and so bee
 Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee 30
 I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
 All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape

To M T W

HAft thee harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
 Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleasure
 I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
 Feete, and a reasoning soule and tongue to speake
 Plead for me, and so by thine and my labour 5
 I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour
 Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
 Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended,
 And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
 Of him, at least in this earths habitation 10
 And 'tis where I am, where in every street
 Infections follow, overtake, and meete
 Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
 And you're my pawnes, or else my Testament

27 evill, *W* evill 1633-69, *Chambers* 28 passe *W* passe,
 1633-69, *Chambers* 29 that I 1669, *B, Cy, N, O'F, P, S, W* then I
 1633-54, *A18, N, TC* 30 Thy debter, thy'eccho 1633-54 Thy
 eccho, thy debtor 1669 thy zanee] and thy Zanee *A18, N, TC*
 31 if shape] brackets 1635-69
 To M T W *O F, W* To M T W 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TLD*
 1 verse, 1669 verse 1633-54 2 to him, my pain and pleasure *W*,
 and *Chambers* (without comma) to him, My pain, and pleasure 1633 69
 to him My pain and pleasure, *Groler* 4 Feete, soule *W* no
 comma 1633 Feete soule, 1635-69 5 6 These lines only in *W*
 9 our] that *W* 14 And you're 1633, *A18, N, TC, W* You are
 1635-69, *O'F* pawnes] om with space, *W*

To M^r T W

PRegnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,
 Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were,
 As in our streets fly beggers narrowly
 Watch motions of the givers hand and eye, 5
 And evermore conceive some hope thereby
 And now thy Almes is given, thy letter's read,
 The body risen againe, the which was dead,
 And thy poore starveling bountifully fed
 After this banquet my Soule doth say grace, 10
 And praise thee for't, and zealously imbrace
 Thy love, though I thinke thy love in this case
 To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,
 They love that best of which they most do eat

To M^r T W.

AT once, from hence, my lines and I depart,
 I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart,
 I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art,
 Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter
 Perish, doth stand As an Embassadour 5
 Lyes safe, how e'r his king be in danger
 So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy,
 My verse, the strict Map of my misery,
 Shall live to see that, for whose want I dye

To M^r T W O'F, W To M T W 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD
 5 Watch] Marke W and eye, A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W or eye,
 1633-69 12 love, Ed love, 1633-69
 To M^r T W W An Old Letter D, H49 A Letter S96 Letter
 O'F no heading, and following the preceding without any interval, 1633, A18,
 N, TC Incerto 1635-69 5 As W as 1633-69 7 Melancholy]
 Melancholy 1633

Therefore

Therefore I envie them, and doe repent, 10
That from unhappy mee, things happy'are fent,
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on mee

To M^r R W

Zealously my Muse doth salute all thee,
Enquiring of that mystique trinitee
Whereof thou, and all to whom heavens do infuse
Like fyre, are made, thy body, mind, and Muse
Dost thou recover sicknes, or prevent? 5
Or is thy Mind travail'd with discontent?
Or art thou parted from the world and mee,
In a good skorn of the worlds vanitee?
Or is thy devout Muse retyr'd to sing
Vpon her tender Elegiaque string? 10
Our Minds part not, joyne then thy Muse with myne,
For myne is barren thus devorc'd from thyne

To M^r R W

Muse not that by thy mind thy body is led
For by thy mind, my mind's distempered
So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part
It eates not only thyne, but my fwolne hart
And when it gives us intermission 5
We take new harts for it to feede upon
But as a Lay Mans Genius doth controule
Body and mind, the Muse beeing the Soules Soule

14 of love,] of love 1633
To M^r R W A23, W first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of
John Donne, &c., 1899 I thee,] thee W
To M^r R W A23, W printed here for the first time

Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,
 Although our bodyes wither and minds languish 10
 Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee
 Cured by thy charming soveraigne melodee

To M^r C B

THy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchainē,
 Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
 Thee and the Saint of his affection
 Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine,
 And let the love I beare to both sustaine 5
 No blott nor mame by this division,
 Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
 And strong that love pursu'd with amorous paine,
 But though besides thy selfe I leave behind
 Heavens liberall, and earths thrice-fairer Sunne, 10
 Going to where sterne winter aye doth wonne,
 Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my sad minde,
 Doe fend forth scalding fighes, which have the Art
 To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart

To M^r E G

EVen as lame things thirst their perfection, so
 The slimy rimes bred in our vale below,
 Bearing with them much of my love and hart,
 Fly unto that Parnassius, where thou art

To M^r C B *A23, W* To M C B *1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD* 9 thy self] my self *1669* 10 liberall,] liberall *1633* earths *1633, 1669, A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W* the *1635-54, Chambers* thrice fairer *A23, W* thrice-faire *1633-69, A18, N, TC* 11 sterne *1633, A18, A23, N, TC, W* ster'd *1635-69, O'F* 13 forth] out *A18, N, TC*
 ~ To M^r E G *W* first printed in *Gosse's* Life and Letters of John Donne, &c 1899

There

There thou orefeest London Here I have beene, 5
 By staying in London, too much overfeene
 Now pleasures dearth our City doth posses,
 Our Theaters are fill'd with emptines,
 As lancke and thin is every fstreet and way
 As a woman deliver'd yesterday 10
 Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen espyes
 But bearbaitings or Law exercife
 Therefore I'll leave it, and in the Country strive
 Pleasure, now fled from London, to retrieve
 Do thou so too and fill not like a Bee 15
 Thy thighs with hony, but as plenteously
 As Ruffian Marchants, thy selves whole vessell load,
 And then at Winter retaile it here abroad
 Bleffe us with Suffolks sweets, and as it is
 Thy garden, make thy hive and warehouse this 20

To M^r R W

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
 Seeme, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of me,
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
 Shapes foe like those Shapes, whom they would appeare,
 As this my letter is like me, for it 5
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and wit,
 It is my deed of gift of mee to thee,
 It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie
 So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
 Bred in thee by a wife melancholy, 10
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
 Though I stay here, I can thus fend my heart,

5-6 beene, London,] no commas, W 6 staying] staying W
 7 dearth] dirth W 7-8 posses, emptines,] posses emptines W
 To M^r R. W A18, A23, N, O' F, ICC, TCD, W To M^r R W
 1633-69 no breaks, W two stanzas of fourteen lines and a quatrain, 1633
 twenty-eight lines continuous and a quatrain, 1635-69 3 brother 1633-69,
 A18, N, O' F, TC brethren W 6 hand,] hands O' F, TC

As kindly'as any enamored Patient
 His Picture to his absent Love hath sent
 All newes I thinke sooner reach thee then mee, 15
 Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
 The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings bring,
 Guyanaes harvest is rip'd in the spring,
 I feare, And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so
 As with the Jewes guide God did, he did show 20
 Him the rich land, but bar'd his entry in
 Oh, slownes is our punishment and finne
 Perchance, these Spanish businesse being done,
 Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun
 Eclipse the light which Guyana would give, 25
 Our discontinued hopes we shall retriue
 But if (as all th'All must) hopes smoake away,
 Is not Almighty Vertue'an India?
 If men be worlds, there is in every one
 Some thing to answere in some proportion 30
 All the worlds riches And in good men, this,
 Vertue, our formes forme and our soules soule, is

To M^r R W

KIndly I envy thy songs perfection
 Built of all th'elements as our bodyes are
 That Litle of earth that is in it, is a faule
 Delicious garden where all sweetes are towne

21 in 1650-69, *W* in, 1633-39 22 Oh, *A23, N, O'F, TC* Ah, *W*
 Our 1633-69 finne *W* finne, 1633-69 23 businesse 1633, *A18,*
N, TC businesse *W* businesse 1635-69 done] donne *W* 27 all
 th'All *W* All th'All 1633-69 31 men, this, *Ed* men, this 1633-69
 32 soules soule, is *Chambers* foules soule is 1633-69
 To M^r R W *W* published here for the first time

Letters to Severall Personages. 211

In it is cherishing fyre which dryes in mee 5
Griefe which did drowne me and halfe quench'd by it
Aie satirique fyres which urg'd me to have writt
In skorne of all for now I admyre thee
And as Ayre doth fullfill the hollownes
Of rotten walls, so it myne emptines, 10
Where toft and mov'd it did beget this found
Which as a lame Eccho of thyne doth rebound
Oh, I was dead, but since thy song new Life did give,
I recreated, even by thy creature, live

To M^r S B

O Thou which to search out the secreet parts
Of the India, or rather Paradife
Of knowledge, haft with courage and advife
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdaine not in thy constant travailing 5
To doe as other Voyagers, and make
Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring,
I fing not, Siren like, to tempt, for I
Am harsh, nor as those Scismatiques with you, 10
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew,
But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
I, though I brought no fuell, had desire
With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire

6 which] w^{ch} W, and so always 10 emptines,] emptines W
13-14 Oh, give, recreated, creature,] no commas, W
To M^r S B O'F To M S B 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD, W
10 harsh, 1650-69 harsh, 1633-39 12 seeing] feing 1633 feene
TCD, W seeme TCC 13 I, though] I thought 1650-54 had]
but 1650-54

To M^r I L

OF that fhort Roll of friends writ in my heart
 Which with thy name begins, ſince their depart,
 Whether in the Englifh Provinces they be,
 Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
 There's none that ſometimes greets us not, and yet 5
 Your Trent is Lethe, that paſt, us you forget
 You doe not duties of Societies,
 If from the'embrace of a lov'd wife you riſe,
 View your fat Beaſts, ſtretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,
 Eate, play, ryde, take all joyes which all day yeelds, 10
 And then againe to your embracements goe
 Some houres on us your friends, and ſome beſtow
 Upon your Muſe, elſe both wee ſhall repent,
 I that my love, ſhe that her guiſts on you are ſpent

To M^r B B

IS not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience
 Yet ſatisfy'd ? Is not thy braines rich hive
 Fulfil'd with hony which thou doſt derive
 From the Arts ſpirits and their Quinteſſence ?
 Then weane thy ſelfe at laſt, and thee withdraw 5
 From Cambridge thy old nurſe, and, as the reſt,
 Here toughly chew, and ſturdily digeſt
 Th'immenſe vaſt volumes of our common law,
 And begin ſoone, leſt my griefe grieve thee too,
 Which is, that that which I ſhould have begun 10

To M^r I L *W* To M^r I L 1633-69 To M^r I L *A18, N, TCC, TCD*
 To M^r T L *O'F* 5 ſometimes] ſometime 1635-39, *Chambers*
 6 Lethe, *W* Lethe', 1633-69 forget 1639-69, *W* forget, 1633-35
 23 your] thy *W* 14 you] thee *W* ſpent] ſpent 1633
 To M^r B B *O'F, W* To M^r B B 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*
 In

In my youthes morning, now late must be done,
 And I as Giddy Travellers must doe,
 Which stray or sleepe all day, and having loft
 Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride post
 If thou unto thy Muse be marryed, 15
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
 Be far from me that strange Adulterie
 To tempt thee and procure her widowed
 My Muse, (for I had one,) because I'am cold,
 Divorc'd her selfe the cause being in me, 20
 That I can take no new in Bigamye,
 Not my will only but power doth withhold
 Hence comes it, that these Rymes which never had
 Mother, want matter, and they only have
 A little forme, the which their Father gave, 25
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
 To be counted Children of Poetry
 Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee

To M^r I L

BLeft are your North parts, for all this long time
 My Sun is with you, cold and darke's our Clime,
 Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,
 Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,
 And hether by kinde nature drawne from thence, 5
 Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence,

12 I Travellers 1650-69 I, Travellers, 1633-39 13
 stray] stay *W compare* Sat III 78 16 ever, ever multiply, 1633-69,
 A18, N, O'F, TC still encrease and multiply, *W* 18 widowed
W widdowhood, 1633-39 widdowhood, 1650-69 19 Muse,
 A18, N, O'F, TC, *W* nurse, 1633-69 20 selfe *W* selfe, 1633-69
 in me, 1633-69 in me, *Grolier* in me *Chambers* See note
 To M^r I L *Ed* To M I L A18, N, TCC, TCD, *W* To M^r T L
 O'F To M I P 1633-69 6 rages, chafes, *Ed* rages chafes
 1633-39 rages, chafes 1650-69 rages, burnes, *W*

Yet

Yet I, as long as thee from hence doth staie,
 Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day
 With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is run,
 There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun 10
 And since thou art in Paradise and need'st crave
 No joyes addition, helpe thy friend to save
 So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
 As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts,
 So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare 15
 A greene, and when thee list, a golden haire,
 So may all thy sheepe bring forth Twins, and so
 In chace and race may thy horse all out goe,
 So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold,
 Thy Sonne ne'r Ward, Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old,
 But maist thou with great things, and them attaine, 21
 As thou telst her, and none but her, my paine

To Sir *H W.* at his going Ambassador to *Venice*

A Fter those reverend papers, whose foule is
 Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name,
 By which to you he derives much of his,
 And (how he may) makes you almost the same,
 A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ 5
 From his Originall, and a faire beame
 Of the same warme, and dazeling Sun, though it
 Muft in another Sphere his vertue streame

11-12 *these lines from W they have not previously been printed* 16
 when thee list, *Ed* when thee list 1633, *Ar8, N, TC* (when she list)
 1635-69, *O'F* when thou wilt *W* 20 lov'd wife] fair wife *W* 22
 her, her, *Ed* hei her 1633 hei, her 1635-69
 To Sir *H W* at his *&c* 1633-54 To Sir Henry Wotton, at his *&c*
 1669, *Ar8, N, O'F, TCC, TGD* printed in *Walton's Life of Sir Henry*
 Wotton, 1670, as a 'letter, sent by him to Sir *Henry Wotton*, the morning
 before he left *England*', 1 e *July 13 (O S), 1604*

After

After those learned papers which your hand
 Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too, 10
 From which rich treasury you may command
 Fit matter whether you will write or doe
 After those loving papers, where friends tend
 With glad grieve, to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,
 Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend 15
 To heaven in troupes at'a good mans passing bell
 Admit this honest paper, and allow
 It such an audience as your selfe would aske,
 What you must say at Venice this meanes now,
 And hath for nature, what you have for taske 20
 To sweare much love, not to be chang'd before
 Honour alone will to your fortune fit,
 Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
 Then I have done your honour wanting it
 But'tis an easier load (though both oppress'd) 25
 To want, then governe greatnesse, for wee are
 In that, our owne and onely businesse,
 In this, wee must for others vices care,
 'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
 In their last Furnace, in activity, 30
 Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o'rpaft)
 To touch and test in any best degree
 For mee, (if there be such a thing as I)
 Fortune (if there be such a thing as shee)
 Spies that I beare so well her tyranny, 35
 That she thinks nothing else so fit for mee,

10 pleasure 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Walton pleasures 1633 13
 where 1633, A18, N, TC which 1635-69, O'F, Walton 16 in troupes]
 on troops Walton 19 must meanes] would sayes Walton
 20 hath] has Walton taske Ed taske 1633-69 21 not] nor
 Walton 24 honour wanting it 1633 noble wanting-wit 1635-69,
 O'F honour-wanting-wit Walton noble wanting it A18, N, ICC, TCD
 31 Warres Ed warres 1633-69 tents Burley MS 32 test] tañ
 1669 and Walton 35 Spies] Finds Walton

But

But though she part us, to heare my oft prayers
 For your increase, God is as neere mee here,
 And to send you what I shall begge, his staies
 In length and ease are alike every where

40

To M^{rs} M H

MAd paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
 With all those sonnes whom my braine did create,
 At left lye hid with mee, till thou returne
 To rags againe, which is thy native state

What though thou have enough unworthinesse
 To come unto great place as others doe,
 That's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts I confesse,
 But 'tis not all, Thou should'st be wicked too

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of mee,
 Yet thou wilt goe? Goe, since thou goest to her
 Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for shee,
 Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preferre

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye
 Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence*,
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die,
 And, having little now, have then no sense

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
 A miracle, and made such to worke more,
 Doth touch thee (singles leafe) thou grow'st by this
 Her creature, glorify'd more then before

5

10

15

20

To M^{rs} M H O'F To M M H 1633-69, *Ar8, N, TCC, TCD* no
title, A25, B, C, P Elegie 596 2 sonnes] Sunnes *B, S96* my
 1633 thy 1635-69 *Chambers attributes* thy to 1633 3 returne]
 returne 1633 7 That's much, emboldens, *Ar8, N, TC* That's much,
 emboldens, 1633-54 That's much emboldens, 1669 That's much, it
 emboldens, *B, P* 8 all, Thou *Ar8, N, TC* all, thou 1633-69
 20 goe? Goe, *Ed* goe, Goe, 1633-69 14 reverence, *Ed* reverence
 1633 reverence 1635-69

Then

Then as a mother which delights to heare
 Her early child mis-speake halfe uttered words,
 Or, because majesty doth never feare
 Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords

And then, cold speechlesse wretch, thou diest againe, 25
 And wisely, what discourse is left for thee?
 For, speech of ill, and her, thou must abstaine,
 And is there any good which is not shee?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
 And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, 30
 And since they are but her cloathes, thou shalt not erre,
 If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend

Who knowes thy destiny? when thou hast done,
 Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
 Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne, 35
 A nest almost as full of Good as shee

When thou art there, if any, whom wee know,
 Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
 When she revolves his papers, marke what show
 Of favour, she alone, to them doth make 40

Marke, if to get them, she o'r skip the rest,
 Marke, if shee read them twice, or kisse the name,
 Marke, if she doe the same that they protest,
 Marke, if she marke whether her woman came

Marke, if flight things be objected, and o'r blowne, 45
 Marke, if her oathes against him be not still
 Reserv'd, and that shee grieves she's not her owne,
 And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill

22 mis-speake] mispeake 1633 27 For, 1633 From 1635-69,
 and MSS her, Ed her 1633-69 31 erre, 1669 erre 1633-54
 40 she alone, 1633 she, alone, 1635-69 41 get them, she o'r skip]
 get them, she do skip A18 (doth), N, TC get them, she skip oare A25,
 C, O'F(skips) get to them, shee skipp B, P 44 whether 1633
 whither 1635-69 47 grieves 1633 grieve 1635-69

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie,
 Nor to make my felfe her familiar, 50
 But fō much I doe love her choyce, that I
 Would faine love him that fhall be lov'd of her

To the Countesse of Bedford

HONOUR is fō fublime perfection,
 And fō refine, that when God was alone
 And creatureleffe at firft, himfelfe had none,
 But as of the elements, thefe which wee tread,
 Produce all things with which wee'are joy'd or fed, 5
 And, thofe are barren both above our head
 So from low perfons doth all honour flow,
 Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us fhew,
 And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*
 For when from herbs the pure part muft be wonne 10
 From groffe, by Stilling, this is better done
 By defpis'd dung, then by the fire or Sunne
 Care not then, Madame, 'how low your prayfers lye,
 In labourers balads oft more piety
 God findes, then in *Te Deums* melodie 15
 And, ordinance rais'd on Towers, fō many mile
 Send not their voice, nor laft fō long a while
 As fires from th'earths low vaults in *Sicil* Ifle
 Should I fay I liv'd darker then were true,
 Your radiation can all clouds fubdue, 20
 But one, 'tis beft light to contemplate you

To the Countesse of Bedford 1633-69, *B, O'F, S96* To the Countess
 of B *N, TCD* 10 part] parts *N, O'F, TCD* 12 or Sunne 1633,
B, N, O'F, S96, TCD or Sun 1669 of Sunne 1635-54, *Chambers*
 13 prayfers *N, O'F, TCD* prayers *S96* playfes 1633-69 16 Towers,]
 Towers 1633 20-1 fubdue, But one, *Ed* fubdue, But One *Chambers*
 fubdue, But one, 1633-69 fubdue But one, *Grolier and Grosart* See note
 You,

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules stufte such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee, 25
Covering discovers your quicke Soule, that we
May in your through-shine front your hearts thoughts see

You teach (though wee learne not) a thing unknowne
To our late times, the use of Ipecular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown 30

Of such were Temples, so and of such you are,
Being and *seeming* is your equall care,
And *vertues* whole *summe* is but *know* and *dare*

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense
Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence 35
They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
Not banish it selfe, nor religion

Discretion is a wisemans Soule, and so 40
Religion is a Christians, and you know
How these are one, her *yea*, is not her *no*

Nor may we hope to fodder still and knit
These two, and dare to breake them, nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it 45

26 Covering discovers] Coverings discover 1669 27 your hearts
thoughts *B, N, O'F, Sg6, TCD* our hearts thoughts 1633-69 See note
31 so and of such *N, TCD* so and such 1633-69, *B, O'F, Sg6* 33
is but to know and dare *N*

36-7 They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence
Natures first lesson, so, discretion, &c 1633-69 (precedence 1633,
precedence 1669)

They fly not from that, nor seek precedence,
Natures first lesson, so discretion &c *Chambers and Grolier*
(discretion, *Grolier*) See note 40-2] These lines precede 34-9 in
1633-69, *B, N, Sg6, TCD* om *O'F* 42 one, *Ed* one, 1633-69
yea, *no*] ital *Ed*

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
 Religions types the peecelesse centers flow,
 And are in all the lines which all wayes goe
 If either ever wrought in you alone
 Or principally, then religion
 Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion
 Goe thither ftl, goe the same way you went,
 Who so would change, do covet or repent,
 Neither can reach you, great and innocent

50

*To the Countesse of Bedford
 Begun in France but never perfected*

THOUGH I be *dead*, and buried, yet I have
 (Living in you,) Court enough in my grave,
 As oft as there I thinke my selfe to bee,
 So many resurrections waken mee
 That thankfullnesse your favours have begot
 In mee, embalmes mee, that I doe not rot
 This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
 Must both to growth and to confession bring
 My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so,
 These verses bud, so these confessions grow
 First I confesse I have to others lent
 Your stock, and over prodigally spent
 Your treasure, for since I had never knowne
 Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne

5

10

48 all wayes 1719 alwayes 1633-69
 50-1 'twas Religion,
 Yet you neglected not Discretion S96

53 do covet] doth covet 1669, O'F, S96
 To the Countesse &c 1633-69 (following in 1635-69 That unripe side
 &c, p 417, and If her disdaine &c, p 430), O'F 5 begot] forgot 1633
 some copies 6 embalmes mee, Ed embalmes mee, 1633-69 10t Ed
 rot, 1633-69 9 influence, Ed influence, 1633-69 10 grow Ed
 grow, 1633-69 14 or 1633-39 and 1650-69

In

In you, I should not thinke or say they shine, 15
 (So as I have) in any other Mine
 Next I confesse this my confession,
 For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
 Your praise to you, where half rights seeme too much,
 And make your minds sincere complexion blush 20
 Next I confesse my'impenitence, for I
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
 Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,
 May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,
 By studying copies, not Originals, 25
Defunct cætera

*A Letter to the Lady Carey, and M^{rs} Effex
 Riche, From Amyens*

MADAME,

Here where by All All Saints invoked are,
 'Twere too much schisme to be singular,
 And 'gainst a practise generall to warre

Yet turning to Saints, should my'humility
 To other Sainct then you directed bee, 5
 That were to make my schisme, heresie

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
 As not to tell it, If this be too bold,
 Pardons are in this market cheaply fold

Where, because Faith is in too low degree, 10
 I thought it some Apostleship in mee
 To speake things which by faith alone I see

16 Mine *Ed* Mine, 1633-69 18 upon *Ed* upon, 1633-69
 A Letter to *Sc* 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* To the Lady Carey and her
 Sister M^{rs} Effex Rich From Amiens *O'F* To the Lady Co of C *N*,
TCD To the Ladie Carey or A Letter to the Ladie Carey *B, Cy, 896*
no title, P To M^{rs} Effex Rich and her sister frō Amiens *M*

That

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is growne, or spent,
They're your materials, not your ornament 15

Others whom wee call vertuous, are not fo
In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons shew

For when through tastelesse flat humilitie
In dow bak'd men some harmelesenes we see, 20
'Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee

Soe is the Blood sometimes, who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better then a *sanguine* Vertuous man

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare 25
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there

Spirituell *Cholerique* Crytiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall 30

We're thus but parcel guilt, to Gold we're growne
When Vertue is our Soules complexion,
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none

Vertue's but anguish, when 'tis severall,
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall 35
True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your foule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your foule was as good Vertue, as shee,

13 who are] who is 1633 19 humilitie 1633-54, B, Cy, D, H49,
Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD humidity 1669, Chambers 26 con-
tributions] contribution B, D, N, TCD 30 this zeale, 1635-69, B, Cy,
D, H49, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD then zeale, 1633, Lec 31 Gold] Golds
1633 some copies 33 anguish,] anguish, 1650-54

Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you 40
Which is scarce leffe then foule, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As Others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts 45

But if such friends by the honor of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your vertues, and their might,

What must I thinke that influence must doe,
Where it findes sympathie and matter too, 50
Vertue, and beauty of the same stufte, as you?

Which is, your noble worthie sister, shee
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries 55
The Master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the roome twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you, there is no way
From either, but by the other, not to stray 60

May therefore this be enough to testifie
My true devotion, free from flattery,
He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie

57 our eyes,] your eyes, *Cy, D, H49, Lec, P*
1669 other, 1669 other 1633-54

60 by the] to the

To the Countesse of Salisbury August 1614

FAire, great, and good, since seeing you, wee fee
 What Heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be
 Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sunne
 Growne stale, is to so low a value runne,
 That his dishevel'd beames and scattered fires 5
 Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
 In lovers Sonnets you come to repaire
 Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire
 Since now, when all is withered, shrunk, and dri'd,
 All Vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde, 10
 All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,
 Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand,
 Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
 (Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence,
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares, 15
 Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
 All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,
 And drawne their sound gold-ingot into wyre,
 All trying by a love of littleneffe
 To make abridgments, and to draw to lesse, 20
 Even that nothing, which at first we were,
 Since in these times, your greatnesse doth appeare,
 And that we learne by it, that man to get
 Towards him that's infinite, must first be great
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit 25
 So much as to accuse, much lesse mend it,
 (For who can judge, or witnesse of those times
 Where all alike are guiltie of the crimes?)

To the Countesse &c 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec*
 Salisbury *O'F* To the Countesse of S *N, TCD*
 1669, *D, H49, Lec* what 1635-54, *N, O'F, TCD*
 1669 17 noble fire,] nobler fire, *O'F*
 that's 1650-69 thats 1633-39

To the Countesse of
 2 and what 1633,
 16 Court,] Courts,
 24 him] him, 1633

Where

Where he that would be good, is thought by all
 A monster, or at best fantastickall, 30
 Since now you durst be good, and that I doe
 Discerne, by daring to contemplate you,
 That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
 Through your light, largeness, vertue understood
 If in this sacrifice of mine, be showne 35
 Any small sparke of these, call it your owne
 And if things like these, have been said by mee
 Of others, call not that Idolatrie
 For had God made man first, and man had seene
 The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene, 40
 He might have said the best that he could say
 Of those faire creatures, which were made that day,
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth
 Of Sun, Moone, Stars, fairer then late-prais'd earth,
 Hee might have said the best that he could say, 45
 And not be chid for praising yesterday,
 So though some things are not together true,
 As, that another is worthiest, and, that you
 Yet, to say so, doth not condemne a man,
 If when he spoke them, they were both true than 50
 How faire a prooffe of this, in our soule growes?
 Wee first have soules of growth, and sense, and those,
 When our last soule, our soule immortall came,
 Were swallowed into it, and have no name
 Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast 55
 The power and praise of both them, on the last,
 No more doe I wrong any, I adore
 The same things now, which I ador'd before,
 The subject chang'd, and measure, the same thing
 In a low constable, and in the King 60

29-30 *Chambers includes in parenthesis* 30 fantastickall, *Ed* fantastickall 1633-69 34 light, largeness,] lights largeness, 1669 38
 Idolatrie] Adulterie *N, TCD* 40 greene,] greene 1633 42 day,
Ed day 1633-69 46 yesterday, *Ed* yesterday 1633-69 54
 name 1633-39 name 1654-69 57 any, I adore 1633, *D, Lec, N,*
TCD any, if I adore 1635-69, *O' F* (if being inserted)

I reverence, His power to work on mee
 So did I humbly reverence each degree
 Of faire, great, good, but more, now I am come
 From having found their *walkes*, to find their *home*
 And as I owe my first foules thanks, that they 65
 For my last foule did fit and mould my clay,
 So am I debtor unto them, whose worth,
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth
 This new great lesson, thus to study you,
 Which none, not reading others, first, could doe 70
 Nor lacke I light to read this booke, though I
 In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie,
 For as your fellow Angells, so you doe
 Illustrate them who come to study you
 The first whom we in Histories doe finde 75
 To have profest all Arts, was one borne blinde
 He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee,
 Not those, by which Angels are seene and see,
 So, though I'am borne without those eyes to live,
 Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give, 80
 Which are, fit meanes to see bright courts and you,
 Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe,
 I shall by that, all goodnesse have discern'd,
 And though I burne my librarie, be learn'd

61 mee *D, N, TCD* mee, 1633-69
 1633-69 77-8 om *D, H49, Lec*

63 good, *Ed* good,

To the Lady Bedford

YOU that are she and you, that's double shee,
 In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see,
 Shee was the other part, for so they doe
 Which build them friendships, become one of two ,
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit, 5
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet,
 Twinnes, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,
 As divers starres one Constellation make,
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so
 Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe 10
 Had you dy'd first, a carcasfe shee had beene,
 And wee your rich Tombe in her face had seene,
 She like the Soule is gone, and you here stay,
 Not a live friend, but th'other halfe of clay
 And since you act that part, As men say, here 15
 Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there,
 And do all honour and devotion due
 Unto the whole, so wee all reverence you ,
 For, such a friendship who would not adore
 In you, who are all what both were before, 20
 Not all, as if some perished by this,
 But so, as all in you contracted is
 As of this all, though many parts decay,
 The pure which elemented them shall stay,
 And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite, 25
 Shall recollect, and in one All unite

To the *Sc* 1635-69, O'F Elegie to the Lady Bedford 1633, Cy, H40,
 L74, N, P, TCD Elegia Sexta S In 1633, Cy, H40, N, TCD it follows, in
 P precedes, the Funerall Elegy Death (p 284), to which it is apparently
 a covering letter In L74 it follows the Elegy on the Lady Marckham
 O'F places it among the Letters, S among the Elegies 1 she and you,
 she, and you 1633-69, Chambers See note 4 two,] the two, 1669
 6 yet, Ed yet 1633-39 yet 1650-69 8 make, Ed make, 1633-69
 10 goe Ed goe, 1633-69 13 stay,] stay 1633-35 th other]
 thother 1633 clay Ed clay, 1633-69 16 there, Ed there, 1633-69
 17 honour] honour 1633 due] due, 1633 20 were] was 1633
 22 as all in you] as in you all O'F that in you all Cy, H40, L74, N, S
 15 Ed 15, 1633-69

228 *Letters to Severall Personages.*

So madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed,
 Her vertues do, as to their proper spheare,
 Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were 30
 As perfect motions are all circular,
 So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are
 Shee was all spices, you all metall, so
 In you two wee did both rich Indies know
 And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste 35
 One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,
 Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire,
 So, to your selfe you may additions take,
 But nothing can you lesse, or changed make 40
 Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme to doubt,
 That you can match her, or not be without,
 But let some faithfull booke in her roome be,
 Yet but of *Iudith* no such booke as shee

28 the bed,] a bed, *Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, S* her bed, *P* 30
 were] were, 1633 32 are] are, 1633 34 know] know, 1633
 41 doubt, 1633 doubt, 1635-69 42 can] twice in 1633

AN
ANATOMIE
OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occasion of the untimely death of
MISTRES ELIZABETH DRVRY,
the frailty and the decay of this
whole World is represented

The first Anniverfary.

To the praise of the dead,
and the ANATOMIE

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie
No evill wants his good, so wilder heires
Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares,
Whose state requites their losse whiles thus we gain, 5
Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead

An Anatomie &c 1611-33 Anatomie &c 1635-69 The first
Anniverfary 1612-69 om 1611 See note To the praise of the
dead &c 1611-69 (Dead 1611) 8 While] Whiles 1639-69
Seemes

Seemes to informe a World, and bids it bee,
 In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie? 10
 And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
 Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor fought
 A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,
 Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
 Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne, 15
 That they shall wonder both at his and thine
 Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace
 The cunning pencill, and the comely face
 A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much
 For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch, 20
 Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
 And say, that but enough those prayes bee,
 Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
 From th'angry checkings of thy modest red
 Death barres reward and shame when envy's gone, 25
 And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne
 As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
 More on their Tombes, then houses these of clay,
 But those of brasse, or marble were so wee
 Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee 30
 Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
 And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus
 Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd
 So these high songs that to thee suited bin 35
 Serve but to found thy Makers praise, in thine,
 Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him
 Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
 As any Angels tongue can sing of thee,
 The subjects differ, though the skill agree 40
 For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,

21 is] it is 1669 25 shame 1611, 1612-25 shame, 1633-69
 26 gaine, 1633-69 gaine, 1612-25 34 where] were 1621-25 35
 bin 1633-39 bine 1611 bine, 1612-21 bine 1625 bin, 1650-69 36
 praise, in thine, 1611, 1612-25 praise and thine, 1633-69 38 Quire
 1611, 1612-25 quire 1633-69 39 tongue 1611, 1612-39 tongues
 1650-69 41 infant-yeares 1611, 1621-25 infant yeares 1633-69

Thy early love, thy vertues, did preface
 What an high part thou bear'ft in thofe beft fongs,
 Where to no burden, nor no end belongs
 Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lofsfull gaine 45
 Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine,
 Never may thy Name be in our fongs forgot,
 Till wee fhall fing thy ditty and thy note

An Anatomy of the World

The first Anniversary

WHEN that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone, *The entrie*
 Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one, *into the*
 (For who is fure he hath a Soule, unleffe *worke*
 It fee, and judge, and follow worthineffe,
 And by Deedes praife it? hee who doth not this, 5
 May lodge an In-mate foule, but 'tis not his)
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
 And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe,
 Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song, 10
 This World, in that great earthquake languished,
 For in a common bath of teares it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out
 But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
 Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this, 15
 (Because since now no other way there is,

42 vertues, 1611, 1612-25 vertues 1633-69 preface 1612-25 preface,
 1633-69 43 What an hie beft fongs, 1611-12 What hie
 beft fongs 1621-25 What high beft of fongs, 1633-69 47 our
 1611, 1612-54 om 1669 forgot,] forgot 1621-25
 An Anatomy &c 1611-69 The first Anniversary 1612-69 (First
 1612-25) om 1611 2 Whom 1611, 1612-25, 1669 Who 1633 who
 1635-54 5 Deedes 1611, 1612-25 deeds, 1633-69 6 In-mate
 1611-12 Inmate 1621-25 inmate 1633 inmate 1635-69 10 Song,
 1611 Song 1612-33 Song 1635-69 14 then 1611, 1612-39
 them 1650-69 The entrie &c 1612-21 om 1625-33 1611 and
 1635-69 have no notes

But

But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as shee,) 20
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And to the world had fits, it joy'd, it mourn'd,
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care,
 So thou sicke World, mistak'ft thy selfe to bee
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargie
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than 25
 Thou might'ft have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man
 That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory
 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
 But this is worfe, that thou art speechlesse growne. 30
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst, thou wast
 Nothing but shee, and her thou hast o'rpaft
 For as a child kept from the Font, untill
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'ft laid, 35
 Had not her comming, thee her Palace made
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
 And thou forgett'ft to celebrate thy name
 Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,
 Measures of times are all determin'd) 40
 But long she'ath beene away, long, long, yet none
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone
 But as in states doubtfull of future heires,
 When sickness without remedie empires
 The present Prince, they're loth it should be said, 45
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead
 So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,
 A strong example gone, equall to law,
 The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd, 50

18 shee, 1611 shee 1612, 1669 shee 1621-54 22 care, 1611-21
 care 1625-33 24 Lethargie] Letargee 1611, 1612-25 26
 Man 1611, 1621-25 man 1633-69 31 name, 1611, 1612-25 name
 1633-69 33 Font, 1611 Fount, 1612-69 36 Palace 1611-12,
 1621-25 palace 1633-69 40 times 1611, 1612-33 time 1635-69
 48 law, 1612, 1669 law 1611, 1621-25 law, 1633-54 50 glue]
 give 1650-69

Thought

Thought it some blasphemy to say fh'was dead,
 Or that our weaknesse was discovered
 In that confession, therefore spoke no more
 Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore
 But though it be too late to succour thee, 55
 Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since shee
 Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
 I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
 What wee may gaine by thy Anatomy 60
 Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part
 Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered
 The worlds infirmities, since there is none 65
 Alive to study this dissection,
 For there's a kinde of World remaining still, *What life*
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill *the world*
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night, *hath stil*
 Her Ghost doth walke, that is, a glimmering light, 70
 A faint weake love of vertue, and of good,
 Reflects from her, on them which understood
 Her worth, and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay,
 Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free, 75
 Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
 Produc'd the matter and the stuffe of this,
 Her vertue, and the forme our practice is
 And though to be thus elemented, arme
 These creatures, from home-borne intrinsique harme, 80
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
 Which of themselves produce no venomous finne,
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)

What life &c 1612-21 om 1625-33 70 walke, 1611, 1612-25
walke, 1633-69 71 good, 1633 good 1612-25, 1635-69 75 old
world, free, 1611-12, 1633-69 old world, free 1621-25 79 though
thought 1621-33 80 home-borne] homborne 1611, 1621-25
homeborne 1633-69

Yet,

	Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,	85
	And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,	
	This new world may be safer, being told	
<i>The sicknesses of the World</i>	The dangers and diseases of the old	
	For with due temper men doe then forgoe,	
	Or covet things, when they their true worth know	90
<i>Impossibility of health</i>	There is no health, Physitians say that wee,	
	At best, enjoy but a neutralitie	
	And can there bee worfe sicknesses, then to know	
	That we are never well, nor can be so?	
	Wee are borne ruinous poore mothers cry,	95
	That children come not right, nor orderly,	
	Except they headlong come and fall upon	
	An ominous precipitation	
	How witty's ruine! how importunate	
	Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustrate	100
	Even Gods purpose, and made woman, sent	
	For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment	
	They were to good ends, and they are so still,	
	But accessory, and principall in ill,	
	For that first marriage was our funerall	105
	One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,	
	And singly, one by one, they kill us now	
	We doe delightfully our selves allow	
	To that consumption, and profusely blinde,	
	Wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde	110
	And yet we do not that, we are not men	
	There is not now that mankind, which was then,	
	When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,	
<i>Shortnesse of life</i>	(Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive,	
	When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,	115
	Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie,	

85 Yet, 1612-25 Yet 1633-69 *The sicknesses &c* 1612 *The sicknesses &c* 1621 *The sicknesses &c* 1625-33 89 then] them 1650-69 99 ruine! Ed ruine? 1611, 1612-25 ruine, 1633-69 100 mankind! Ed mankind? 1611, 1612-69 113 When as, the Sunne and man 1633-39 no commas 1650-69 When as the Sunne and man, 1611, 1612-25 114 survive, 1650-69 survive 1611, 1612-39 116 minoritie, 1650-69 minoritie 1611, 1621-25 minoritie, 1633-39

When,

When, if a flow pac'd starre had stolne away
 From the observers marking, he might stay
 Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,
 And then make up his observation plaine, 120
 When, as the age was long, the life was great,
 Mans growth confes'd, and recompenc'd the meat,
 So spacious and large, that every Soule
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule
 And when the very stature, thus erect, 125
 Did that soule a good way towards heaven direct
 Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie 130
 Old Grandfires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
 And for our children wee reserve to morrow
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives
 And as in lasting, so in length is man 135
 Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne,
 For had a man at first in forrests stray'd,
 Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
 A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,
 That met him, would not hastily assaile 140
 A thing so equall to him now alas,
 The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
 As credible, mankinde decayes so soone,
 We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone
 Onely death addes t'our length nor are wee growne 145
 In stature to be men, till we are none
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
 All the old Text, or had wee chang'd to gold
 Their silver, or dispos'd into lesse glasse
 Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was 150

*Smallnesse
of stature*

131 Grandfires 1611, 1612-21 Grandfires 1625-69 sorrow,
 1611-21 sorrow 1625 sorrow 1633-69 133 peasant 1611, 1612-25
 peasant 1633-69 134 lives 1611, 1633 lives 1612 lives, 1621-25
 135 man 1611 man 1612-25 man, 1633-69 145 addes 1611-21
 addes 1635-69 addes 1625, 1633 149 silver, 1611-12 silver
 1621-25 silver, 1633-69 150 scatter'd] scattred 1612-25

But

But 'tis not so w'are not retir'd, but damp't,
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
 In minde, and body both bedwarf'd us
 Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe, 155
 Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too,
 To bring our selves to nothing backe, and wee
 Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,
 And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre 160
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home,
 And if in other creatures they appeare,
 They're but mans Ministers, and Legats there,
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce 165
 Them to Civility, and to mans use
 This man, whom God did woove, and loth t'attend
 Till man came up, did downe to man descend,
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is! 170
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now
 Helpe, or at least some time to waite, allow
 T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament, hee lost his heart
 She, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie, 175
 When they call'd vertues by the name of *shee*,
 Shee in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
 That for Allay unto so pure a minde
 Shee tooke the weaker Sex, shee that could drive
 The poysonous tincture, and the staine of *Eve*, 180
 Out of her thoughts, and deeds, and purifie
 All, by a true religious Alchymie,

152 bodies, 1611-25 bodies 1633-39 153 close weaving
 1633-69 close-weaving 1611-12 close weaning 1621-25 161 Thus
 man, 1611, 1612-33 This man, 1635-69, *Chambers* 166 use]
 use 1611, 1621-33 167 t'attend] t'attend 1633 169 man, 1611
 man 1612-69 171 any thing, 1611-12 any thing, 1621-33 172
 waite, 1633 waite 1611 waste, 1635-69 178 Allay 1611, 1612-25
 Allay 1633-69 179 Sex, 1611 Sex, 1621-25 Sex 1633-69
 181 thoughts, 1611-12, 1635-69 thought, 1621-33

Shee,

Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomie, 185
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Religion,
 Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant,
 Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant 190
 Then, as mankind, so is the worlds whole frame
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame
 For, before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best
 It seisd the Angels, and then first of all 195
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime,
 Wronging each joynt of th'univerfall frame
 The noblest part, man, felt it first, and than
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man 200
 So did the world from the first houre decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee
 And new Philosophy calls all in doubt, 205
 The Element of fire is quite put out,
 The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to looke for it
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament 210
 They seeke so many new, they see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies
 'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone,
 All iust supply, and all Relation

200 Decay of
 nature in
 other parts

183 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25 She, she 1633-69 186 no]
 no no 1621 188 Religion, 1611, 1650-69 Religion 1612-25
 Religion 1633-39 189 Growth 1611 growth 1612-25 growth
 1633-69 withered] whithered 1621-25 191 Then, 1611,
 1621-25 Then 1633-69 195 Angels, 1612-69 Angells 1611,
 200 man 1611, 1612-25 man, 1633-39 man 1650-69 210
 Firmament 1611-12 firmament 1621-69 212 Atomies] Atomis
 1611, 1612-25 213 cohaerence 1611, 1612-25 coherence 1633-69
 Prince

Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot, 215
 For every man alone thinks he hath got
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can bee
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee
 This is the worlds condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow, 220
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,
 To draw, and fasten hundred parts in one,
 She whom wise nature had invented then
 When she observ'd that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray, 225
 And needed a new compasse for their way,
 She that was best, and first originall
 Of all faire copies, and the generall
 Steward to Fate, she whose rich eyes, and breft
 Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East, 230
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
 Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
 Is but as single money, coyn'd from her
 She to whom this world must it selfe refer, 235
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie 240
 In any humour, or one certaine part,
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
 Thou seest a Hectique feaver hath got hold
 Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
 And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit 245
 The worlds infection, to be none of it
 For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts

217 then 1611, 1612-69 there Grosart, who with Chambers attributes to
 1669 223 invented] innented 1621 228 copies, 1633-69 copies,
 1611-12 copies 1621-25 229 Fate, 1612-69 Fate 1611 breft
 1611 breft 1612-25 breft, 1633 230 West Indies, 1611 West-
 Indies, 1621-69 East, 1611 East, 1621-69 234 money, 1611-21
 money 1625-69 237 knowst 1611 knowest 1612-69 and so in 238
 237 this,] this 1633-35 238 is 1611, 1612-33 15, 1635-69 244
 contrould,] contrould 1611, 1612-25

Feele this confuming wound, and ages darts
 For the worlds beauty is deca'd, or gone,
 Beauty, that's colour, and proportion 250 *Disformity*
 We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall, *of parts*
 Their round proportion embracing all
 But yet their various and perplexed courfe,
 Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
 Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts, 255
 Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure forme It teares
 The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,
 And in these Constellations then arise
 New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes 260
 As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
 When new Towers rise, and old demolish't are
 They have impal'd within a Zodiake
 The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake
 To watch his steps, the Goat and Crab controule, 265
 And fright him backe, who else to either Pole
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne
 For his course is not round, nor can the Sunne
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
 One inch direct, but where he rose to-day 270
 He comes no more, but with a couzening line,
 Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
 He meanes to sleepe, being now false nearer us
 So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne 275
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun
 All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it fwels
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
 Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne 280
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us
 We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race

251 Sphericall, 1650-69 Sphericall 1611, 1612-39 252 all 1611,
 1612-25 all, 1633-69 257 forme 1633-69 forme 1611, 1612-25
 258 sheires, 1633-35 sheeres, 1611, 1612-25 shieres, 1639-69 267
 Tropiques 1611, 1612-25 tropiques 1633-69 273 with] of 1635-69
They're

They're diversly content t'obey our pace
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still? 285
 Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill
 Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
 The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,
 Perchance to morrow, scarce at middle way 290
 Of their wish'd journies end, the bottome, die
 And men, to found depths, so much line untie,
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise
 At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies
 If under all, a Vault infernall bee, 295
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)
 Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place
 Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face 300
 Of th'earth? Thinke so but yet confesse, in this
 The worlds proportion disfigured is,
 That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment are bent awry
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned, 305
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
 Since even grieve it selfe, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion
 Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
 Examined, measure of all Symmetree, 310
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made
 Of Harmony, he would at next have said
 That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,
 That soules were but Resultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies goe, 315

*Disorder in
the world*

284 pace] peace 1612-33 286 Tenarif, 1611, 1612-25 Tenarus
 1633-69 Hill 1611, 1612-25 hill 1633-69 288 there, 1611,
 1612-21 there 1625-69 289 strooke 1611, 1612-25 strucke 1633-69
 290 to morrow, 1611, 1612-25 to morrow 1633-69 295 Vault
 1611, 1612-25 vault 1633-69 298 straight] strait 1611-25 300
 pock-holes] pockholes 1633-69 301 th'earth?] th'earth, 1633 306
 beauties best, proportion, 1611, 1612-39 beauty's best proportion Chambers
 1650-69 drop the second comma 313 infer, 1611-12 infer 1621-25
 infer 1633-69

As

As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow
 Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said
 That the Arke to mans proportions was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary 320
 Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease
 Shee, after whom, what forme so'er we see,
 Is discord, and rude incongruitie,
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead, when thou knowst this 325
 Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomie,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee
 And that, not only faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts, 330
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us but that if every thing
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,
 To satisfie wife, and good lookers on,
 (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee) 335
 They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee
 For good, and well, must in our actions meete,
 Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet
 But beauties other second Element,
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent 340
 And had the world his just proportion,
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
 As gold falls sicke being stung with Mercury, 345
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
 Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like
 That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,

318 proportions 1611-12 proportion 1621-69 321 Elements,
 1611-12 Elements 1621-69 325 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25 She, she
 1633-69 shee's] she's 1633-69 knowst 1611 knowest 1612-25
 know't 1633-69 326 knowst 1611, 1612-25 knowest 1633-69
 336 Deformitee. 1611, 1612-25 deformitie 1633-69

242 *An Anatomie of the World*

To mingle, and vary colours every day 350
 And then, as though shee could not make inow,
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
 And colour is decay'd summers robe grows 355
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment shoves
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spread,
 Is inward funke, and only our soules are red
 Perchance the world might have recovered,
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead 360
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvest Paradise, from whom
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous, 365
 Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)
 Shee, shee, is dead, shee's dead when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is 370
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke
 To colour vicious deeds with good pretence, 375
 Or with bought colors to illude mens sense
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,
 Then that her influence the heav'n forbears,
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
 The father, or the mother barren is 380
 The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
 In the due birth time, downe the balmy shovre,

*Weaknesse in
 the want of
 correspondence
 of heaven and
 earth*

351 inow, 1611, 1612-25 enough, 1633 enow, 1635-69 352
 allow] allow, 1621-33 366 Diaphanous, 1611, 1612-25 diaphanous,
 1633-69 369 Shee, shee, 1611, 1612-25 (shee 1625) She, she
 1633-69 (but Shee, 1633, in pass-over word) 370 know'st 1611
 know'st 1621-69 374 vanitie, to thinke 1633-69 vanity to think,
 1611, 1612-25 379-80 feele this, barren is 1611, 1612-69 feele
 this barren is, *Chambers* See note

Th'Ayre

Th'Ayre doth not motherly fit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth,
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes, 385
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes,
 Th'Ayre shoves such Meteors, as none can see,
 Not only what they meane, but what they bee,
 Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much
 Th'Ægyptian *Mages* to have made more such 390
 What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
 Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
 So as the influence of those starres may bee
 Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,
 And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe? 395
 The art is lost, and correspondence too
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,
 And man least knowes their trade and purposes
 If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot, 400
 She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
 Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us
 Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that 405
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,
 To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot, 410
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
 That unto us, shee working more then it
 But shee, in whom to such maturity
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die,
 She, from whose influence all Impressions came, 415
 But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,

383 Th'Ayre 1611, 1612-21 Th'ayre 1625-69 387 Th'Ayre
 1611 Th'ayre 1612-69 390 *Mages*] *No change of type, 1611-12*
 394 Charme, 1611-21 Charme 1625-54 404 Ashes 1611, 1612-25
 ashes 1633-69 407 Swan, 1611, 1612-25 fwan, 1633-69 415
 Impressions 1611 Impression 1612-25 impression 1633-69 416 But,
 1611 But 1621-69 Receivers 1611-12 rest no capital

Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
 So that some Princes have some temperance,
 Some Counsellors some purpose to advance 420
 The common profit; and some people have
 Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave,
 Some women have some taciturnity,
 Some nunneries some graines of chastitie
 She that did thus much, and much more could doe, 425
 But that our age was Iron, and rustie too,
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead, when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie 430
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood nothing
 Is worth our travaile, grieve, or perishing,
 But those rich joyes, which did possesse her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part
Conclusion But as in cutting up a man that's dead, 435
 The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect,
 So the worlds carcasſe would not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy, 440
 Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
 Them their disease, who faine would think they're well
 Here therefore be the end And, blessed maid,
 Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, 445
 Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
 Will yearely celebrate thy second birth, 450
 That is, thy death, for though the soule of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than

421 have] have, 1633 427 is dead,] is dead, 1633-69 shee's
 dead, 1611-25 she's dead, 1633-69 431 nothing] no thing 1611-21
 442 they're] thy're 1633 443 And, 1611, 1612-25 and, 1633-69
 When

When man doth die, our body's as the wombe,
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon, o 455
 And have your last, and best concoction
 From her example, and her vertue, if you
 In reverence to her, do thinke it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse, 460
 Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
 A last, and lasting't peece, a song He spake
 To *Moses* to deliver unto all,
 That song, because hee knew they would let fall
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History, 465
 But keepe the song still in their memory
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made
 Me this great Office boldly to invade
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
 Mee, from thus trying to emprison her, 470
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,
 I saw not why verse might not do so too
 Verse hath a middle nature heaven keepes Soules,
 The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules

A Funerall ELEGIE.

'TIs lost, to trust a Tombe with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest
 Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was? 5
 Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse,
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten Escurials,

467 (in due measure) 1611, 1612-25 (but 1625 drops second bracket) commas
 1633-69 468 Office 1611, 1612-25 office 1633-69 473
 nature 1611-25 nature, 1633-69

A Funerall ELEGIE 1611, 1612-69 whole poem printed in italics
 1612-25 in roman 1611 1 lost, 1611, 1612-25 lost 1633 losse
 1635-69 2 chest 1611-21 chest, 1625-69 8 Escurials,]
 escurials 1611-25

Yet

Yet she's demolish'd can wee keepe her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men? 10
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?
 Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee
 Those carcasfe verses, whose soule is not shee
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee, 15
 Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to be
 In paper wrapt, or, when shee would not lie
 In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?
 But 'tis no matter, wee may well allow
 Verse to live so long as the world will now, 20
 For her death wounded it The world contains
 Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
 The Rich for stomackes, and for backes, the Poore,
 The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet, 25
 By which, remote and distant Countries meet
 But those fine spirits which do tune, and set
 This Organ, are those peeces which beget
 Wonder and love, and these were shee, and shee
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee, 30
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
 Except the world it selfe, so great as shee
 Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,
 Death cannot give her such another blow, 35
 Because shee cannot such another show
 But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said
 That as a hundred clocke is peecemeale laid,
 Not to be lost, but by the makers hand
 Repollish'd, without error then to stand, 40
 Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs

13 aborted 1611, 1612-33 abortive 1635-69 17 or, 1612-25 or
 1633-69 18 a] an 1635-69 22-5 Princes, Counsellors &c all in
 capitals except Officers 1611, 1612-25 later editions erratic 24 backes,
 1611 backes 1612-25 backs 1633-69 Poore] spelt Pore 1611-12
 28 peeces] peeces, 1633-69 30 1625 inserts marginal note, Smalnesse
 of stature See p 235 33 as 1611-21 om 1625 was 1633-69

It selfe into the earth, and after comes
 (Having first made a naturall bridge, to passe
 For many leagues) farre greater then it was,
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore 45
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
 Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee
 Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see?
 What is't to us, alas, if there have beene
 An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin? 50
 Wee lose by't and as aged men are glad
 Being tastelesse growne, to joy in joyes they had,
 So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone
 Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you, 55
 Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue
 Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one
 One, whose cleare body was so pure and thunne,
 Because it need disguise no thought within 60
 'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'inroule,
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule
 One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd,
 As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate 65
 To which of them, it shall be consecrate
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
 Those new starres every Artist exercise,
 What place they should assigne to them they doubt,
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out 70
 So the world studied whose this peece should be,
 Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee
 But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
 Rather t'adorne, then last, she soone expir'd,
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie, 75

47 in't,] in't, 1612-21 in'ts, 1625 48 her, here 1611, 1612-25
 her, here, 1633 her here, 1635-69 58 one 1612-25 one, 1633-69
 64 worth] worke 1633 74 expir'd, 1633-69 expir'd, 1611, 1612-25
 75 integritie, 1633-69 integritie, 1611-25

For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye
 To scape th'infirmities which wait upon
 Woman, she went away, before sh'was one,
 And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
 Tooke so much death, as serv'd for *opium*, 80
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,
 She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie
 Hee which not knowing her said History,
 Should come to reade the booke of destiny,
 How faire, and chaste, humble, and high she'ad been, 85
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,
 And measuring future things, by things before,
 Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
 Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,
 Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke 90
 But 'tis not so, Fate did but usher her
 To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre
 Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty
 She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die
 Her modestie not suffering her to bee 95
 Fellow-Commissioner with Destinie,
 She did no more but die, if after her
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
 Every such person is her deligate,
 T'accomplish that which should have beene her Fate 100
 They shall make up that Booke and shall have thanks
 Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes
 For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
 Which from the gift of her example rise,
 And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth, 105
 To see how well the good play her, on earth

76 it doe 1611, 1612-25 it doth 1633-69 dye 1611, 1612-69 (*spelt*
die 1633-69) Chambers closes the sentence at 74 *expir'd and prints 75-7*
thus— Clothed in her virgin white integrity

—For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye—

To 'scape &c

83 said 1611, 1612-33 said 1635-69 94 tooke 1611, 1612-25
 tooke, 1633-69 98 prefer, 1611, 1612-25 prefer, 1633-69

OF THE P R O G R E S S · E OF THE SOULE.

Wherein,

By occasion of the Religious death of
MISTRISS ELIZABETH DRYRY,
the incommodities of the Soule in
this life, and her exaltation in
the next, are contemplated

The second Anniverfary.

The Harbinger to the P R O G R E S S E.

TWO Soules move here, and mine (a third) muſt move
Paces of admiration, and of love,
Thy Soule (deare virgin) whoſe this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively bliſſe,
And yet moves ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee 5
The worlds laſt day, thy glories full degree
Like as thoſe ſtarres which thou o'r-lookeſt farre,

Of the Progreſſe &c 1612-69 The ſecond Anniverſary 1612-69
(in 1612-21 it ſtands at head of page)

The Harbinger &c] In 1612-25 this poem printed in italics

Are

Are in their place, and yet still moved are
 No foule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
 It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way, 10
 Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
 So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow
 But now thou art as high in heaven flowne
 As heaven's from us, what soule besides thine owne
 Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate 15
 Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state?
 I envie thee (Rich soule) I envy thee,
 Although I cannot yet thy glory see
 And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast
 So fast, as none can follow thine so fast, 20
 So far, as none can follow thine so farre,
 (And if this flesh did not the passage barre
 Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
 Which long agoe hadst lost the vulgar fight,
 And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they 25
 Can see thee less'n'd in thine ayery way,
 So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne
 Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,
 From this worlds carcasse having mounted high
 To that pure life of immortalitie, 30
 Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
 That more may not beseeme a creatures praise,
 Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every yeare
 Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here,
 Still upward mount, and let thy Makers praise 35
 Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies
 And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
 Oh let her never stoope below the clouds
 And if those glorious fainted soules may know
 Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below, 40
 Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
 Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest

8 are] are 1612-25 12 that now] as now 1635-69, *Chambers* 27
 foule] soules 1612 28 owne, 1635-69 owne 1612-33 34 while]
 whilst 1669 35 upward] upwards 1612

O F
THE PROGRESSE
OF THE SOULE.

The second Anniverſarie

Nothing could make me ſooner to confeſſe
That this world had an everlaſtingneſſe,
Then to conſider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Luſtre, and the vigor of this All, 5
Did ſet, 'twere blaſphemie to ſay, did fall.
But as a ſhip which hath ſtrooke faile, doth runne
By force of that force which before, it wonne
Or as ſometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at thoſe two Red ſeas, which freely ranne, 10
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His ſoule be fail'd, to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twinckle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his ſoule,
He graſpes his hands, and he pulls up his feet, 15
And ſeemes to reach, and to ſtep forth to meet
His ſoule, when all theſe motions which we ſaw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw
Or as a Lute, which in moiſt weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her ſtrings 20
So ſtruggles this dead world, now ſhee is gone,
For there is motion in corruption

*The entrance*¹

¹ *The entrance* 1612-21 om 1625-33 no notes, 1635-69 5 All,
1612 all, 1625-69 10 Though] Through 1612-25 12 be fail'd,
he fail'd, 1621-33 13 twinckle] twincke 1625 20 ſtrings Ed
ſtrings 1612-69

As

As some daies are at the Creation nam'd,
 Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,
 So after this Sunne's fet, some shew appeares, 25
 And orderly vicissitude of yeares
 Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
 Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
 Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all
 Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall, 30
 Thou see'st me strive for life, my life shall bee,
 To be hereafter prais'd, for praying thee,
 Immortall Maid, who though thou would'st refuse
 The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
 A Father, since her chaste Ambition is, 35
 Yearely to bring forth such a child as this
 These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and so
 May great Grand children of thy prayes grow
 And so, though not revive, embalme and spice
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice 40
 For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
 Untill man doe but vanish, and not die
 These Hymnes thy issue, may encrease so long,
 As till Gods great *Venite* change the song
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule, 45
 And serve thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle
 Be thirstie still, and drinke still till thou goe
 To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique so
 Forget this rotten world, And unto thee
 Let thine owne times as an old storie bee 50
 Be not concern'd studie not why, nor when,
 Doe not so much as not beleieve a man
 For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,

A just dis-
estimation¹ of
this world

23 are *Ed* are, 1612-69 24 was fram'd, 1612-25 was fram'd
 1633-69 27 Deluge, 1612-25 deluge, 1633-69 29 all *Ed* all,
 1612-33 all, 1635-69 33 Maid, 1612-25, 1669 maid, 1633-54
 35 is, 1612-25 is 1633-69 43 thy] they 1621-25 issue,
 1612-33 issue 1635-69 See note ¹ *dise/estimation*] *estimation* 1625
 46 safe-sealing] safe-sealing 1621-39 47 goe] goe, 1612-25 48
 Health, 1612-33 Health, 1635-69, *Chambers* and *Grolier* so 1612-21
 so, 1625-69, *Chambers* and *Grolier* See note 50 bee *Ed* bee 1612-35
 bee, 1639-69 51 why, 1612-21 why 1625-69 nor] or 1669

Is far more businesse, then this world is worth
 The world is but a carkasse, thou art fed 55
 By it, but as a worme, that carkasse bred,
 And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more,
 When this world will grow better then before,
 Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon
 That carkasses last resurrection 60
 Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
 As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe
 To be thus stupid is Alacritie,
 Men thus Lethargique have best Memory
 Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state 65
 We now lament not, but congratulate
 Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,
 Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age
 Should be employ'd, because in all shee did,
 Some Figure of the Golden times was hid 70
 Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,
 Because shee was the forme, that made it live,
 Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it,
 Shee that first tried indifferent desires 75
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
 Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,
 As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd
 Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,
 (Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole, 80
 Shee, shee is gone, she is gone, when thou knowest this,
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought,
 He honors it too much that thinkes it nought
 Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome, 85
 Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death
 Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath, 90

*Contem-
 plation of our
 state in our
 death-bed*

57 more, 1612-25 more 1633-69 67 was but] twas but 1612-25
 81 Shee, shee 1621-25 Shee, shee 1633-69 82 is] is 1612-25

And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee
 Division, and thy happyest Harmonie
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke,
 And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,
 To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence 95
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence,
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it
 Thy Physicke, chide the slacknesse of the fit
 Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
 But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before, 100
 So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee
 Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
 And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust,
 Give one thy Pride, to'another give thy Lust
 Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before, 105
 And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score
 Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that they
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way
 Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,
 That they confesse much in the world, amisse, 110
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
 Which they from God, and Angels cover not
 Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
 They reinvest thee in white innocence
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low, 115
 Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,
 Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
 Wormes which insensibly devoure their State
 Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
 Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night 120
 Thinke these things cheerefully and if thou bee
 Drowfie or slacke, remember then that shee,
 Shee whose Complexion was so even made,
 That which of her Ingredients should invade

96 parch'd 1612-21, 1639-69 parch'd 1625 patch'd 1633-35 99
 knell,] knell 1633 101 So this, 1612-33 So, this 1635-69 103
 thrust,] trust, 1669 113 shroud] shourd 1621-25 116 exalted]
 exalted 1621 goe,] goe 1612-21 123 Complexion 1612-25
 complexion 1633-69 124 Ingredients 1612-25. ingredients 1633-69
 The

The other three, no Feare, no Art could gueffe 125
 So far were all remov'd from more or lesse
 But as in Mithridate, or iust perfumes,
 Where all good things being met, no one prefumes
 To governe, or to triumph on the rest,
 Only because all were, no part was best 130
 And as, though all doe know, that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,
 None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
 And say this is a line, or this a point,
 So though the Elements and Humors were 135
 In her, one could not say, this governes there
 Whose even constitution might have wonne
 Any disease to venter on the Sunne,
 Rather then her and make a spirit feare,
 That hee to disuniting subject were 140
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, th'are unstable, Circles, Angular,
 She who was such a chaine as Fate employes
 To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes,
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke, 145
 No Accident could threaten any linke,
 Shee, thee embrac'd a sicknesse, gave it meat,
 The purest blood, and breath, that e'r it eate,
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
 Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith, 150
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heaven was content to suffer violence,
 Yea though hee plead a long possession too,
 (For they're in heaven on earth who heavens workes do)
 Though hee had right and power and place, before, 155
 Yet Death must usher, and unlocke the doore
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my Soule, and thinke
 How thou at first wast made but in a finke,
 Thinke that it argued some infirmitie,

*Incommodities
 of the Soule in
 the Body*¹

134 a point, 1612-21 a point 1625 a point 1633-69 136 there
 1612-25 there, 1633-69 137 wonne] worne 1612-25 woon 1633*
 140 to 1612-25 too 1633-69 146 Accident 1612-25 accident
 1633-69 156 Death 1612-25 death 1633-69 ¹ Incommodities
 &c 1612-21 om 1625-33

That those two foules, which then thou foundst in me, 160
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both
 My second soule of sense, and first of growth
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious,
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poyson thus
 This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe 165
 My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
 Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now
 Thinke that no stubborne fullen Anchorit,
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit 170
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
 So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels
 Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie
 After, enabled but to suck, and crie
 Thinke, when'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore Inne, 175
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,
 And that usurp'd or threatned with the rage
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age
 But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy'expansion now, and libertie, 180
 Thinke that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne
 In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,
 And freely flies This to thy Soule allow,
 Thinke thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now
 And think this flow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave 185
 To'a body, and went but by the bodies leave,
 Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 Twixt heaven, and earth, she staves not in the ayre,
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare, 190
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th'ayres middle region be intense,

*Her liberty
by death*

161 thee, both 1612-25 thee both 1633-69 172 first-built
 1612-25 first built 1633-69 173 didst] dost 1669 177 the
 rage 1612-25 a rage 1633-69 179 Death 1612-25 death
 • 1633-69 181 Peece, discharg'd, 1612 Peece, discharg'd 1625 Peece
 discharg'd 1633 Peece discharg'd, 1635-69 183 This 1612-25 this
 1633-69 185 soule, 1612-21 soule 1625-69 187 Twenty,
 perchance,] Twentie, perchance 1625 Twenty perchance 1633-69

For

For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she past by such a place or no,
 She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie 195
 Whether in that new world, men live, and die
Venus retards her not, to'enquire, how shee
 Can, (being one starre) *Hesper*, and *Vesper* bee,
 Hee that charm'd *Argus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,
 Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye, 200
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne,
 Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard,
 Nor is by *Iove*, nor by his father barr'd,
 But ere she can consider how she went, 205
 At once is at, and through the Firmament
 And as these starres were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those Sphaeres, as through the beads, a string,
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing 210
 As doth the pith, which, left our bodies slacke,
 Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe,
 So by the Soule doth death string Heaven and Earth,
 For when our Soule enjoys this her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,) 215
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,
 As colours are, and objects, in a roome
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come
 This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee,
 To'advance these thoughts, remember then, that she, 220
 She, whose faire body no such prison was,
 But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe
 An age in her, she whose rich beauty lent
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went
 But for so much as they were like to her, 225
 Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre

197 *Venus*] no ital 1612-25, and so with *Hesper* &c retards] records
 1612-25 201 Who, if 1612-25 Who if 1633-69 204 barr'd,]
 bard, 1612-39 209 the] those 1669 214 her] om 1650-69
 219-20 text 1612-25 (but soul 1612-25, and then 1625 and shee 1612-25)

This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee,
 To'advance these thoughts, Remember then that she,
 1633-69, Chambers and Grolier See note
 This

258 *Of the Progresse of the Soule*

This low world, to so high a marke as shee,)
 The Westerne treasure, Easterne spicerie,
 Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest
 Were easily found, or what in them was best, 230
 And when w'have made this large discoverie
 Of all, in her some one part then will bee
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this,
 Shee, whom had they knowne who did first betroth 235
 The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
 To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,
 They would have given her one for every limbe, 240
 She, of whose soule, if wee may say, 'twas Gold,
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that, wee understood
 Her by her sight, her pure, and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought, 245
 That one might almost say, her body thought,
 Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone
 And chides us slow-pac'd snails who crawl upon
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,
 Longer, then whil't wee beare our brittle shell 250
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome,
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe
 Oppress'd with ignorance, wee still were so
 Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not, 255
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)
 By what way thou art made immortall, know 260
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend

*Her ignorance in
 this life
 and know-
 ledge in the
 next ¹*

231 discoverie] Discoverie 1612-25 232 Of all,] Of all 1612-25
 236 assign'd *Ed* assigned 1612-69 238 Dignities, 1612-25 dignities,
 1633-69 241 Gold, 1612-25 gold, 1633-69 243 understood]
 understood 1621-25 249 well,] well 1612-25 251 little] little 1633
¹ Her ignorance &c 1612-25 om 1633

Even thy selfe yea though thou wouldst but bend
 To know thy body Have not all foules thought
 For many ages, that our body's wrought
 Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements ? 265
 And now they thinke of new ingredients,
 And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
 Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay
 Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in
 The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne ? 270
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe ?
 And for the putrid stuffe, which thou dost spit,
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it ?
 There are no passages, so that there is 275
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances
 And of those many opinions which men raise
 Of Nailes and Haires, dost thou know which to praise ?
 What hope have wee to know our selves, when wee
 Know not the least things, which for our use be ? 280
 Wee see in Authors, too stuffe to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an Ant,
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact, 285
 How others on our stage their parts did Act,
 What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said
 Why grassie is greene, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe ? 290
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie ?
 Thou look'st through spectacles, small things seeme great
 Below, But up unto the watch-towre get,
 And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies 295
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,

265 Ayre, and Fire, 1612-25 are, and fire, 1633-69 266 in-
 ingredients, 1612 ingredients 1621-69 268 'tis] ty's 1612-21 270
 breake 1612 brake 1621-33 break 1635-69 287 said 1612-25 said,
 1633-69 291 Pedantry] Pedantry 1650-69 292 taught]
 thought 1612-25

Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne
 By circuit, or collections to discerne
 In heaven thou straight know'ft all, concerning it,
 And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget 300
 There thou (but in no other schoole) must bee
 Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,
 Shee who all libraries had throughly read
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practised
 So much good as would make as many more 305
 Shee whose example they must all implore,
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse,
 Are but a new, and worse edition
 Of her some one thought, or one action 310
 She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne
 Here upon earth, to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came,
 (In a far fairer print,) but read the same
 Shee, shee not satisfied with all this waight, 315
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone
 As well t'enjoy, as get perfection
 And calls us after her, in that shee tooke,
 (Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke 320
 Returne not, my Soule, from this extasie,
 And meditation of what thou shalt bee,
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
 With whom thy conversation must be there
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station 325
 Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
 Shalt thou not finde a spongie slacke Divine
 Drinke and sucke in th'instructions of Great men,
 And for the word of God, vent them agen? 330
 Are there not some Courts (and then, no things bee

*Of our com-
 pany in this
 life, and in
 the next*

300 shalt] shall 1612-25, 1669 308 all] are 1612-21 are 1625
 314 print,] point, 1612-33 323 earthly] early 1625 324 there]
 there, 1633-39 326 choose 1612-25 chose 1633-69 327 will not]
 will nor 1612-25 328 Divine 1612-25 Divine, 1633-69 329
 Great 1612-25 great 1633-69

So

So like as Courts) which, in this let us see,
 That wits and tongues of Libellers are weake,
 Because they do more ill, then these can speake?²
 The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect 335
 Chiefly the chiefeft parts, but some effect
 In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will show,
 So lyes the poyson of finne in the most low
 Up, up, my drowfie Soule, where thy new eare
 Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare, 340
 Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
 Joy in not being that, which men have said
 Where she is exalted more for being good,
 Then for her interest of Mother-hood
 Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer fit 345
 Expecting Christ, then they've enjoy'd him yet
 Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
 Their Prophecies growne to be Historie
 Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne
 All the Suns course, with more light then the Sunne 350
 Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
 Oyle to th'Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed
 Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
 They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
 If they to any should his Temple give 355
 Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
 She, who hath carried thither new degrees
 (As to their number) to their dignities
 Shee, who being to her selfe a State, injoy'd
 All royalties which any State employ'd, 360
 For shee made warres, and triumph'd, reason still
 Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will
 And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
 That beauty, and chastity together kisse
 She did high justice, for she crucified 365
 Every first motion of rebellious pride

333 wits 1612-25 wits, 1633-69 336 some] some, 1633
 338 lyes] wife 1612-25 353 thought] thoughts 1612-25 366
 rebellious] rebellions 1635-69

And she gave pardons, and was liberall,
 For, onely her selfe except, she pardon'd all
 Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impressions gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have 370
 She gave protections, the thoughts of her breft
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest
 As these prerogatives being met in one,
 Made her a foveraigne State, religion
 Made her a Church, and these two made her all 375
 She who was all this All, and could not fall
 To worfe, by company, (for she was still
 More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)
 Shee, shee doth leave it, and by Death, survive
 All this, in Heaven, whither who doth not strive 380
 The more, because shees there, he doth not know
 That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow
 But pause, my soule, And study, ere thou fall
 On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall
 Still before Accessories doe abide 385
 A triall, must the principall be tride
 And what essentiall joy can't thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move) 390
 Poore cousened cousenor, *that* she, and *that* thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now,
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday,
 Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay
 Nor are, (although the river keepe the name) 395
 Yesterdaies waters, and to daies the same
 So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now
 That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
 Concern'd, remanes, but whil't you thinke you bee
 Constant, you're hourelly in inconstancie 400

*Of essentiall
 joy in this
 life and in
 the next*

369 impressions 1612-25 rest impression 378 ill,)] last bracket dropped
 1612-33 380 whither] spelt whether 1612-33 383 study, 1635-69
 study 1612-33 391 *that* *that*] no italics 1612-25 397 eyes,
 1612-21 eyes 1625 eyes, 1633-69, Chambers See note 398 Saint,
 1612-25 Saint 1633-69 vow] row 1612-25 399 remanes,]
 remanes, 1612-25

Honour may have pretence unto our love,
 Because that God did live so long above
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
 That he at last made Creatures to bestow
 Honour on him, not that he needed it, 405
 But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit
 But since all Honours from inferiours flow,
 (For they doe give it, Princes doe but shew
 Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this
 On such opinions, and capacities 410
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse
 Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse
 Hath ever any man to'himselfe assign'd
 This or that happinesse to'arrest his minde,
 But that another man which takes a worfe, 415
 Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?
 They who did labour Babels tower to'erec't,
 Might have considered, that for that effect,
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow
 Nor furnish forth materialls enow, 420
 And that this Center, to raise such a place,
 Was farre too little, to have beene the Base,
 No more affords this world, foundation
 To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one
 But as the Heathen made them severall gods, 425
 Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
 Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and Warre)
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold
 To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old, 430
 And lost their only God, who ever must
 Be fought alone, and not in such a thrust

402 that] *in italics* 1633-69 404 Creatures 1612-25 creatures
 1633-69 416 Thinks] Thinke 1612-25 420 enow] enough 1633
 421 this 1612 his 1621-69 421-2 place, little, 1612 place little,
 1621-33 423 affords] affords 1612-25 world, foundation 1633-69
 worlds, foundatione 1612-25 426 Benefits Rods] capitals from
 1612-25 428 Warre] no capital 1612-39 429 that] the 1625
 So

So much mankinde true happineſſe miſtakes,
 No Joy enjoys that man, that many makes
 Then, Soule, to thy firſt pitch worke up againe, 435
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe,
 For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
 Twice the circumference, and be thou ſuch,
 Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emplot,
 All will not ſerve, Only who have enjoy'd 440
 The ſight of God, in fulneſſe, can thinke it,
 For it is both the object, and the wit
 This is eſſentiall joy, where neither hee
 Can ſuffer diminution, nor wee,
 'Tis ſuch a full, and ſuch a filling good, 445
 Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had ſtood
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,
 Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before
 She, who had Here ſo much eſſentiall joy,
 As no chance could diſtract, much leſſe deſtroy, 450
 Who with Gods preſence was acquainted ſo,
 (Hearing, and ſpeaking to him) as to know
 His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree,
 Better then when in Images they bee
 Who kept by diligent devotion, 455
 Gods Image, in ſuch reparation,
 Within hei heart, that what decay was growne,
 Was her firſt Parents fault, and not her owne
 Who being ſolicited to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his ſafe precontract, 460
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there,
 Whoſe twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day,
 Who dreamt devoutlier, then moſt uſe to pray,
 Who being here fil'd with grace, yet ſtrove to bee, 465
 Both where more grace, and more capacitie
 At once is given ſhe to Heaven is gone,
 Who made this world in ſome proportion

433 much] much, 1633-39 435 up] upon 1612-25 449 Here
 1612-25 here 1633-69 463 cleare,] cleane, 1635

A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall 470
 But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,
 Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much *Of acciden-*
 How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee? *tall joys in*
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee *both places*
 My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than, 475
 By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man
 When no Physitian of redresse can speake,
 A joyfull casuall violence may breake
 A dangerous Apostem in thy breast,
 And whil't thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest, 480
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee
 What e'r was casuall, may ever bee
 What should the nature change? Or make the same
 Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?
 All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say, 485
 Only by comming, that it can away
 Only in Heaven joyes strength is never spent,
 And accidentall things are permanent
 Joy of a soules arrivall ne'r decaies,
 For that soule ever joyes and ever staies 490
 Joy that their last great Consummation
 Approaches in the resurrection,
 When earthly bodies more celestiaall
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall,
 This kinde of joy doth every day admit 495
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that shee,
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,
 Doth injure her, ('Tis losse to be cal'd best,
 There where the stufte is not such as the rest) 500
 Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee
 Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee
 Made better, for shee rather was two soules,

475 My Lord] no italics 1612-25

482 What e'r] What eye 1612-25

501 even] ever 1625

477 redresse] Reders 1612-25

500 where] waere 1612 "

266 *Of the Progresse of the Soule*

Or like to full on both sides written Rols,
 Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin, 505
 As strong Records for God, as mindes within,
 Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
 Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so,
 Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
 Where shee receives, and gives addition 510
Conclusion Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
 A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names
 The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet
 And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
 Lawes of Religion have at least the same, 515
 Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name
 Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
 Thou here should'it make me a French convertite
 But thou would'it not, nor would'it thou be content,
 To take this, for my second yeares true Rent, 520
 Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,
 That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this
 Since his will is, that to posteritie,
 Thou should'it for life, and death, a patterne bee,
 And that the world should notice have of this, 525
 The purpose, and th'authoritie is his,
 Thou art the Proclamation, and I am
 The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came

506 within, *Ed* within, 1612-39 within 1650-69 516
 invoke] inroque 1612-25 518 French 1635-69 french 1612-33
 520 Rent] Rent 1633

EPICEDES AND OBSEQVIES

Vpon

The deaths of fundry Personages

*Elegie upon the untimely death of the incomparable
Prince Henry*

Looke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God,
For both my centers feele this period
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is,
And Reason is that center, Faith is this,
For into'our reason flow, and there do end 5
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference
But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare, 10
As is Gods essence, place and providence,
Where, how, when, what soules do, departed hence,
These things (eccentrique else) on faith do strike,
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike
For reason, put to her best extension, 15
Almost meetes faith, and makes both centers one
And nothing ever came so neare to this,
As contemplation of that Prince, wee misse
For all that faith might credit mankinde could,
Reason still seconded, that this prince would 20

Epicedes &c 1635-69 Elegie upon &c 1613, in the *Lachrymae
Lachrymarum &c of Joshua Sylvester* See note Elegie on Prince Henry
1633-54, O'F similarly, Cy, N, TCD An Elegie on the untimely &c 1669
8 man 1633-69 men 1613 17 neare] nere 1633 18 that 1633-69
the 1613 19 might credit 1633-69 could credit 1613

If

If then leaft moving of the center, make
 More, then if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
 What muſt this do, centers diſtracted ſo,
 That wee ſee not what to beleev'e or know?²
 Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee, 25
 Whoſe reputation was an extaſie
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
 Till hee diſcover'd what wayes he would take,
 For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
 Met a *Torpedo*, and were ſtupified, 30
 And others ſtudies, how he would be bent,
 Was his great fathers greateſt inſtrument,
 And activ ft ſpirit, to convey and tie
 This ſoule of peace, through Chriſtianity?³
 Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make 35
 This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
 And that his times might have ſtretch'd out ſo farre,
 As to touch thoſe, of which they emblems are?⁴
 For to confirme this juſt beleefe, that now
 The laſt dayes came, wee ſaw heav'n did allow, 40
 That, but from his aſpect and exerciſe,
 In peacefull times, Rumors of war did riſe
 But now this faith is hereſie we muſt
 Still ſtay, and vexe our great-grand-mother, Duſt
 Oh, is God prodigall? hath he ſpent his ſtore 45
 Of plagues, on us, and onely now, when more
 Would eaſe us much, doth he grudge miſery,
 And will not let's enjoy our curſe, to dy?⁵
 As, for the earth throwne loweſt downe of all,
 T'were an ambition to deſire to fall, 50
 So God, in our deſire to dye, doth know
 Our plot for eaſe, in being wretched ſo

21 moving 1633-69 movings 1613 22 ſhake, 1650-69 ſhake
 1633-39 26 extaſie *Ed* extaſie, 1633-69 31 bent, *Ed* bent,
 1613, 1633-69 34 through 1613-33 to 1635-69 Chriſtianity?³
 1669 Chriſtianity 1633-54 42 did 1633 ſhould 1613, 1635-69
 44 great-grand-mother, 1613 greatgrand mother, 1633 greatgrand-mother,
 1635-69 46 us,] us, 1633 48 to dy? *Ed* to dy 1633 to die!
 1635-54 no ſtop, 1669

Therefore we live, though such a life wee have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave
 What had his growth, and generation done, 55
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 Sustaines in us, Earth, which griefes animate?
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that
 And could grieve get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire 60
 (With grieve to see him) hee had staide below,
 To rectifie our errours, They foreknow
 Is th'other center, Reason, faster then?
 Where should we looke for that, now we're not men?
 For if our Reason be'our connexion 65
 Of causes, now to us there can be none
 For, as, if all the substances were spent,
 'Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,
 So is't to looke for reason, hee being gone,
 The onely subject reason wrought upon 70
 If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links
 Industrious man discerneth, as hee thinks,
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in
 A new linke, man knowes not, where to begin
 At a much deader fault must reason bee, 75
 Death having broke off such a linke as hee
 But now, for us, with busie prooffe to come,
 That we have no reason, would prove wee had some
 So would just lamentations Therefore wee
 May safely say, that we are dead, then hee 80
 So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,
 We have double excuse, he's not dead, and we are
 Yet I would not dy yet, for though I bee

57 animate?] animate, 1633 66 Of 1633-69 With 1613 67
 as, 1613 as 1633-69 69 So is't to] So is' to 1669 71 Fate
 1633-69 Faith 1613 72 thinks, Ed thinks, 1613, 1633-69 73
 come, 1633-69 joine, 1613 so steale in 1633-69 to steal-in 1613
 77 prooffe 1633-69 prooffes 1613 78 some 1633 some, 1635-69
 80 hee 1633 hee, 1635-69 82 and we are 1633-54 we are 1613,
 1669 83 I would not 1633-54 would not I 1669

Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,
 (Our Soules best baiting, and midd-period, 85
 In her long journey, of confidering God)
 Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us
 Oh may I, (since I live) but see, or heare,
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare, 90
 I pardon Fate, my life Who ere thou bee,
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art shee,
 I conjure thee by all the charmes he spoke,
 By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,
 By all the soules yee figh'd, that if you see 95
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history
 So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angell, finging what you were

To the Countesse of Bedford

MADAME,

I Have learn'd by those lawes wherein I am a¹ little conversant,
 that hee which bestowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him
 which is dead, but not the² heire, I do not therefore send this
 paper to your Ladyship, that you should thanke mee for it, or
 thinke that I thanke you in it, your favours and benefits to mee
 are so much above my merits, that they are even above my
 gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must expresse
 it But, Madame, since your noble brothers fortune being yours,
 the evidences also concerning it are yours,³ so his vertue⁴ being
 yours, the evidences concerning it,⁵ belong also to you, of which by
 your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly
 present it, and as a testimony how intirely your familie possesseth

Your Ladiships most humble
 and thankfull servant

JOHN DONNE

91 Who Ed who 1633-69 92 shee, 1633-69 she Chambers
 97 So much, as you, 1633-69 So, much as you Chambers
 To the Countesse &c 1633-69, and in most of the MSS as next page ¹ a
 1633-54 om 1669 ² the his 1669 ³ yours, 1633 yours 1635-69
⁴ vertue 1633 vertues 1635-69 ⁵ it, 1633 that 1635-69

*Obsequies to the Lord Harrington, brother to the
Lady Lucy, Countesse of Bedford*

FAire foule, which waft, not onely, as all foules bee,
Then when thou waft infused, harmony,
But did'ft continue fo, and now doft beare
A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare
If looking up to God, or downe to us, 5
Thou finde that any way is pervious,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, mee to that good degree
Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee, 10
And, by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,
And so can make by this soft extasie,
This place a map of heav'n, my selfe of thèe
Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest, 15
Times dead-low water, when all mindes devest
To morrows businesse, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this,
Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is 20
To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them than
Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,
Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,
Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone 25
As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,

Obsequies to *Cc B, S96 and similarly A25, C, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O F, S, TCD* Obsequies to the Lord Harringtons brother To the Countesse of Bedford 1633-54 Obsequies on the Lord Harrington, &c To the Countess of Bedford 1669 7 mans 1633, *D, H49* mens 1635-69 and most MSS 11 these 1633-69 those *B, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, TCD* 15 midnight, now 1633-69 midnight, now *Chambers* midnight now, *Groher* 26 that Sunne] this Sunne *N, TCD*

All the world growes transparent, and I see
 Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee,
 And, I discerne by favour of this light,
 My selfe, the hardest object of the fight 30
 God is the glasse, as thou when thou dost see
 Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,
 So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
 All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end
 Though God be our true glasse, through which we see 35
 All, since the beeing of all things is hee,
 Yet are the trunkes which doe to us derive
 Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
 Deeds of good men, for by their living here,
 Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare 40
 But where can I affirme, or where arrest
 My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
 For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,
 Nor can endure a contemplation
 As bodies change, and as I do not weare 45
 Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
 And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
 That drop, which I looked on, is presently
 Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone,
 So in this sea of vertues, can no one 50
 Bee'insisted on, vertues, as rivers, passe,
 Yet still remaines that vertuous man there was
 And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another owe,

30 hardest] hardiest 1669 34 end *D* end, 1633-69 35 our
 true glasse, 1633-69 (glasse, 1633) truly our glasse *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
N, O, F, S, S96, TCD see] see 1633 some copies, 1635 38 Things, in
 proportion fit, by perspective, *D* Things, in proportion fit by perspective,
 1633 Things, in proportion, fit by perspective, 1635-54, *Chambers* Things
 in proportion, fit by perspective, 1669 See note 39 men, *D* men,
 1633 men 1635-69 living 1633 beeing 1635-69, *Chambers and*
Grolier 40 neare 1635-69 nere, 1633 44 contemplation *Ed*
 contemplation, 1633-69 51 on, *Ed* on, 1633-69 52 was *Ed*
 was, 1633-69 53 feed 1635-69 and *MSS* feeds 1633

Yet at the laſt two perfect bodies riſe, 55
 Becauſe God knowes where every Atome lyes,
 So, if one knowledge were made c^t all thoſe,
 Who knew his minutes well, hee might diſpoſe
 His vertues into names, and ranks, but I
 Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Deſtine, 60
 Should I divide and diſcontinue ſo,
 Vertue, which did in one intireneſſe grow
 For as, hee that would ſay, ſpirits are fram'd
 Of all the pureſt parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not ſpirits halfe ſo much, as hee 65
 Which ſayes, they have no parts, but ſimple bee,
 So is't of vertue, for a point and one
 Are much entirer then a million
 And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,
 It would have let him live to have beene old, 70
 So, then that vertue in ſeaſon, and then this,
 We might have ſeene, and ſaid, that now hē is
 Witty, now wiſe, now temperate, now juſt
 In good ſhort lives, vertues are faine to thruſt,
 And to be ſure betimes to get a place, 75
 When they would exerciſe, lacke time, and ſpace
 So was it in this perſon, forc'd to bee
 For lack of time, his owne epitome
 So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch 80
 As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,
 Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
 Wee cannot thinke, now hee is at the Sunne,
 Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth
 run,

63 would 1633 ſhould 1635-69 69 to have his 1633, *A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S* 596, *FCD* to have had his 1635-69, *O'F, Chambers* 70
 old, *Ed* old, 1633-39 old 1650-69 71 So, then that *Ed* So then,
 that 1633 So, then, that 1635-69 76 exerciſe] exerciſe 1633 *some*
copies encrease *D, H49, Lec* exerciſe they *S* lacke 1633-54 laſt
 1669 time] room *A25, B, JC, O'F, S, S96, TCD* 78 epitome *D*
 epitome 1633-69 80 Chronicles] Chronicles 1669 can touch]
 can touch, 1633 84 he] *om* 1669, *O'F*

Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire 85
 To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire,
 And as this Angell in an instant knowes,
 And yet wee know, this sodaine knowledge growes
 By quick amassing severall formes of things,
 Which he successively to order brings, 90
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe
 So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not fo,
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
 Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see 95
 And lay together every A, and B,
 So, in short liv'd good men, is not understood
 Each severall vertue, but the compound good,
 For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
 As Angells goe, and know, and as men read 100
 O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
 Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee 105
 Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
 In the most large extent, through every path,
 Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath 110
 Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have
 (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
 All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all
 The endlesnesse of the equinoctiall,
 Yet, when we come to measure distances, 115
 How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,

86 Aire, 1669 Aire 1633-35 Air, 1639-54 87 instant]
 instant, 1633 98 good, *Ed* good 1633-69 102 this *A25*,
B, C, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, S, TCD the 1633-69 tempests *A25, D, H49*,
JC, N, S96, TCD tempest 1633-69, *O'F, S* 106 death, *Ed* death
 1633-69 110 man] man, 1633 hath] hath, 1633 some copies, 1635-39
 When

When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,
 Onely great circles, than can be our scale
 So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
 All, tending to thy endlesse happineffe, 120
 And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
 Both how to live well young, and how to die,
 Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
 Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice, 125
 Zeales agues, and hydroptique avarice,
 Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust, and ignorance of youth,
 Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to doe? 130
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
 Whose *hand* gets shaking palsies, and whose *string*
 (His finewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the spring,
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flye*, 135
 Either beates not, or beates unevenly,
 Whose voice, the *Bell*, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,
 Or idle, 'as men, which to their last houres come,
 If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will, 140
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then wee follow all, or follow none
 Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'mploy their time,
 An error doth more harme, being generall, 145
 When, small clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall,

117 When when 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* Where where *rest of MSS*
 118 circles, than can *D* circles, then, can 1633-69 121 it] that *many*
MSS 125 ambitions,] ambition, 1669 126 agues, *Ed* agues,
 1633-69 127-8 in *brackets* 1635-69 128 As well as lust, 1669
 As well, as lust 1633-54 130 tell us 1633, 1669, *A25, D, H49, N, S,*
ICD set us 1635-54, *B, O' F, S96, and Chambers* 133 *hand* gets *A25,*
B, C, D, H49, JC, N, S, TCD hands get 1633-54 hands gets 1669 See
note 135 *flye*, 1633 *flee*, 1635-69 138 houres come, 1633-54 hour
 come, 1669 hours are come, *Chambers* 142 none 1635-69 none,
 1633 146 fall, *Ed* fall 1633-69

So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the State relie
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a foule,
 A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule, 150
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Disorderd, stay here, as a generall
 And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
 O why wouldst thou be any instrument 155
 To this unnaturall course, or why consent
 To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,
 That when the ebbs, longer then flowings be,
 Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out, then flow in? 160
 Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath,
 All is at once funke in the whirle-poole death
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee
 Now I grow sure, that if a man would have 165
 Good companie, his entry is a grave
 Mee thinks all Cities, now, but Anthills bee,
 Where, when the severall labourers I see,
 For children, house, Provision, taking paine,
 They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain, 170
 And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
 The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich
 There is the best concourse, and confluence,
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
 Begins Gods City, New Jerusaleme, 175
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them
 At that gate then Triumphant foule, dost thou
 Begin thy Triumph, But since lawes allow

154 great] grave *A25, C* 155 wouldst] wouldst 1639-54 any
 1633-35, and *MSS* an 1639-69, *Chambers* 158 when 1633-69
 where *C, D, H49, N, O'F, S, TCD* whereas *B* 161 was 1633 were
 1635-69 165 grow sure, 1633, *D, H49, Lec* am sure, 1635-69 170
 and 1633-69 or *A25, B, C, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD* 176 them *D* them,
 1633, 169-69 them, 1635 178 Triumph, 1633 Triumph 1635-69
 That

That at the Triumph day, the people may,
 All that they will, gainst the Triumpher say, 180
 Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
 My grieffe, though not to make thy Triumph lesse
 By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
 Till they as Magistrates get victorie,
 Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield, 185
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
 And so in that capacitie remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love, 190
 Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance, 195
 But till thou should'st successefully advance
 Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are
 Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
 (For, both these engines equally defeate,
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,) 200
 Till then thy War was but a civill War,
 For which to Triumph, none admitted are
 No more are they, who though with good successe,
 In a defensive war, their power expresse,
 Before men triumph, the dominion 205
 Must be *enlarg'd*, and not *preserv'd* alone,
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in,
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate, 210

184 victorie, *Ed* victorie, 1633-69 186 brought] wrought 1639,
Chambers 192 usurp'dst *B, D, H49, N, TCD* usurp'st 1633, *Lec, S96*
 usurpe 1635-69, *A25, JC, O'F, Chamlers* 193 Then 1635-69 That
 1633 198 acclamations 1669, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD*
 acclamation 1633-54 202 are *D* are, 1633-69 204 expresse,
Ed expresse 1633-69

(Which

(Which is thy foule and body) as intire
 As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
 But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe,
 Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
 Hath got, by getting thee, then't had before? 216
 For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
 Of one another in possession were
 But this from Triumph most disables thee,
 That, that place which is conquered, must bee 220
 Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
 Of imminent commotions to breake out
 And hath he left us so? or can it bee
 His territory was no more then Hee?
 No, we were all his charge, the Diocis 225
 Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
 And he was joyned in commision
 With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one
 But though this freedome to upbraid, and chide
 Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd 230
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave,
 Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
 At that authoritie, by which he got
 Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might, 235
 So, though, triumphant foule, I dare to write,
 Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,
 That thou so earely wouldst abandon us,
 Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
 With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute 240
 Prerogative hath thus dispen'd with thee,
 'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugnere bee

²¹² endeavours, 1633-54, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96,
 TCD Indentours, 1669, Chambers ²¹⁶ 'thad] t'had 1633-39 ²¹⁸
 were D were, 1633-69 ²²² out 1635-69 out 1633 ²²⁴
 His 1633-54 This 1669 then 1633-69 but D, H49, N, O'F, S, S96,
 TCD ²³¹ reference] reverence 1650-54 ²³⁹ I am] am I B,
 O'F, S, S96 ²⁴¹ with 1633-69, O'F for A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TCD
 Of

Of early triumphs, And I (though with paine)
 Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine
 Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit, 245
 That all men should lacke thee, then thou lack it
 Though then in our time, be not suffered
 That testimonie of love, unto the dead,
 To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
 As Saxon wives, and French foldurū did, 250
 And though in no degree I can expresse
 Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse,
 Who at his friends death, made whole townes deuest
 Their walls and bullwarks which became them best
 Doe not, faire foule, this sacrifice refuse, 255
 That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,
 Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being cast
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last

Elegie on the Lady Marckham

MAN is the World, and death th'Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
 God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend, 5
 And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend
 Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent,
 Our waters, then, above our firmament,
 (Teares which our Soule doth for her fins let fall)
 Take all a brackish taft, and Funerall, 10

247 time,] times, 1669, B, JC, O'F, N, S, S96, TCD 250 foldurū D,
 H49, Lec foldurū 1633-69 251 expresse] expresse, 1633 257
 Who, 1633 Which, 1639-69
 Elegie &c 1633-54 An Elegie &c 1669 similarly, A18, A25, B,
 C, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC 6 And breaks
 1633-54 To break 1669 bankes D, Cy, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P,
 TCC bounds A25, C banke, 1633-69, N (s added), TCD 8 firmament,
 firmament 1633 10 Funerall, Ed Funerall 1633-69

And

And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin
 We, after Gods *Noe*, drowne our world againe
 Nothing but man of all inuvenom'd things
 Doth worke upon it selfe, with inborne stings
 Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see 15
 Through passions mist, what wee are, or what shee
 In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
 But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
 And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
 So is her flesh refin'd by deaths cold hand 20
 As men of China, after an ages stay,
 Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay,
 So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,
 Of which this flesh was, her foule shall inspire 25
 Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
 Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,
 Make and name then, th'Elixir of this All
 They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too,
 If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe 30
 Ufurpe the body, our foule, which subject is
 To th'elder death, by finne, is freed by this,
 They perish both, when they attempt the just,
 For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths dust
 So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both, 35
 For, none to death finnes, that to finne is loth,
 Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die,
 So hath she this, and that virginity

11 these *D, H49, Lec* those 1633-69 12 after Gods *Noe*, drowne
 1633-54 (*No*, 1635-54) after God, new drown 1669 our world
 1669, *B, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD* the world 1633-54, *A18*,
A25, JC, TCC 16 mist] mistes *Cy, L74, N, TCD* 19 embroder'd
 1635-54 embroderd 1633 embroide'd 1669 21 stay, *Ed* stay
 1633-69 25 which *Ed* which, 1633-69 28 then, 1633
 then 1635-39 them 1650-69 34 and both deaths dust *Ed*
 and both Deaths' dust *Grolier* and both, deaths dust 1633 and both
 death's dust 1635-69 and *Chambers* and both dead dust *D, Cy, H40*,
H49, JC, Lec, S96 See note 36 loth, *Ed* loth 1633-69 37
 die, *Ed* die, 1633-69

Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent 40
 Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,
 How little payson cracks a christall glasse!
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie, 45
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
 Making omiffions, acts, laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such
 As *Moses* Cherubines, whose natures doe
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too 50
 So would her foule, already in heaven, seeme then,
 To clyme by teares, the common staires of men
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speake, that Death his vaine haift may repent
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet, 55
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parts of friendship bee,
 How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,
 Left they that heare her vertues, thinke her old 60
 And left we take Deaths part, and make him glad
 Of such a preye, and to his tryumph adde

42 cracks 1633-69, *A25, Cy, P* (crackt) beakes *A18, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC* glasse! *Ed* glasse? 1633-69 44-5 omitted in 1633 between foot of one page and top of next 45 rarefie, rectify, *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S96* 48 sometimes 1633 and *MSS* sometime 1635-69, and *Chambers* 52 teares, tears *Chambers* the men in brackets *A18, N, TC* 54 Death *D* death 1633-69 58 women 1635-69, *A18, A25, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TC* woman 1633, *Cy* parts] parte *Cy, JC* This line written in large letters in several *MSS* 60 vertues, 1633-35, 1669 vertue 1639-54 thinke] thinks 1639 old *Ed* old 1633-69 62 tryumph 1633-69, *A25, D, H40, Lec* triumphes *A18, B, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC*

Elegie on M^{rs} Boulstred

DEath I recant, and say, unsaid by mee
 What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee
 Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,
 That any can thy Summons disobey
 Th'earths face is but thy Table, there are set 5
 Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate
 In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes
 Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more waft,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last 10
 Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not,
 But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot
 Nor will this earth serve him, he sinkes the deepe
 Where harmelesse fish monastique silence keepe,
 Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand, 15
 Might sponge that element, and make it land
 He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes
 In birds (Heavens choristers,) organique throats,
 Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee
 A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie 20
 O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
 And how without Creation didst begin?
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
 All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist
 How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now 25
 In all this All, nothing else is, but thou
 Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee
 Waftfull consumptions, and degrees of thee

Elegie on M^{rs} Boulstred 1633-69, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD* in *Cy, O'F, P* this and the Elegie, Death, be not proud (*p* 416) are given as one poem See note 5 there are set] and the meate *A18, L74, N, TC* 6 dishes 1633, 1650-69 dish'd 1635-39, *A18, L74, N, O'F, S96, TC* 10 first,] fruite or frutes *A18, H49, L74, N, TC* first fruit *P* 14 keepe, 1635-39 keepe 1633, 1650-69 15 by Roes 1633 the Roes 1635-54 the Rows 1669 by rows *A18, N, O'F, P, S96, TC* 18 birds *Ed* birds, 1633-69 (Heavens choristers)] brackets from *HN* 27 lives, 1635-69, *A25, Cy, O'F, P, S* lifes, *HN* life, 1633, *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC*

For,

For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
 Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death 30
 And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
 All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne 35
 One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own
 She was more stories high hopelesse to come
 To her Soule, thou' hast offer'd at her lower roome
 Her Soule and body was a King and Court
 But thou hast both of Captaine mist and fort 40
 As houses fall not, though the King remove,
 Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above
 Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place
 As sinne insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
 Both worke a separation, no divorce 45
 Her Soule is gone to usher up her corse,
 Which shall be'almost another soule, for there
 Bodies are purer, then best Soules are here
 Because in her, her virtues did outgoe
 Her yeares, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so? 50
 And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost
 Of beauty, and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?
 What though thou found'st her prooffe 'gainst sins of
 youth?
 Oh, every age a diverse sinne purfueth
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold, 55
 Shortly, ambitious, covetous, when old,
 She might have prov'd and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition

34 to thee 1633 for thee 1635-69 35 thou hast 1633-69 hast
 thou HN 36 blow] blow 1633 41 King 1633, A18, A25, B, C, y,
 D, H49, HN, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC Kings 1635-69 45 worke 1633-69,
 HN, O'F, S workes A18, C, y, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC makes Lec See
 note 56 Shortly,] Shortly 1633 ambitious, 1635-69 ambitious,
 1633

If all her vertues muſt have growne, yet might
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight 60
 Had ſhe perfever'd juſt, there would have bin
 Some that would finne, miſ-thinking ſhe did finne
 Such as would call her friendſhip, love, and faire
 To ſociableneſſe, a name profane,
 O! finne, by tempting, or, not daring that, 65
 By wiſhing, though they never told her what
 Thus might'ſt thou have ſlain more ſoules, had'ſt thou not
 croſt
 Thy ſelfe, and to triumph, thine army loſt
 Yet though theſe wayes be loſt, thou haſt left one,
 Which is, immoderate griefe that ſhe is gone 70
 But we may ſcape that finne, yet weepe as much,
 Our teares are due, becauſe we are not ſuch
 Some teares, that knot of friends, her death muſt coſt,
 Becauſe the chaine is broke, though no linke loſt

ELEGIE

Death

Language thou art too narrow, and too weake
 To eaſe us now, great ſorrow cannot ſpeake,
 If we could ſigh out accents, and weepe words,
 Griefe weares, and leſſens, that tears breath affords

62 miſ-thinking] miſtaking *Cy, HN, O'F* (but altered to text) 64
 profane, 1669 profane, 1635-54 profane 1633 74 though 1635-69,
A18, A25, HN, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC but 1633, *D, H40, H49, Lec*
Here follow in 1635-54 By our firſt ſuange (*p* 111), Madame, That I
 (*p* 291), and Death be not proud, (*p* 422) In 1669 My Fortune and
 (*p* 292) *precedes* Madame, That I
 Elegie 1633 Elegie XI Death 1635-54 (being placed among the Elegies)
 Elegie XI 1669 An Elegie upon the death of M^{rs} Boulſtied *A18, B,*
Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD no title, *HN* 2 ſorrow 1633,
B, Cy, H40, HN, L74, N, P, TC ſorrowes 1635-69, *O'F, S*

Sad

Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are, 5
 (So guiltiest men stand mute at the barre)
 Not that they know not, feelee not their estate,
 But extreme sence hath made them desperate
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee,
 Tyrant, in the fift and greatest Monarchy, 10
 Was't, that shee did possesse all hearts before,
 Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perishe th'innocent?
 Was't not enough to have that palace wonne, 15
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
 For they let out more light, then they tooke in,
 They told not when, but did the day beginne 20
 Shee was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee,
 Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be,
 Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake,
 Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?
 And if wee be thy conquest, by her fall 25
 Th'haft lost thy end, for in her perishe all,
 Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
 They know her better now, that knew her well
 If we should vapour out, and pine, and die,
 Since, shee first went, that were not miserie 30
 Shee chang'd our world with hers, now shee is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression,
 For of all morall vertues shee was all,
 The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall

8 desperate *Ed* desperate, 1633-69 10 Tyrant, 1633, 1669
 (no comma) Tyran, 1635-54 20 beginne *Ed* beginne, 1633-69
 21 for 1635-69 to 1633 26 for in her 1633 and all the MSS in
 her we 1635-69, *Chambers* 28 They that well, 1633, *Cy*, *H40*,
HN, *L74*, *N*, *S* *TC* That know her better now, who knew her well
 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *P*, *S* 96 29 and pine, and] or pine, or *Cy*, *H40*, *HN*,
O'F, *P*, *S*, *S* 96 or pine, and *L74*, *TCC* 30 miserie *Ed* miserie,
 1633-69 34 The Ethicks speake 1633, *Ar8*, *Cy*, *H40*, *L74*, *N*, *P*, *TC*
 That Ethickes speake 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S* The ethenickes speake *HN*
 Cardinall *Ed* Cardinall, 1633-69

Her foule was Paradise, the Cherubin 35
 Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne
 Shee had no more then let in death, for wee
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree
 God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, 40
 And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,
 To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is,
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay
 Wee had had a Saint, have now a holiday
 Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, 45
 Religion, did not consume, but inspire
 Such piety, so chaste use of Gods day,
 That what we turne to *feast*, she turn'd to *pray*,
 And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
 The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last 50
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)
 Her body left with us, lest some had said,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead,
 For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautifullnesse, 55
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesse
 The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*, and the tree
 That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond, 60
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part
 Of griefe, for all would waste a Stoicks heart

36 that kept out] to keep out *HN, P* sinne *Ed* sinne, 1633-69
 37 She had no more, then let in death for we 1669 38 tree *Ed*
 tree, 1633-69 41-2 And when we see his mercy shewne in this
 'Twill *Sc S* 44 holiday *Ed* holiday, 1633-69 *All the MSS*
 omit have, but *O'F* inserts it later 48 That what 1633-69 That
 when *HN* turne] turn'd *Cy, HN, P, S, 96* to *feast*, *Ed* to feast,
 1633-69 feast] feasts *L74, N, O'F, TC* to *pray* *Ed* to play,
 1633-69 50 last] last, 1633 53 Her body left 1633, *A18, HN,*
N, TC Her bodie's left 1635-69 56 fram'd] fram'd *Cy, P* form'd
H40, HN 57 wooes] woes 1633 be] be, 1633 58 *All the*
MSS omit a before *Lemnia*, but *O'F* inserts 61 sad glad 1633-69
 glad sad *B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, P, S, 96* 62 waste 1633, *A18, Cy, H40,*
HN, L74, N, P, TC breake 1635-69, *B, O'F*

Elegie on the L C

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way
 Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey
 This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus
 'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve, 5
 And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve
 'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
 That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store
 Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree,
 If to a paradise that transplanted bee, 10
 Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
 Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
 As we for him dead though no familie
 Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare 15
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share
 Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him, he gaine now
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
 If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew
 All vertues, whose names subtle Schoolmen knew 20
 What ease, can hope that wee shall see him, beget,
 When wee must die first, and cannot dye yet?
 His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
 Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he
 Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone, 25
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone

Elegie &c 1635-69, following Death be not proud (p 422) Elegie,
 Funerall Elegie, or no title, B, Cy, HN, O'F, S96 Elegie VI (being placed
 among the Elegies) 1633 Elegie (being eighth among Elegies) D, H49, Lec
 Elegia tertia S Elegie XIII^a JC, W 1 who 1633-39 that 1650-69
 2 prey 1633 prey, 1635-54 Pay 1669 4 thus 1669 thus, 1633-54
 13 dead 1633-69 dead HN, Grolier 16 Venture their states] Venter
 estates B share D, H49, Lec, W share 1633 share, 1635-69, Chambers
 and Grolier See note 17 him,] him, 1633 20 names] name 1635-69
 knew Ed knew, 1635-69 24 he 1650-69 he, 1633-39

An

*An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquess
Hamylton*

To Sir Robert Carr

S I R,

I Prefume you rather try what you can doe in me, then what I can doe in verse, you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it bee not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice If you had commanded mee to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity, But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loath to doe, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and
servant in Christ Iesus

I D

WHether that soule which now comes up to you
Fill any former ranke or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it selfe, and order more

An hymne *c* 1633-69, in all of which it is classed with the Divine Poems, following Resurrection In 1635-69 it is preceded by the letter To Sir Robert Carr in 1633 the letter follows, and has no heading similarly in A18, OF, TCC See note 2 verse, 1635-69 verse, 1633 3 best] at the best A18, TCC subjects 1635-69 subjects, 1633 subject, A18, TCC 6-7 of him sacrifice 1635-69 of you nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice 1633 of him, nor of you, nor of anye, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice A18, ICC 9 the 1635-69 your 1633, A18, TCC more] much 1633 10 loath] loather 1633 in Christ Iesus] om A18, TCC

1 Whether] Whither 1633, and so in 3 2 new, Ed new, 1633-69
Then

Then was in heaven till now, (for may not hee 5
 Bee so, if every severall Angell bee
 A *kind* alone?) What ever order grow
 Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not so
 One of your orders growes by his accessse,
 But, by his losse grow all our *orders* lesse, 10
 The name of *Father, Master, Friend*, the name
 Of *Subject* and of *Prince*, in one are lame,
 Faire mirth is damp't, and conversation black,
 The *household* widdow'd, and the *garter* slack,
 The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue, 15
Story, a theame, and *Musicke* lacks a song,
 Bleft *order* that hath him! the losse of him
 Gangreend all *Orders* here, all lost a limbe
 Never made body such haft to confesse
 What a soule was, All former comelineesse 20
 Fled, in a minute, when the soule was gone,
 And, having lost that beauty, would have none,
 So fell our *Monasteries*, in one instant growne
 Not to lesse houfes, but, to heapes of stone,
 So sent this body that faire forme it wore, 25
 Unto the speare of formes, and doth (before
 His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,)
 Anticipate a Resurrection,
 For, as in his fame, now, his soule is here,
 So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there 30
 And if, faire soule, not with first *Innocents*
 Thy station be, but with the *Pœnitents*,
 (And, who shall dare to aske then when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,

6 so,] fo' 1633 7 alone?) 1635-54 alone,) 1633 alone) 1669
 8 fo *Ed* fo, 1633-69 12 are 1633, *A18, TCC* is 1635-69, O'F
 16 song, 1633 song 1635-69 17 him! *Ed* him, 1633-69 18
 Gangreend 1635-69 Gangred 1633 limbe 1633-35 limbe 1639-69
 22 none, *Ed* none 1650-69 none, 1633-39 23 one instant 1633
 an instant 1635-69 25 this 1633, *A18, TCC* his 1635-69 29
 For, as in his 1633-39 For, as it his 1650-54 For, as it is his 1669
 30 there *Ed* there, 1633-39 there, 1650-69

35

40

36 in eyes] in the eyes $A18, O'F, TCC$

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH

ON HIMSELFE

To the Countesse of Bedford

MADAME,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
And for my fame which I love next my foule,
Next to my foule provide the happiest roome,
Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie

5

My fortune and my will this custome breake,
When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside see what thou art now
Yet th'art not yet so good, till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,
Parents make us earth, and foules dignifie
Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie,
Whilst in our foules sinne bred and pampered is,
Our foules become worme-eaten Carkasses

10

15

Epitaph *B, D, H40, H49* On himselfe 1635-69 To the
Countesse of Bedford *O'F, S96* no heading, and epistle only, *A25, C*
The introductory epistle, and the first ten lines of the epitaph, the whole with
heading Elegie, is printed 1635-54 among the Funerall Elegies The full
epitaph without epistle and with heading On himselfe is included among
the Divine Poems, where it follows the Lamentations of Jeremy In
his note Chambers (II 234) reverses these facts In 1669 On himselfe
is transferred to the Funerall Elegies and is followed immediately by the
Elegie, i.e. the epistle and incomplete epitaph They are here given for the
first time in a separate group 5 Others by Wills 1635-69 Others by
testaments *A25, C, O'F* (altered to wills), *S96* Men by testament *B*
Then by testament *H40* O then by testament *D, H49* 10 now
1650-69 now, 1635-39 12 there, 1635, 1669 thee, 1639-54

Omnibus

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,
 When we are speechlesse grown, to make stoncs speake,
 Though no stonc tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my graves inside seest what thou art now
 Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay 5
 To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay
 Parents make us earth, and foules dignifie
 Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie
 Whilst in our foules finne bred and pamper'd is,
 Our foules become wormeaten carkases, 10
 So we our felves miraculously destroy
 Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy
 Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
 Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale
 Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me, 15
 By making me being dead, doe good to thee,
 And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-ficke houre to syllables allow

Omnibus *D, H49* To all *H40, RP31* Another on the same (i.e. *Mrs Boulfred*) *P* On himselfe 1635-69 no title, *B, S96* in *MSS* this complete epitaph follows the epistle (p 291), but in *B* they are separated by various poems and in *P* the epistle is not given 3 tell] tel 1635
 4 seest] see *D, H49* compare incomplete version 5 Yet 1635-69
 Nay *S96* thou'art *Ed* thou art 1635-69 8 lie *Ed*
 lie, 1635-69 14 them] then 1669 16 to thee, *B, D, H40, H49,*
O'F, S96 for thee, 1635-69

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. *Augusti* 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon

EPISTLE



Others at the Porches and entrie of their
Buildings fet their Armes, I, my picture,
if any colours can deliver a minde so
plaine, and flat, and through light as
mine Naturally at a new Author, I
doubt, and flicke, and doe not say quickly,
good I censure much and taxe, And
this liberty costs mee more then others,
by how much my owne things are worfe then others Yet
I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe
it, since I love it, nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine*
talione As long as I give them as good hold upon mee,
they must pardon mee my bitings I forbid no repre-
hender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not
bookes, but Authors, damning what ever such a name
hath or shall write None writes so ill, that he gives not
some thing exemplary, to follow, or flie Now when I
beginne this booke, I have no purpose to come into any
mans debt¹, how my stocke will hold out I know not,
perchance waste, perchance increase in use, if I doe

Infinitati &c 1633-69 (in 1633 it is the first poem, in 1635-69 it
follows the Funerall Elegies, from which it is separated by some prose letters,
and precedes Divine Poems as here), A18, G, N, TCC, TCD Metempsy-
chosis 1650-69 Metempsychosis 1633-39 ¹ debt, Ed debt, 1633-69
borrow

borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good You shall still finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Mucheron,¹ since no unreadinesse in the soule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this And therefore though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee,² at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd And though it could not speake, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when shee was that apple³ which Eve eate,⁴ to this time when shee is hee,⁵ whose life you shall finde in the end of this booke

¹ Mucheron, 1633, *N, TC* Mushrome, *G* Maceron, 1635-69, *O'F*
² and can now tell mee, 1635-69 ³ apple] aple 1633 ⁴ eate,
 1633-69 ate, *O'F* eat, *mod editors* ⁵ shee is hee, 1633, *A18, G, N,*
TC shee is shee, 1635-69

THE P R O G R E S S E O F T H E S O U L E.

First Song

I

I Sing the progresse of a deathlesse soule,
 Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,
 Plac'd in most shapes, all times before the law
 Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing
 And the great world to his aged evening, 5
 From infant morne, through manly noone I draw
 What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
 Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one,
 A worke t'outweare *Seths* pillars, bricke and stone,
 And (holy writt excepted) made to yeeld to none 10

II

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,
 By thy male force, is all wee have, begot
 In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,
 Suck'ft early balme, and Iland spices there,
 And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere 15
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
 And see at night thy Western land of Myne,
 Yet hast thou not more nations seene then thee,
 That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
 And thy fraile light being quenched, shall long, long out
 live thee 20

7 gold] cold 1635-54 10 writt 1635-69, G writs 1633, A18, N,
 TC Writ's Chambers 12 begot] begot, 1633 13 East] east
 1633 some copies beginst] begins 1633 16 Danow dine,] Danon
 dine 1633 17 Myne, 1633 (but mine, in some copies) Mine, 1635-69
 19 one day before thee O'F

III.

III

Nor, holy *Ianus*, in whose soveraigne boate
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate,
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
 Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie
 Of fowles, and beafts, in whose wombe, Destinie 25
 Us, and our latestt nephewes did install
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All,)
 Did'ft thou in that great stewardship embarke
 So diverse shapés into that floating parke,
 As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly
 sparke 30

IV.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
 That hast mark'd out a path and period
 For every thing, who, where wee of-spring tooke,
 Our wayes and ends seest at one instant, Thou 35
 Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
 Ne'r smiles nor frownes, O vouch thou safe to looke
 And shew my story, in thy eternall booke
 That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
 So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,
 How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand 40

V

To my fixe lustres almost now outwore,
 Except thy booke owe mee so many more,
 Except my legend be free from the letts
 Of steepe ambition, sleepeie povertie,
 Spirit-quenching sicknesse, dull captivitie, 45

21 Nor, holy *Ianus*, *Ed* Nor holy *Ianus* 1633-69 27 From thence]
 For, thence G All,)] All) 1633-69 31 Commissary] commissary 1633
some copies 33 every thing, *Ed* every thing, 1633-69 34 instant,
 1633 instant 1635-69 36 vouch thou safe *A18, G, N, O'F, TC* vouch
 safe thou 1633-69 37 booke *Ed* booke 1633-69 45 Spirit
 quenching] Spright-quenching G

Distracting

Distracting bufinesse, and from beauties nets,
 And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
 O let me not launch out, but let mee save
 Th'expense of braine and spirit, that my grave
 His right and due, a whole unwafted man may have 50

VI

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
 In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
 It selfe, for I will through the wave, and fome,
 And shall, in sad lone wayes a lively spright,
 Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light 55
 For though through many freights, and lands I roame,
 I launch at paradise, and I saile towards home,
 The course I there began, shall here be staid,
 Sailes hoisted there, stroke here, and anchors laid
 In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates
 waide 60

VII

For the great foule which here amongst us now
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
 Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us, to heare
 Whose story, with long patience you will long,
 (For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song) 65
 This foule to whom *Luther*, and *Mahomet* were
 Prisons of flesh, this foule which oft did teare,
 And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome,
 And liv'd when every great change did come,
 Had first in paradise, a low, but fatall roome 70

54 shall, *Ed* shall 1633 hold 1635-69 lone 1635-69 love 1633,
A18, G, N, TC wayes *Ed* wayes, 1633-69 spright, *Ed* spright
 1633-69 59 hoisted] hoisted *G* 61 For the] For this *G, N, TC*
 For that *O'F* 63 Which, *Ed* Which 1633-69 us, *Ed* us,
 1633-69 69 when] where *A18, G, N, O'F, TC*

VIII

Yet no low roome, nor then the greateſt, leſſe,
 If (aſ devout and ſharpe men fitly gueſſe)
 That Croſſe, our joy, and grieſe, where nailes did tye
 That All, which alwayes was all, every where,
 Which could not finne, and yet all finnes did beare, 75
 Which could not die, yet could not chuſe but die,
 Stood in the ſelfe ſame roome in Calvarie,
 Where firſt grew the forbidden learned tree,
 For on that tree hung in ſecurity
 This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling
 free 80

IX

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,
 Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as ſoone as borne
 That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive,
 Till the then climbing ſerpent, that now creeps
 For that offence, for which all mankind weepes, 85
 Tooke it, and t'her whom the firſt man did wive
 (Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)
 He gave it, ſhe, t'her huſband, both did eate,
 So periſhed the eaters, and the meate
 And wee (for treaſon taints the blood) thence die and
 ſweat 90

X

Man all at once was there by woman ſlaine,
 And one by one we're here ſlaine o'er againe
 By them The mother poiſon'd the well-head,
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets,
 No ſmalneſſe ſcapes, no greatneſſe breaks their nets, 95

71 no low] nor low *Chambers* 74 every where, *Ed* every where
 1633 every where, 1635-69 83 enlive, *G* enlive 1633-69 *om* 1633
 some copies, and *A18, N, TC* 93 poyſon'd 1669 poiſoned 1633-54
 94 corrupt us, 1635-69 corrupts us, 1633 corrupt as *G* Rivolets,
Ed Rivolets, 1635-69 *om* 1633, *A18, N, TC* 95 breaks] breake
 1633 some copies nets, *Ed* nets, 1633-69

She

She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Afray, from turning, to whence we are fled
Were prisoners Judges, 'twould seeme rigorous,
Shee finn'd, we beare, part of our paine is, thus
To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoa'k'd
us 100

XI

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now wee dare aske why wee should be so
Would God (disputes the curious Rebell) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creatures will, crosse his? Of every man 105
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?
Who finn'd? t'was not forbidden to the snake
Nor her, who was not then made, nor is't writ
That Adam cropt, or knew the apple, yet
The worrne and she, and he, and wee endure for it 110

XII

But snatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine
Reckoning their vanities, lesse is their gaine
Then hazard still, to meditate on ill,
Though with good minde, their reasons, like those toyes
Of glasse bubbles, which the gamesome boyes 115
Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill
That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
As wraistlers, perfects them, Not liberties
Of speech, but silence, hands, not tongues, end
heresies 120

96 thrust] thrusts 1633 (thrust in some copies) 97 fled] fled, 1633
99 beare, 1635-69, G here, 1633 heare, A18, N, TC 108 is't] i't 1633
112 vanities, 1633, G vanitie, 1635-69 114 minde, Ed minde, 1633-69
reasons, Ed reasons 1633 reason's 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier 115
which] with 1633 some copies 117 breake, doe 1633, A18, G, N, TC
breake, and doe 1635-69, Chambers spill Ed spill, 1633-69 119
perfects] perfect 1633 some copies

XIII.

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe,
 Broke the slight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,
 Through which this soule from the trees root did draw
 Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
 This loofe soule, old, one and another day 125
 As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
 'Tis so soone gone, (and better prooffe the law
 Of sense, then faith requires) swiftly she flew
 To a darke and foggie Plot, Her, her fates threw
 There through th'earths pores, and in a Plant houf'd
 her anew 130

XIV

The plant thus abled, to it selfe did force
 A place, where no place was, by natures course
 As aire from water, water fleets away
 From thicker bodies, by this root thronged so
 His spungie confines gave him place to grow 135
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay
 To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way
 That weefels scarce could passe, when she comes nere
 They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
 As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were 140

XV

His right arme he thrust out towards the East,
 West-ward his left, th'ends did themselves digest
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
 This way he this, and that way scattered 145

125 day 1635-69 day, 1633 (*corrected in some copies*) 126 dares]
 dare 1669 127 prooffe] proofes O'F 130 earths pores, 1669,
 Ar8, G, N earths-pores, 1633 earth-pores, 1633 (*some copies*), 1635-54
 anew] a new 1633 135 grow 1650-69 grow, 1633-39 137 the
 Prince, and have so fill'd G. the Princeesse, and so fill'd 1633 (*but some copies*
read the Prince, and so fill'd) the Prince, and so fill up 1635-69 the Prince,
 and so fill'd Ar8, N, TC 144 bed, Ed bed, 1633-69

His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare
 Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,
 To shew, that in loves businesse hee should still
 A dealer bee, and be us'd well, or ill
 His apples kinde, his leaves, force of conception kill 150

XVI

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath, blinde eyes, deafe eares,
 And to his shoulders dangle subtile haire,
 A young *Coloffus* there hee stands upright,
 And as that ground by him were conquered
 A leafie garland weares he on his head 155
 Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright
 That for them you would call your Loves lips white,
 So, of a lone unhaunted place posselt,
 Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest,
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest 160

XVII

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,
 But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve
 And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite,
 Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,
 And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes 165
 Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light,
 Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might,
 And tore up both, and so coold her childs blood,
 Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood,
 But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most
 good 170

146 upbeare *Ed* upbeare, 1633 up beare, 1635-69 147 middle
 parts 1633, *G, O'F* middle part 1635-69 mid-parts *Ar8, N, TC* 150
 kinde, *G* kinde, 1633, *Ar8, N, O'F, TC* kinde, 1635-69 157 white,
 1633 white, 1635-69 159 guest, *Ed* guest 1633-69 See note
 165 moist red 1633-35 moist-red 1639-69 166 slept | slept 1633-35
 light, *Ed* light, 1633-69 167 mandrakes might, *Ed* mandrakes
 might, 1633-54 mandrakes-might, 1669

XVIII.

XVIII

To an unfetterd foules quick nimble haft
 Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but flow pac'd
 Thinner then burnt aie flies this foule, and she
 Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns
 Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes 175
 Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny
 Confin'd, and enjayld her, that seem'd so free,
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poore
 Warne bird orespread, and sat still evermore,
 Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it selfe a
 dore 180

XIX

Outcrept a sparrow, this foules moving Inne,
 On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,
 As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,
 His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
 All a new downy mantle overspreads, 185
 A mouth he opes, which would as much containe
 As his late house, and the first houre speaks plaine,
 And chirps alowd for meat Meat fit for men
 His father steales for him, and so feeds then
 One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his
 hen 190

XX.

In this worlds youth wise nature did make haft,
 Things ripened sooner, and did longer laft,
 Already this hot cocke, in bush and tree,
 In field and tent, oreflutters his next hen,
 He asks her not, who did so tast, nor when, 195

180 inclos'd 1635-69, *G* encloth'd *A18, N, TC* encloth'd altered to
 unclothed then to enclosed *O'F* uncloath'd 1633 pick'd] peck'd *A18,*
G, TC 181 Outcrept 1633-35 Out crept 1639-69 185
 a new downy 1635-69, *A18, G, TC* downy a new 1633 overspreads,
 1633-39 overspreads 1650-69 193 cocke, *Ed* cocke 1633-69
 tree,] tree 1633 194 tent, *Ed* tent 1633-69 hen, *Ed* hen,
 1633-69

Nor

Nor if his fifter, or his neece shee be,
 Nor doth she pule for his inconstancie
 If in her fight he change, nor doth refuse
 The next that calls, both liberty doe use,
 Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely
 chufe 200

XXI

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome lesse,
 Their daughters, and their sisters did ingresse,
 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move, this soule is,
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 205
 That selfe-preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,
 Which temperance streightens, freely on his she friends
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
 Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends 210

XXII

Else might he long have liv'd, man did not know
 Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
 With faind calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,
 The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire 215

196 be, *Ed* be, 1633-69 202 ingresse, *Ed* ingresse, 1633-69
 203-5 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this soule, Is
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 1633, and 1669 (Till now,)
 Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this soule Is
 The body, so free of his kindnesse, 1635-54
 Till now, unlawful, therefore ill 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this soul, is
 The body, so free of his kindnesses, *Chambers, and Grolier but*
 203 not, and no commas in 204 See note 206 selfe preserving]
no hyphen 1633-39 207 soules,] souls 1669 208 temperance]
têperance 1633-39 212 grow,] grow 1633-39 214 hid G his
 1633-69, A18, N, TC snare,] snare 1633-69

Man

Man to beget, and woman to conceive
 Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave
 Yet chuseth hee, though none of these he feares,
 Pleasantly three, then streightned twenty yeares
 To live, and to encrease his race, himselfe outweares 220

XXIII

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,
 The Soule from her too active organs fled
 T'a brooke A female fishes fandie Roe
 With the males jelly, newly lev'ned was,
 For they had intertouch'd as they did passe, 225
 And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
 This soule inform'd, and abled it to rowe
 It selfe with finnie oares, which she did fit
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
 Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it 230

XXIV

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
 A swan, so white that you may unto him
 Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,
 Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
 And with his arched necke this poore fish catch'd 235
 It mov'd with state, as if to looke upon
 Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
 Could thinke he sought it, he had swallowed cleare
 This, and much such, and unblam'd devour'd there
 All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were 240

220 encrease his race,] encrease, 1633 223 brooke A Ed brooke,
 a 1633-69 225 they had intertouch'd 1635-69, G, O'F they intertouched
 1633 they intertouch'd A18, N, TC 227 abled] able 1669 rowe] roe
 1633 228 fit Ed fit, 1633-69 240 armed were] arm'd were 1633

XXV

Now fwome a prifon in a prifon put,
 And now this Soule in double walls was fhut,
 Till melted with the Swans digeftive fire,
 She left her houle the fh, and vapour'd forth,
 Fate not affording bodies of more worth 245
 For her as yet, bids her againe retire
 T'another fh, to any new defire
 Made a new prey, For, he that can to none
 Refiftance make, nor complaint, fure is gone
 Weakneffe invites, but filence feafts oppreffion 250

XXVI

Pace with her native ftream, this fh doth keepe,
 And journeyes with her, towards the glaffie deepe,
 But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
 Though with greate windowes, for when Need firft taught
 Thefe tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought 255
 As now, with curious greedineffe to let
 None fcape, but few, and fit for ufe, to get,
 As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane,
 Who, though himfelfe diftreft, would faine have flain
 This wretch, So hardly are ill habits left again 260

XXVII.

Here by her smallneffe fhee two deaths orepaft,
 Once innocence fcap'd, and left the oppreffor faft
 The net through-fwome, fhe keepes the liquid path,
 And whether fhe leape up fometimes to breath
 And fuck in aire, or finde it underneath, 265

249 fure is gone 1633-39 is fure gone 1650-54 is fure gone, 1669
 251 her *AI8, G, N, O' F, TC* the 1633-69 254-7 for when ufe,
 to get,] in brackets 1635-69 254 Need G need 1633-69 255 then]
 the 1633 257 ufe, *Ed* ufe 1633-69 262 faft *Ed* faft, 1633-69
 917 8 X Or

Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath
 To make the water thinne, and airelike faith
 Cares not, but fafe the Place she's come unto
 Where fresh, with falt waves meet, and what to doe
 She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or
 two 270

XXVIII

So farre from hiding her guefts, water is,
 That she shoves them in bigger quantities
 Then they are Thus doubtfull of her way,
 For game and not for hunger a sea Pie
 Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high, 275
 The feely fish where it disputing lay,
 And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away
 Exalted she's, but to the exalters good,
 As are by great ones, men which lowly stood
 It's rais'd, to be the Raisers instrument and food 280

XXIX

Is any kinde subject to rape like fish?
 Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beafts, nor their yong fonnes to beare away, 285
 Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake
 To spoile the nests industrious birds do make,
 Yet them all these unkinde kinds feed upon,
 To kill them is an occupation, 289
 And lawes make Fafts, and Lents for their destruction

266 mills *Ed* mills, 1633-69 267 water 1635-69, *G* wether 1633,
Ar8, TC airelike 1633-35 ayre like 1639-69 and *Chambers* faith
 1633-69 faith, *Chambers* See note 268 not, *Ed* not, 1633-69
 270 two] two 1633 271 is,] is 1633 273 Thus doubtfull
 1633, *Ar8, G, N, TC* Thus her doubtfull 1635-69 277 away *Ed*
 away, 1633-69 279 in brackets 1635-69 flood 1633-39 flood,
 1650-69 280 It's rais'd 1633-69 It rais'd some copies of 1633, *Ar8,*
G, N, TC 287 industrious] industrious 1633 290 Fafts, and Lents
 1635-69 fafts, and lents 1633

XXX.

XXX

A sudden stiffe land-winde in that felfe houre
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
 The fish, he cares not, for with ease he flies,
 Fat gluttonies best orator at last
 So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast 295
 That many leagues at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies
 The soules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
 The fish I follow, and keepe no calender
 Of the other, he lives yet in some great officer 300

XXXI

Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,
 And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
 To such vastnesse as, if unmanacled
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea fwome, 305
 Or seas from Africks body had severed
 And torne the hopefull Promontories head,
 This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,
 A great ship overfet, or without faile
 Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this
 whale 310

XXXII

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,
 More circles in the broken sea they make
 Then cannons voices, when the aire they teare
 His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roofe
 Of barke that blunts best Steele, is thunder-proofe* 315

296 That many leagues at sea, *G* That leagues o'er-past at sea, 1633-69
 That leagues at sea, *At8, N, O'F* (*which inserts o'r past*), *TC* See note
 297 dies] dies, 1633 301 throwne,] throwne 1633 303 vast-
 nesse as, if *Grolier* vastnesse, as if 1633-69, *Chambers* 307 head,
 1633 head, 1635-69 head *Chambers* See note 311 take,] take 1633
 315 thunder-proofe *Ed* thunder-proofe, 1633-69

Swimme in him fwallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
 And feele no fides, as if his vaft wombe were
 Some Inland fea, and ever as hee went
 Hee fpouted rivers up, as if he ment
 To joyne our feas, with feas above the firmament 320

XXXIII

He hunts not fifh, but as an officer,
 Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there
 All fuitors of all forts themselves enthrall,
 So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,
 And in his gulfe-like throat, fucks every thing 325
 That paffeth neare Fish chafeth fish, and all,
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall,
 O might not ftates of more equality
 Confiſt? and is it of neceſſity
 That thouſand guiltleſſe ſmalls, to make one great, muſt
 die? 330

XXXIV

Now drinckes he up feas, and he eates up flocks,
 He juſtles Ilands, and he ſhakes firme rockes
 Now in a roomefull houſe this Soule doth float,
 And like a Prince ſhe ſends her faculties
 To all her limbes, diſtant as Provinces 335
 The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate
 Parched, ſince firſt lanch'd forth this living boate,
 'Tis greateſt now, and to deſtruction
 Neareſt, There's no pauſe at perfection,
 Greatneſſe a period hath, but hath no ſtation 340

316 fwallow'd] fwallowed 1633 322 at] as A18, G, TCC 337
 this 1633 his 1635-69 boate, Ed boate, 1635-69 boate 1633
 339 perfection, Ed perfection 1633-35 perfection, 1639-69

XXXV.

Two little fishes whom hee never harm'd,
 Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
 Good to themselves by his death (they did not eate
 His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outfret) 345
 Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
 But that they fishes were, and could not speake
 How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,
 If wrechcs can on them the common anger wreake? 350

XXXVI

The flaile-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
 Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wish
 The Thresher backs him, and to beate begms,
 The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,
 And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe 355
 Begins to finke, the Swordfish upward spins,
 And gores him with his beake, his staffe-like finnes,
 So well the one, his sword the other plyes,
 That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dyes, 359
 And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies

XXXVII

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
 Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
 The heires of flaine kings, wee see are often so
 Tranfported with the joy of what they get,
 That they, revenge and obsequies forget, 365

344-5 brackets, 1719 death outfret, 1633-69 did not eate]
 doe not eate G 349 Tyran] Tyrant 1669 351 flaile finnd] flaile-
 find 1633 flaile-finn'd 1635-39 358 well] were 1633 359 tyran]
 tyrant 1669 365 they, revenge 1635-69 they revenge, 1633 they,
 revenge, 1633 some copies

Nor will against fuch men the people goe,
 Because h'is now dead, to whom they should show
 Love in that act, Some kings by vice being growne
 So needy of subjects love, that of their own
 They thinke they lose, if love be to the dead Prince
 shown 370

XXXVIII

This Soule, now free from prison, and passion,
 Hath yet a little indignation
 That so small hammers should so soone downe beat
 So great a castle And having for her house
 Got the freight cloyster of a wretched mouse 375
 (As basest men that have not what to eate,
 Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
 Then they, who good repos'd estates possesse)
 This Soule, late taught that great things might by lesse
 Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herselfe addresse 380

XXXIX

Natures great master-peece, an Elephant,
 The onely harmlesse great thing, the giant
 Of beasts, who thought, no more had gone, to make one
 wife
 But to be just, and thankfull, loth to offend,
 (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend) 385
 Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,
 And foe to none, suspects no enemies,
 Still sleeping stood, vex't not his fantasie
 Blacke dreames, like an unbent bow, carelesly
 His finewy Proboscis did remisly lie 390

367 h'is 1633 he's 1635-69 368 act, *Ed* act 1633-69 383
 who thought, no more had gone, to make one wife 1633, *G*, *A18*, *N*, *TC* (*the*
last four MSS all drop more, N and TCD leaving a space) who thought
 none had, to make him wife, 1635-69 386 relies,] relies 1633 389
 dreames, *Ed* dreames, 1633-69 390 lie 1635 lie 1633, 1639-69
 XL.

XL.

In which as in a gallery this mouse
 Walk'd, and furveid the roomes of this vast house,
 And to the braine, the foules bedchamber, went,
 And gnaw'd the life cords there, Like a whole towne
 Cleane undermin'd, the flaine beaft tumbled downe, 395
 With him the murtherer dies, whom envy sent
 To kill, not scape, (for, only hee that ment
 To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,)
 And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe
 Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come 400

XLI

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,
 To issue It could kill, as soone as goe
 Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,
 (Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there 405
 Was the first type) was still infested foe,
 With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe,
 And yet his bitch, his sentinell attends
 The flocke so neere, so well warnes and defends,
 That the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her, intends 410

XLII

Hee tooke a course, which since, successfully,
 Great men have often taken, to espie
 The counsels, or to breake the plots of foes
 To Abels tent he stealeth in the darke,
 On whose skirts the bitch slept, ere she could barke, 415

395 downe, *Ed* downe, 1633-69 396 dies,] dies 1633 397-8
brackets, Ed scape, roome, 1633 scape, roome, 1635-69
 ment] went *A18, N, TC* 403 goe *Ed* goe, 1633 goe 1635-69
 405 Who,] Who 1633 trade, 1635-69 trade 1633 413 foes *Ed*
 foes, 1633-69

Attach'd

Attach'd her with freight gripes, yet hee call'd those,
 Embracements of love, to loves worke he goes,
 Where deeds move more then words, nor doth she show,
 Nor <make> refist, nor needs hee streighten fo
 His prey, for, were shee loofe, she would nor barke, nor
 goe

420

XLIII

Hee hath engag'd her, his, she wholly bides,
 Who not her owne, none others secrets hides
 If to the flocke he come, and Abell there,
 She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,
 Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot 425
 At last a trap, of which some every where
 Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,
 By the Wolves death, and now just time it was
 That a quicke soule should give life to that masse
 Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did passe 430

XLIV

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
 But in the lives of Emperours you shall not
 Reade of a lust the which may equall this,
 This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished
 What he began alive, when hee was dead, 435
 Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is
 A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse
 A proper name The whelp of both these lay
 In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba,
 His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play 440

419 Nor <make> refist, *Ed* Nor much refist, 1633-69 Nowe must refist
N Nowe much refist *Ar8, G, TC* Resistance much *O'F* needs] need
O'F 420 nor barke, 1633-39 not barke 1650-69, *Ar8, N, TC* 422
 hides] hides, 1633 427 plac'd, ends] plac'd end 1633 some copies
 435 dead, *Ed* dead, 1633-39 dead 1650-69

XLV

Hee soone for her too harsh, and churlish grew,
 And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new
 For the field Being of two kindes thus made,
 He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away,
 And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey 445
 Five yeares he liv'd, and cosened with his trade,
 Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid
 Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,
 From dogges, a wolfe, from wolves, a dogge he fled,
 And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished 450

XLVI

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so
 Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe
 From tent to tent, and with the children play
 His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,
 That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde, 455
 He wonders Much with all, most he doth stay
 With Adams fift daughter *Siphatecia*,
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,
 And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was 460

XLVII

He was the first that more desir'd to have
 One then another, first that ere did crave
 Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake,
 First that could make love faces, or could doe
 The valters somberfalts, or us'd to wooe 465

443 field Being *Ed* field, being 1633-69 thus] *om* 1633 453
 play *Ed* play, 1633-69

With

With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake
 To make his mistresse merry, or to wreake
 Her anger on himselfe Sinnes against kinde
 They easily doe, that can let feed their minde
 With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes and beafts
 do find

470

XLVIII

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
 And too high, beafts and angels have beene lov'd.
 This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wise,
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay, 475
 His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,
 He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
 And up lifts subtly with his ruffet pawe
 Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe
 Of nature, nature hath no gaole, though shee hath
 law

480

XLIX

Firft she was filly and knew not what he ment
 That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite,
 She knew not firft, nowe cares not what he doth,
 And willing halfe and more, more then halfe (loth), 485
 She neither puls nor pufhes, but outright
 Now cries, and now repents, when *Tethlemite*
 Her brother, entred, and a great ftone threw
 After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew 489
 This houle thus batter'd downe, the Soule poffeft a new

470 beauty, *Ed* beauty, 1633-69 472 lov'd *Ed* lov'd, 1633-69
 479 or] of 1669 480 shee hath] shee have *Ar8, N, TC* 481
 ment *Ed* ment, 1633-69 483 quite, *Ed* quite, 1633-69 484
 nowe 1633, *G* nor 1635-69, *Chambers* then *Ar8, TC* 485 (loth),
Ed Tooth 1633, *G* *Ar8, N, TC* leave a blank space in *TCC* a later hand
 has inserted loath wroth, 1635-69 487 Tethlemite *Ar8, G, N, O'F,*
TC Tethlemite 1633 Thelemite 1635-69 489 flew 1635-69
 flew, 1633

L

And whether by this change she lose or win,
 She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.
Adam and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now
 Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
 Had stew'd and form'd it and part did become 495
 A spongie liver, that did richly allow,
 Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,
 Life-keeping moisture unto every part,
 Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,
 Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart 500

LI

Another part became the well of sense,
 The tender well-arm'd feeling braine, from whence,
 Those sinowie strings which do our bodies tie,
 Are ravel'd out, and fast there by one end,
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a foule attend, 505
 And now they joyn'd keeping some quality
 Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
 To be a woman *Themech* she is now,
 Sister and wife to *Came*, *Came* that first did plow 510

LII

Who ere thou beest that readst this fullen Writ,
 Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
 Let me arrest thy thoughts, wonder with mee,
 Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
 Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest, 515

492 in 1650-69 in, 1633-39 498 Life-keeping] Life keeping
 1633 part, *Ed* part, 1633-69 502 well-arm'd 1669 well arm'd
 1633-54 503 sinowie] finewy 1639-54 finew 1669 504 out, *Ed*
 out, 1633-69 505 this Soule] a Soule *A18, N, TC* attend, *Ed*
 attend, 1633-69 506-7 joyn'd past shape, 1633 joyn'd,
 past shape, 1635-69, *Chambers, Grolier* See note 513 thoughts, 1650-69
 thoughts, 1633-39

By curfed *Cams* race invented be,
 And blest *Seth* vext us with *Astronomie*
 Ther's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
 Of every quality comparifon,
 The onely meafure is, and judge, opinion

520

The end of the Progreffe of the Soule

517 *Astronomie*] *Astronomie*, 1633 519 comparifon, 1633, 1669
 (no comma) Comparifon, 1635-54 520 opinion 1633 Opinion 1635-69
 The end &c 1635-69 om 1633

DIVINE POEMS.

To *E* of *D* with fix holy Sonnets

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same,
But though the ingendring force from whence they came 5
Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit
Seaven to be borne at once, I fend as yet
But fix, they say, the seaventh hath still some maime
I choose your judgement, which the same degree
Doth with her sifter, your invention, hold, 10
As fire these droffie Rymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar, to change them to gold,
You are that Alchimist which alwaies had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad

*To the Lady Magdalen Herbert of St Mary
Magdalen*

HER of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more than the Church did know,

Divine Poems A18, N, TC In 1635-69 this is the title at head of each page, but the new section is headed Holy Sonnets To E of D &c so headed 1633-69 but placed among Letters &c, and so in O'F and (but L of D) W removed hither by Grosart 4 their fruits] the fruit W 6 doe 1633 doth 1635-69 8 fix,] fix, 1633 maime W maime, 1633-69 11 droffie] droffe 1650-54

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert &c Ed To the Lady Magdalen Herbert, of &c Walton's The Life of M^r George Herbert (1670, pp 25-6) See note 4 know, 1675 know 1670

The

The Refurrection, so much good there is 5
 Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
 Loth to believe one Woman could do this,
 But, think these Magdalens were two or three
 Increase their number, Lady, and their fame
 To their Devotion, add your Innocence, 10
 Take so much of th'example, as of the name;
 The latter half, and in some recompence
 That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
 Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name address J D

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona

1. **D**Eigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
 Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,
 Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,
 All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes,
 But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes, 5
 Reward my mufes white sincerity,
 But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,
 A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes,
 The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ends,
 For, at our end begins our endlesse rest; 10
 The first last end, now zealously posselt,
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends
 'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh

HOLY SONNETS 1633-69, being general title to the two groups Holy
 Sonnets written 20 years since H49

La Corona 1633-69, A18, D, H49, N, S, TCC, TCD, W The Crowne
 B, O'F, S96 2 low 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC, W (spelt lowe in MSS)
 lone 1635-69, B, O'F, S loves S96 3 treasury, 1633-69 a Treasure,
 B, O'F, S, S96 4 dayes, Ed dayes, 1633-69 10 For] So W
 end 1633, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W ends 1635-69, S96 rest,
 Ed rest, 1633-69 11 The] This B, S, S96, W zealously] soberly
 B, S96, W O'F corrects 13 heart and voice] voice and heart B, O'F, S,
 S96, W 14 nigh] nigh, 1633

ANNUNCIATION.

ANNUNCIATION

2 *Salvation to all that will is nigh,*
 That All, which alwayes is All every where,
 Which cannot sinne, and yet all finnes must beare,
 Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
 Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye 5
 In prison, in thy wombe, and though he there
 Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet he'll weare
 Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie
 Ere by the spheares time was created, thou
 Waft in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother, 10
 Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd, yea thou art now
 Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
 Thou' hast light in darke, and shutt in little roome,
Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe

NATIVITIE

3 *Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe,*
 Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
 There he hath made himselfe to his intent
 Weake enough, now into our world to come,
 But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome? 5
 Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
 Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
 Th'effect of *Herods* jealous generall doome
 Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lye? 10
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pittied by thee?
 Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe

Annunciation 1 nigh, 1669 nigh, 1633-54 9 created,] begotten,
 B, S, S96, W O'F corrects 10 Brother, Ed Brother, 1633-69 11
 conceiv'st, 1633 conceiv'st 1635-69 conceiv'dst, O'F, S, W, and Grolier
 conceiv'd,] conceived, 1635-69 12 mother, Ed mother, 1633-69
 Nativite 6 this] his 1669 7 will] shall B, O'F, S, S96, W
 8 effect 1669, A18, B, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W effects 1633-54, D, H49
 jealous] dire and B, O'F, S, S96, W zealous A18, N, TC doome]
 doome, 1633 9 eyes, 1633, B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W eye, 1635-69,
 A18, N, TC

TEMPLE

TEMPLE

4 *With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,*
Ioseph turne backe, see where your child doth sit,
 Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
 Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow,
 The Word but lately could not speake, and loe, 5
 It fodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,
 A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not foule to his manhood,
 Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenesse, 10
 But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
 With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,
 He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man

CRUCIFYING

5 *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
 Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
 For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate,
 In both affections many to him ran,
 But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can, 5
 Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
 Measuring selfe-lives infinity to'a span,
 Nay to an inch Loe, where condemned hee
 Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by 10
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die
 Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moyse, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule

Temple 5 loe, *Ed* loe 1633-69 6 wonders, 1633-39 wonders
 1650-69 11 for] to *W* a long taske, 1633-69, *D, H49* long
 taskes *B, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W* long taske *A18, TCC* 'tis] 'Tis
 1633 thinks *W*

Crucifying 3 weake] meeke *B, O'F, S, S96, W* 8 to'a span, *B, N,*
O'F, S, S96, TC, W to span, 1633-69, *A18, D, H49* 9 inch Loe,
 1635-69 inch, loe, 1633 11 die 1635-69 die, 1633

RESURRECTION

RESVRRECTION

6 *Moyst with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule*
 Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
 Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly,) bee
 Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or foule,
 And life, by this death abled, shall controule 5
 Death, whom thy death slue, nor shall to mee
 Feare of first or last death, bring miserie,
 If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
 But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas, 10
 Nor can by other meanes be glorified
 May then sinnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passe,
 That wak't from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day

ASCENTION

7 *Salute the last and everlasting day,*
 Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
 Yee whose iust teares, or tribulation
 Have purely washt, or burnt your droffie clay,
 Behold the Higheft, parting hence away, 5
 Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
 Nor doth hee by ascending, shew alone,
 But first hee, and hee first enters the way
 O strong Ramme, which hast batter'd heaven for mee,
 Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, hast mark'd the path, 10
 Bright Torch, which shin'ft, that I the way may see,
 Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne iust wrath,
 And if thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,
Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praise

Refurrection 1 *soule* 1635 *soule*, 1633, 1639-69 5 this] thy
B, O'F, S, Sg6, W 6 shall to] shall nowe to *A18, N, O'F, TC* 8
 little 1633, *A18, D, H49, TC* life 1635-69, *B, O'F, S, Sg6, W* 9 that
 long] that last long *O'F, S, Sg6, W* that *D, H49* 11 glorified]
 purified *S, Sg6, W*, and *O'F* (*which corrects to glorified*) 12 deaths
A18, N, Sg6, TC, W death 1633-69, *D, H49*
 Ascention 3 iust 1633, *A18, D, H49, N, TC* true 1635-69, *B, S,*
Sg6, W, 8 way] way, 1633 10 Lambe, *D, W* lambe 1633-69
 11 Torch, *D, W* torch, 1633-69 the way] thy wayes *B, S, Sg6, W*
 thee *A18, TCC*

Holy Sonnets.

I

THou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth hafte,
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday,
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
 Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh,
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe,
 But our old subtile foe so tempteth me,
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine,
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart

5

10

II

AS due by many titles I resigne
 My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
 By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine,
 I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine,
 Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
 Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine,
 Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right?
 Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I doe see
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not chuse me,
 And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee

5

10

Holy Sonnets 1633-69 (following La Coiona as second group under the same general title), *W* Devine Meditations *B, O'F, Sg6* no title, *Ar8, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD* See note I 1635-69, *B, O'F, Sg6, W* omitted 1633, *Ar8, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD* 4 yesterday, *Ed* yesterday, 1635-69 7 feeble 1635-69 febled *B, O'F, Sg6, W* 12 my selfe I can 1635-69 I can myself *B, Sg6, W* sustaine, 1669 sustaine, 1635-54 II 1635-69, *B, O'F, Sg6, W* I 1633, *Ar8, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD* 2 God, first 1633 God First 1635-69 4 thine, 1650-69 thine,

III

III

O Might those fighes and teares returne againe
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine,
 In mine Idolatry what showres of raine 5
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sinne, now I repent,
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud 10
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
 Of comming ills To (poore) me is allow'd
 No ease, for, long, yet vehement grieve hath beene
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne

IV

O H my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion,
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read, 5
 Wistheth himselfe delivered from prison,
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wistheth that still he might be imprisoned
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke,
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne? 10
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne,
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white

1633-39 thine *W* 7 and, *Ed* and 1633-69 9 on 1633-69, *D*,
H49 in *A18, B, N, S96, TC, W* 10 steale,] steale 1633-39 that's]
 what's *A18, TCC* 12 doe 1633 and most *MSS* shall 1635-69, *O'F, S96*
 13 me,] me 1633

III 1635-69, *B, O'F, S96, W* omitted 1633, *A18, D, C-c* 7 sinne,
 now I *Ed* sinne, now I *B, W* sinne I now 1635-69 repent, *Ed*
 repent, 1633-69

IV 1635-69 II 1633, *A18, D, C-c* V *B, O'F, S96, W* 1 Soule!
 1633 Soule 1635-69 8 imprisoned *W* imprisoned, 1633-69

V

I Am a little world made cunningly
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
 But black finne hath betraid to endlesse night
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high 5
 Have found new sphears, and of new lands can write,
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more
 But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire 10
 Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,
 And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale

VI

THIS is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimages last mile, and my race
 Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
 My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
 And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt 5
 My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
 But my'ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose feare already shakes my every joynt
 Then, as my soule, to'heaven her first seate, takes flight,
 And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell, 10
 So, fall my finnes, that all may have their right,
 To where they're bred, and would presse me, to hell
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill

V 1635-69 omitted 1633, A18, D, &c VII B, O'F, S96, W 6 lands
 B, S96, W land 1635-69, O'F 7 I 1635-54 he 1669 9 it,
 Ed it W it 1635-69 10 burnt! Ed burnt, 1635-69 11
 have B, S96, W hath O'F om 1635-69 12 fouler, W fouler,
 1635-69 their] those W 13 Loid] God W
 VI 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W III 1633, A18, D, &c 6 and soule,
 1635-69 and my soule, 1633 7 Or presently, I know not, see that
 Face, B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W 10 earth-borne 1635-69 earth borne
 1633 14 flesh,] flesh 1633 the devill] and devill A18, B, D, H49,
 N, O'F, S96, TC, W

VII

VII

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberlesse infinities
 Of foules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow, 5
 All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
 Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
 For, if above all these, my finnes abound, 10
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
 When wee are there, here on this lowly ground,
 Teach mee how to repent, for that's as good
 As if thou'hadst feal'd my pardon, with thy blood

VIII

IF faithfull foules be alike glorifi'd
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride
 But if our mindes to these foules be descry'd 5
 By circumstances, and by signes that be
 Apparent in us, not immediately,
 How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,
 And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call 10
 On Iesus name, and Pharisaicall
 Dissemblers feigne devotion Then turne
 O penfive soule, to God, for he knowes best
 Thy true griefe, for he put it in my breast

VII 1635-69 IV 1633, A18, D, &c VIII B, O'F, S96, W 5
 o'erthrow] overthrow 1669 6 dearth, W death, 1633-69, A18, B,
 D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC 8 woe W woe, 1633-54 owe, 1669
 12 lowly] holy 1669 14 thy] my 1669
 VIII 1635-69 omitted 1633, A18, D, &c X B, O'F, S96, W 7
 in us, W in us 1635-69 See note 8 by] to B, S96, W 10 vile W
 vilde B, O'F, S96 stile 1635-69 14 true W om 1635-69, B, S96
 in W into 1635-69, B, O'F, S96 my] thy B, S96

IX

IX

IF poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,
 Whose fruit threw death on else immortall us,
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
 Cannot be damn'd, Alas, why should I bee?
 Why should intent or reason, borne in mee, 5
 Make sinnes, else equall, in mee more heinous?
 And mercy being easie, and glorious
 To God, in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee
 O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood, 10
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
 And drowne in it my sinnes blacke memorie,
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
 I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget

X

DEath be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not foe,
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee, 5
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell, 10
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
 And better then thy stroake, why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die

IX 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W V 1633, A18, D, &c 1 poysonous]
 poysons 1639-54 and if that] or if the B, O'F, S96 2 (else
 immortall) 1635-69 5 or] and B, O'F, S96 6 mee] mee, 1633
 8 God,] God, 1633 9-10 thee O God? W thee? O God, 1633-69
 12 memorie,] memoire, 1633 14 forget] forget, 1633
 X 1635-69 VI 1633, A18, D, &c XI B, O'F, S96, W 4 mee]
 mee, 1633 5 pictures 1633 and MSS picture 1635-69 8 deliverie]
 deliverie 1633-69 9 Chance, W chance, 1633-69 10 dost] doth
 1633 dwell,] dwell 1633 12 better] easier B, O'F, S96, W 13
 wake] live B, S96, W 14 more, death, Ed more, death 1633-69

XI

XI

SPit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee,
 Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed
 But by my death can not be satisfied
 My finnes, which passe the Jewes impiety
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorified
 Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment 10
 And *Iacob* came cloth'd in vile harsh attire
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent
 God cloth'd himsele in vile mans flesh, that so
 Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe

XII

WHy are wee by all creatures waited on?
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply
 Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,
 Simple, and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection? 5
 Why dost thou bull, and bore so feelily
 Dissemble weaknesse, and by one mans stroke die,
 Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?
 Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse then you,
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous 10
 But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue,
 But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed

XI 1635-69 VII 1633, A18, D, &c omitted B, S96 added among
 Other Meditations O'F XIII W 3 onely] humbly W 6
 impiety] iniquitye D, H49 8 glorified] glorified, 1633 12 intent]
 intent 1633

XII 1635-69 VIII 1633, A18, D, &c omitted B, S96 among Other
 Meditations O'F XIV W 1 wee] ame I W 4 Simple,
 1633, D, H49, W Simpler 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Chambers 9
 Weaker I am,] Alas I am weaker, W 10 timorous W timorous,
 1633-69 11 a greater wonder, 1633, D, H49, N, O'F (greate), TC, W
 a greater, 1635-69

XIII

XIII

WHat if this present were the worlds last night?
 Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
 Whether that countenance can thee affright,
 Teares in his eyes quench the amasing light, 5
 Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
 Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?
 No, no, but as in my idolatrie
 I said to all my profane mistresses, 10
 Beauty, of pittie, foulness onely is
 A signe of rigour so I say to thee,
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapcs assign'd,
 This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde

XIV

Batter my heart, three person'd God, for, you
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend,
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, and bend
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new
 I, like an usurpt towne, to another due, 5
 Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue
 Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemy 10
 Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
 Except you'enthral mee, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee

XIII 1635-69 IX 1633, A18, D, &c om B, S96 among Other
 Meditations O'F XV W 2 Marke] Looke W 4 that A18, N,
 O'F, TC, W his 1633-69, D, H49 6 fell 1639-69 fell 1633-35
 8 fierce] ranck W 14 assures A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W assumes
 1633-69

XIV 1635-69 X 1633, A18, D, &c om B, O'F, S96 XVI W
 7 mee should] wee should 1669 8 untrue W untrue, 1633-69
 9 loved MSS lov'd 1633-69 10 enemy W enemy, 1633-69
 XV

XV

Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest,
 My Soule, this wholfome meditation,
 How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
 In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest
 The Father having begot a Sonne most blest, 5
 And still begetting, (for he ne'r begonne)
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
 Coheire to his glory, and Sabbaths endlesse rest
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde
 His stolne stufte fold, must lose or buy't againe 10
 The Sonne of glory came downe, and was slaine,
 Us whom he had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde
 'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
 But, that God should be made like man, much more

XVI

Father, part of his double interest
 Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,
 His joynture in the knottie Trinitie
 Hee keepes, and gives to me his deaths conquest
 This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest, 5
 Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he
 Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie
 Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest
 Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill, 10
 None doth, but all-healing grace and spirit
 Revive againe what law and letter kill
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
 Is all but love, Oh let this last Will stand!

XV 1635-69 XI 1633, A18 D, &c XII B, O'F, S96, W 4 brest
 W brest, 1633-69 8 rest] rest, 1633 11 Sonne 1633 Sunne 1635-69
 12 stolne, 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC stole, 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W, Chambers
 XVI 1635-69 XII 1633, A18, D, &c IV B, O'F, S96, W 3 Trinitie]
 Trinitie, 1633 8 doe 1633 om 1635-69 doth A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F,
 S96, TC, W invest W invest, 1633-39 invest 1650-69 9 thy O'F,
 S96, W these 1633-69 those A18, D, H49, N, TC 11 doth,] doth, 1633
 but all-healing A18, D, H49, N, TC, W but thy all-healing 1633-69 See note
 spirit] Spirit, 1633-69 12 Revive againe] Revive and quicken B, O'F,
 S96, W kill 1635-69 kill, 1633 14 this 1633-69 that A18, D,
 H49, N, TC, W thy B, O'F, S96

XVII

XVII

Sⁱnce she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
 And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
 Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett
 Here the admyring her my mind did whett 5
 To seeke thee God, so streames do shew their head,
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
 A holy thirsty dropsey melts mee yett
 But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
 Dost wooe my soule for hers, offring all thine 10
 And dost not only feare least I allow
 My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
 Least the World, Flefhe, yea Devill putt thee out

XVIII

S^how me deare Christ, thy spouse, so bright and clear
 What¹ is it She, which on the other shore
 Goes richly painted² or which rob'd and tore
 Laments and mournes in Germany and here³
 Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare⁴ 5
 Is she selfe truth and errs⁵ now new, now outwore⁶
 Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
 On one, on feaven, or on no hill appeare⁷
 Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
 First travaile we to seeke and then make Love⁸ 10
 Betray kind husband thy spouse to our fights,
 And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
 Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
 When she's embrac'd and open to most men

XVII *W* first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne,
 1899 2 dead,] dead *W* 6 their] y^r *W* head,] head, *W*
 10 wooe] spelt woe *W* 12 divine,] divine *W*

XVIII *W* first printed in Gosse's Life &c 2 What¹] What *W*
 3 tore] so I read *W* lore Gosse

XIX

OH, to vex me, contraryes meet in one
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
 A constant habit, that when I would not
 I change in vowes, and in devotione
 As humorous is my contritione 5
 As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott
 As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
 As praying, as mute, as infinite, as none
 I durst not view heaven yesterday, and to day
 In prayers, and flattering speeches I court God 10
 To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod
 So my devout fitts come and go away
 Like a fantastique Ague save that here
 Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare

The Croffe

SInce Christ embrac'd the Croffe it selfe, dare I
 His image, th' image of his Croffe deny?
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
 It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit 5
 That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
 From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandall taken, shall this Croffe withdraw, 10
 It shall not, for it cannot, for, the losse
 Of this Croffe, were to mee another Croffe,
 Better were worse, for, no affliction,
 No Croffe is so extreme, as to have none

XIX *W* first printed in Gosse's Life &c 3 that] y^t *W*, so always
 4 and] & *W*, so always
 The Croffe 1633-69 (following, 1635-69, In that, & Queene &c
 p 427) similarly, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD
 8 paines] pangs JC 12 Croffe, 1635-69 Croffe 1633 13 affliction,
 Ed affliction 1633-69 14 none Ed none, 1633-54 none 1669
 Who

Who can blot out the Crosse, which th'instrument 15
 Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?
 Who can deny mee power, and liberty
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?
 Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse,
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas do toss, 20
 Looke downe, thou spiest out Crossees in small things,
 Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings,
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels
 Materiall Crossees then, good physicke bee, 25
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity
 These for extracted chimique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve,
 Then are you your own physicke, or need none,
 When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation 30
 For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe
 As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
 But that away, which hid them there, do take,
 Let Crossees, foe, take what hid Christ in thee, 35
 And be his image, or not his, but hee
 But, as oft Alchimyfts doe coyners prove,
 So may a selfe-dispising, get selfe-love,
 And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee,
 Soe is pride, issued from humility, 40
 For, 'tis no child, but monster, therefore Crosse
 Your joy in crossees, else, 'tis double losse
 And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe
 For if the'eye seeke good objects, and will take 45

19 Crosse, *Ed* Crosse, 1633 Crosse 1635-69 20 make] makes
B, D, H49, Lee, S where] when *O'F* tosse, 1635-69 tosse 1633
 21 out] our 1669 23 is] are *A25, B* 26 But yet] And yet
A18, D, JC, N, TC 27 medicine] medicines *A25, B, JC* 33 make,
 1635-69 make 1633 34 take, *Ed* take 1633 take 1635-69
 37 oft *Ed* oft, 1633-69 38 selfe-love, *D* selfe-love 1633-69 42
 losse *Ed* losse, 1633-69 44 destruction] corruption *O'F* 45
 seeke] see 1650-69

No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a fnake
 So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crosse the rest,
 Make them indifferent all, call nothing best
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,
 And move, To th'other th'objects must come home 50
 And crosse thy heart for that in man alone
 Points downewards, and hath palpitation
 Crosse those dejections, when it downeward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends
 And as the braine through bony walls doth vent 55
 By futures, which a Croffes forme present,
 So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of witt
 Be covetous of Croffes, let none fall
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all 60
 Then doth the Crosse of Christ worke fruitfully
 Within our hearts, when wee love harmlesly
 That Croffes pictures much, and with more care
 That Croffes children, which our Croffes are

Resurrection, imperfect

Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast
 As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last,
 Sleepe then, and rest, The world may beare thy stay,
 A better Sun rose before thee to day,
 Who, not content to enlighten all that dwell 5
 On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
 And made the darke fires languish in that vale,

48 all, call nothing best *Ed* indifferent, call nothing best 1633
and MSS indifferent, all, nothing best 1635-69 50 To th'other
 th'objects 1633 To th'others objects 1635-69 52 Points *A18*,
A25, N, P, S, TC Pants 1633-69, *B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F* 53 dejections
 1633 detorions 1635-69, *O'F* 55 the thy *A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F*,
P, TC 61 fruitfully *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TC*
 faithfully 1633-69 63 That *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P*,
S, TC The 1633-69

Resurrection, imperfect 1633-69 (*following* By Euphrates &c p 424),
A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD

As,

As, at thy prefrence here, our fires grow pale
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
 Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow 10
 Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,
 For these three daies become a minerall,
 Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose
 All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
 Leaden and iron wills to good, but is 15
 Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his
 Had one of those, whose credulous pietie
 Thought, that a Soule one might discerne and see
 Goe from a body, at this sepulcher been,
 And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen, 20
 He would have justly thought this body a soule,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole

Defunt cætera

The Annuntiation and Pafion

TAmely, fraile body, 'abstaine to day, to day
 My foule eates twice, Christ hither and away
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle embleme is,
 Whose first and last concurre, this doubtfull day 5
 Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away
 Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who's all,
 Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead 10

15 good, 1633-69 and MSS Chambers queries gold 22 If] If, 1633-69

The Annuntiation and Pafion 1633-69. Upon the Annuntiation and Pafion falling upon one day Anno Dñi 1608 B, O'F, S, S96 similarly, N, TCD The Annuntiation D, H49, Lec no title, P 1 Tamely, fraile body, Ed Tamely fraile body 1633 Tamely fraile flesh, 1635-69, O'F, S96 (1650-69 accidentally drop second to day) 6 away | away, 1633 away, 1635-39 10 yet dead Ed yet dead, 1633, B, P, S and dead, 1635-69, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD (full stop, MSS)

She

She fees at once the virgin mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha,
 Sad and rejoyc'd thees seen at once, and seen
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiteene
 At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone, 15
 Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John,
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
 At once receiver and the legacie
 All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
 Th'Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one 20
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)
 Of the'Angels *Ave*, and *Consummatum est*
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
 Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these!
 As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe 25
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
 Which shoves where the'other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not farre) doth never stray,
 So God by his Church, neereft to him, wee know,
 And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe, 30
 His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud, to one end both
 This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankinde is one,
 Or'twas in him the same humility, 35
 That he would be a man, and leave to be
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,
 With the last judgement, but one period,
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one
 Manhoods extremes He shall come, he is gone 40
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all,

12 at Golgotha, *Ed* at Golgotha 1633-69 13 Sad and rejoyc'd]
 Rejoyc'd and sad *B, O'F, P, S, S96* 18 legacie *Ed* legacie, 1633-69
 24 these! *Ed* these! *D, TCD* these, 1633 these 1635-69 31
 as 1633 and 1635-69 32 both 1635-69 both 1633 33 these
B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD those 1633-69 daies 1633, *D, H49,*
Lec, N, TCD feasts 1635-69, *O'F, P, S, S96* 34 one, *Ed* one 1633
 are one 1635-69 (one 1669) 37 hath] had *B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD*
 So

So though the leaft of his paines, deeds, or words,
 Would bufie a life, ſhe all this day affords,
 This treasure then, in groſſe, my Soule uplay, 45
 And in my life retaile it every day

Goodfriday, 1613 Riding Weſtward

L Et mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
 And as the other Spheares, by being growne
 Subject to forraigne motions, loſe their owne,
 And being by others hurried every day, 5
 Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey
 Pleaſure or buſineſſe, ſo, our Soules admit
 For their firſt mover, and are whirld by it
 Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the Weſt
 This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the Eaſt 10
 There I ſhould ſee a Sunne, by riſing ſet,
 And by that ſetting endleſſe day beget,
 But that Chriſt on this Croſſe, did riſe and fall,
 Sinne had eternally benighted all
 Yet dare I' almoſt be glad, I do not ſee 15
 That ſpectacle of too much weight for mee
 Who ſees Gods face, that is ſelfe life, muſt dye,
 What a death were it then to ſee God dye?
 It made his owne Lieutenant Nature ſhrinke,
 It made his footſtoole crack, and the Sunne winke 20
 Could I behold thoſe hands which ſpan the Poles,
 And turne all ſpheares at once, peirc'd with thoſe holes?

Goodfriday, &c 1633-69 Good Friday (*with or without date and Riding &c*) *A18, B, Cy, N, S, S96, TCC, TCD* Good Friday 1613 Riding towards Wales *D, Lec, O'F* Good Friday 1613 Riding to St Edward Harbert in Wales *H49* Mr J Duſſ going from Sir H G on good friday ſent him back this meditation on the way *A25* 4 motions *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* motion, 1633-69 8 and] *his* 1650-54 10 toward 1633 do or towards *MSS* to 1635-69, *O'F* 12 beget, 1633 beget 1635-69, *Chambers* 13 this Croſſe, 1633, *A18, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TCC* his Croſſe, 1635-69, *B, Cy, N, TCD* 16 too] two 1639-69 22 turne *A18, B, Cy, N, S, TC* tune 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96* once,] once 1633

Could

Could I behold that endlesse height which is
 Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
 Humbled below us? or that blood which is 25
 The feat of all our Soules, if not of his,
 Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne
 By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne?
 If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
 Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye, 30
 Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
 Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
 Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They are present yet unto my memory,
 For that looks towards them, and thou look'st towards mee,
 O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree, 36
 I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
 Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave
 O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
 Burne off my rusts, and my deformity, 40
 Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
 That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face

30 Upon his miserable 1633, *Ar8, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD*
 On his distressed 1635-69 40 rusts, 1633, *B, Cy, D, H49, Lec N, O'F,*
S96, TCD rust, 1635-69, *Ar8, S, TCC*

THE LITANIE.

I

The FATHER

Father of Heaven, and him, by whom
 It, and us for it, and all else, for us
 Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come
 And re-create mee, now growne ruinous
 My heart is by dejection, clay, 5
 And by selfe-murder, red
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
 I may rise up from death, before I'am dead

II

The SONNE

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things, 10
 Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
 By bearing one, tryed't with what stings
 The other could thine heritage invade,
 O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
 And crucified againe, 15
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
 But let it be, by applying so thy paine,
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slaine

III

The HOLY GHOST

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
 Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust, 20
 And being sacrilegiously
 Halfe waisted with youths fires, of pride and lust,

The Litanie 1633-69 A Letanie A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S,
 596, TCC, TCD 17 be, D be 1633-69

Must

Must with new stormes be weatherbeat,
 Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout sad teares intend, and let 25
 (Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maime)
 Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same

IV.

The TRINITY

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
 Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,
 Which, as wise serpents, diversly 30
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,
 As you distinguish'd undistinct
 By power, love, knowledge bee,
 Give mee a such selfe different instinct
 Of these, let all mee elemented bee, 35
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three

V

The Virgin MARY

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,
 Whose flesh redeem'd us, That she-Cherubin,
 Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
 One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne, 40
 Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
 God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
 Our zealous thanks wee poure As her deeds were
 Our helpes, so are her prayers, nor can she sue
 In vaine, who hath such titles unto you 45

30 serpents, *Ed* serpents 1633-69 34 a such 1633 such 1635-69,
JC such a 118, *D*, *H49*, *Lec*, *N*, *S*, *TC* instinct 1633 instinct, 1635-69
 35 these, *Ed* these, *D*, *H49*, *Lec* these 1633-69 thee 118, *N*, *TC*

VI

The Angels

And since this life our nonage is,
 And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heavens faire Palaces,
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne, 50
 Yeelds faire diversitie,
 Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,
 So let mee study, that mine actions bee
 Worthy their fight, though blinde in how they see

VII

The Patriarches

And let thy Patriarches Desire 55
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw
 More in the cloud, then wee in fire,
 Whom Nature clear'd more, then us Grace and Law,
 And now in Heaven still pray, that wee
 May use our new helpes right,) 60
 Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in mee,
 Let not my minde be blinder by more light
 Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her fight

VIII

The Prophets

Thy Eagle-fighted Prophets too,
 Which were thy Churches Organs, and did found 65
 That harmony, which made of two
 One law, and did unite, but not confound ,

48 Native] Natives *B, JC, S* in heavens faire Palaces, *D* in heavens
 faire Palaces 1633-39 in heavens Palaces, 1650-69 52 which 1633
 what 1635-69 56 Grandfathers] Grandfathers, 1633 58 then] that
 1635-39 58 Grace and Law, *D* grace and law, 1633-69 61
 satisfy'd, 1635-69, *Ar8, D, H49, JC, N, S96, TC* sanctified, 1633 fructifie]
 fructified *Ar8, JC* 63 Faith, *D* Faith 1633-69

Those

Those heavenly Poets which did see
 Thy will, and it expresse
 In rhythimique feet, in common pray for mee, 70
 That I by them excuse not my excesse
 In seeking secrets, or Poëtiquenesse

IX

The Apostles

And thy illustrious Zodiacke
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
 (From whom whosoever do not take 75
 Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)
 As through their prayers, thou'haft let mee know
 That their bookes are divine,
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe
 Th'old broad way in applying, O decline 80
 Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine

X

The Martyrs

And since thou so desirously
 Did'st long to die, that long before thou could'st,
 And long since thou no more couldst dye,
 Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst 85
 In Abel dye, and ever since
 In thine, let their blood come
 To begge for us, a discreet patience
 Of death, or of worse life for Oh, to some
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome 90

75-6 no brackets 1633 75 whosoever] whoever most MSS 76 throw
 downe, and fall, 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC thrown down do fall)
 1635-69 78 bookes] works B, O F, S96 87 thine,] thine, 1633

XI.

The Confessors

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
 Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were,
 Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers
 They know, and pray, that wee may know, 95
 In every Christian
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow,
 Tentations martyr us alive, A man
 Is to himselfe a Dioclesian

XII

The Virgins

The cold white snowie Nunnery, 100
 Which, as thy mother, their high Abbess, sent
 Their bodies backe againe to thee,
 As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
 Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
 That or thy Church, or I, 105
 Should keep, as they, our first integrity,
 Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,
 And call chaste widowhead Virginitie

XIII

The Doctors

Thy sacred Academie above
 Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught 110
 Both bookes of life to us (for love
 To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote

93 were, *Ed* were, 1633-69 97 grow, *Ed* grow, 1633-69
 100 The] Thy *B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96* 109 Thy] The 1635-69
 Academie 1633, *D, H49, Lec* Academ 1635-69 Academe *N, O'F, S96,*
TC 112 thy] the 1650-69 Scriptures] Scripture 1669 wrote]
spelt wrought 1633 and MSS

In thy other booke) pray for us there
 That what they have misdone
 Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere, 115
 Their zeale may be our sinne Lord let us runne
 Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunne

XIV

And whil't this universall Quire,
 That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire 120
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,
 Prayes ceaselesly, and thou hearken too,
 (Since to be gracious
 Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
 Heare this prayer Lord O Lord deliver us 125
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus

XV

From being anxious, or secure,
 Dead clods of fadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,
 From thinking, that great courts immure
 All, or no happinesse, or that this earth 130
 Is only for our prison fram'd,
 Or that thou art covetous
 To them whom thou lovest, or that they are main'd
 From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,
 With all their might, Good Lord deliver us 135

115 adhere, *Ed* adhere, 1633-69 122 too, *D* too 1633-69
 125 Lord *Ed* Lord, 1633-69 128 clods 1633 clouds 1635-69,
B, O'F (which corrects), *S96* 133 whom] *om D, H49, Lec* them]
om A18, N, TC 134 sweet, 1633, *D, H49, JC, Lec, S96* sweets, 1635-
 69, *A18, N, O'F, S, TC*

XVI

XVI

From needing danger, to bee good,
 From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,
 From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse 140
 Some sinne more burdenous,
 From light affecting, in religion, newes,
 From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus
 Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us

XVII

From tempting Satan to tempt us, 145
 By our connivence, or slack companie,
 From measuring ill by vitious,
 Neglecting to choake sins spawn, Vanitie,
 From indiscreet humilitie,
 Which might be scandalous, 150
 And cast reproach on Christianitie,
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,
 From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us

XVIII

Deliver us for thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place 155
 Of middle kind, and thou being sent
 To ungratious us, staid'st at her full of grace,
 And through thy poore birth, where first thou
 Glorifiedst Povertie,
 And yet soone after riches didst allow, 160
 By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
 Deliver, and make us, to both waies free

137 owing] owning 1669 139 soule] souls 1669, *JC, O'F, S* 153
 fame,] flame, 1633 154 for 1633, *D, H49, N, S, TC* through 1635-69,
JC, O'F, S, 96, Chambers 156 middle] midle 1633, *D* 157 grace,]
 grace, 1633 159 Glorifiedst] Glorifiest 1633 some copies, *D, H49*
 162 Deliver, and] Deliver us, and *Chambers*

XIX

XIX.

And through that bitter agonie,
Which is still the agonie of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee, 165
And interrupted evennesse, with fits,
And through thy free confession
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when 170
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men

XX

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy clothes to spoile, thy fame to scorne,
All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
And by which thou could'st shew, that thou wast born, 175
And through thy gallant humblenesse
Which thou in death did'st shew,
Dying before thy foule they could expresse,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe 180

XXI

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre
And worke despaire a breach to enter in,
When plenty, Gods image, and seale 185
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us

163 through] though 1633 that] thy B, JC, O'F, S96 164 is still]
still is 1633 some copies, 1635-69 166 fits,] fits, 1633 173 clothes
1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, N, S, TC robes 1635-69, B(robe), JC, O'F, S96
175 born, Ed born, 1633-69

XXII

XXII

In Churches, when the'infirmitie 190
 Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,
 When Magistrates doe mis-apply
 To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,
 When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,
 Or wars, thy Champions, swaie, 195
 When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines,
 In th'houre of death, the'Eve of last judgement day,
 Deliver us from the sinister way

XXIII

Heare us, O heare us Lord, to thee 200
 A sinner is more musique, when he prayes,
 Then spheares, or Angels praises bee,
 In Panegyrique Allelujaes,
 Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord
 We know not what to say,
 Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and 205
 word
 O Thou who Satan heard't in Jobs sicke day,
 Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray

XXIV

That wee may change to evennesse
 This intermitting aguish Pietie,
 That snatching cramps of wickednesse 210
 And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die,
 That musique of thy promises,
 Not threats in Thunder may
 Awaken us to our iust offices,
 What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say, 215
 That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray

196 When] Where many MSS 197 last judgement] the last JC, S
 Gods judgement B 202 Allelujaes, 1635-69 Allelujaes, 1633 204
 say, D say 1633-69 209 Pietie, Ed Pietie, 1633-69 214
 offices,] offices, 1633

XXV

XXV

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,
And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,
That wee, by harkning, not procure
Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite, 220
That wee get not a slipperinesse
And senslesly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesse,
To'admit the like of majestie divine,
That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine 225

XXVI

That living law, the Magistrate,
Which to give us, and make us phyficke, doth
Our vices often aggravate,
That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men 230
Which well, if we starve, dine,
When they doe most accuse us, may see then
Us, to amendment, heare them, thee decline
That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine

XXVII

That learning, thine Ambassador, 235
From thine allegiance wee never tempt,
That beauty, paradises flower
For phyficke made, from poyson be exempt,
That wit, borne apt high good to doe,
By dwelling lazily 240
On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,
That our affections kill us not, nor dye,
Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry

217 wee 1633 me 1635-69 219 wee, Ed wee 1633-69 harkning,
not 1633-69 heark'ning not Chambers 231 well, 1633 (but altered to
will, in some copies), A18, B, D, H49, N, S, TC will, 1635-69, Lec, Chambers,
Grolier 233 decline Ed decline, 1633-69 239 apt doe,]
apt, doe 1633 243 weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry 1633-69,
A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC weake wretches, O thou eare and eye B, S, S96
Chambers adopts Eye from S, O'F reads eye, and TCC alters eye to eye,
all retaining ecchoes See note

XXVIII

XXVIII

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
 By taking our blood, owest it us againe, 245
 Gaine to thy self, or us allow,
 And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine,
 O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne
 Which could not stick to thee,
 O let it not returne to us againe, 250
 But Patient and Phyfition being free,
 As sinne is nothing, let it no where be

*Vpon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir Philip
 Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke
 her Sister*

ETernall God, (for whom who ever dare
 Seeke new expreffions, doe the Circle square,
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
 I would but bleffe thy Name, not name thee now, 5
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou)
 Fixe we our prayfes therefore on this one,
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue,
 (For 'twas a double power by which he sung 10
 The highest matter in the noblest forme,)
 So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one,
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee 15
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony

245 againe,] againe 1633 246 or us 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, JC, N,
 S, TC and us 1635-69, O'F, S96, Chambers 248 O Lambe] O lambe
 1633

Vpon the &c 1635-69 no extant MSS

Two that make one *John Baptists* holy voyce,
 And who that Psalme, *Now let the Iles rejoyce*,
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe 20
 They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing,
 Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears,
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,
 The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue, 25
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than fung,
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)
 This Quire hath all The Organist is hee
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we 30
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Iewes
 And *David's* Successors, in holy zeale,
 In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too, 35
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe
 When I behold that these Psalmes are become
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill 40
 This be reform'd, Would a whole State present
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*, 45
 Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
 Already done, and as those Psalmes we call
 (Though some have other Authors) *David's* all
 So though some have, some may some Psalmes translate,
 We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate, 50

17 voyce, 1635-39 voyce, 1650-69 22 sing,] sing 1635-69
 23 three Quires, 1669 3 Quires, 1635-54 28 here 1669 hear
 1635-54 (the same word, not hear as in Chambers' note) 46 this Moses
 Grosart thy Moses 1635-69

And,

And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning, that, when hence we part,
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part

55

Ode Of our Sense of Sinne

- 1 **V**engeance will fit above our faults, but till
 She there doth fit,
 We see *her* not, nor *them* Thus, blinde, yet still
 We leade her way, and thus, whil't we doe ill,
 We suffer it
- 2 Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill
 Enough we labour under age, and care,
 In number, th'errours of the last place, are
 The greatest still
- 3 Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soone repent,
 (Strange thing!) perceive not, our faults are not seen,
 But past us, neither felt, but onely in
 The punishment
- 4 But we know our selves least, Mere outward shews
 Our mindes so store,
 That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose
 But forme and colour Onely he who knowes
 Himselfe, knowes more

5

10

15

20

I D

55 tuning, 1719 tuning, 1635-69 part, 1719 part 1635-69
 Ode 1635-69, O'F Of our Sense of Sinne H40, RP31 (in margin,
 S^r Edw Herbert) no title, B, Cy, P, S 2 doth 1635-39 do 1650-69
 11 now] new B 15 The 1635-69, Cy, P Our B, H40, O'F

To

To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders

THou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
 Not an impediment, but victory,
 What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind 5
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele
 Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?
 Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware, 10
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
 Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?
 Thou art the same materials, as before,
 Onely the stampe is changed, but no more
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face, 15
 But not the monies substance, so hath grace
 Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
 To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation,
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
 They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes, 20
 Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?
 Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
 What thy advantage is above, below
 But if thy gainings doe surmount expreſſion, 25
 Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
 Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
 That Gentry should joyne families with it?
 As if their day were onely to be spent
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement, 30
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust,
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)

To Mr Tilman &c 1635-69 no variant MSS 18 Christs] Christs
 1635 34 clay) Ed clay) 1635-69

Let

Let then the world thy calling difrespect,
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect 35
 What function is fo noble, as to bee
 Embaffadour to God and deftinie?
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more
 Than Kings give dignities, to keepe heavens doore? 40
Maries prerogative was to beare Chrift, fo
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits fpeake,
 And bleffe the poore beneath, the lame, the weake
 If then th'Aftromers, whereas they fpie 45
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
 How brave are thofe, who with their Engine, can
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
 Thefe are thy titles and preheminenes,
 In whom muft meet Gods graces, mens offences, 50
 And fo the heavens which beget all things here,
 And the earth our mother, which thefe things doth beare,
 Both thefe in thee, are in thy Calling knit,
 And make thee now a bleft Hermaphrodite

*A Hymne to Chrift, at the Authors laft
 going into Germany*

IN what torne fhip foever I embarke,
 That fhip fhall be my embleme of thy Arke,
 What fea foever fwallow mee, that flood
 Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood,
 Though thou with clouds of anger do difguife 5
 Thy face, yet through that maske I know thofe eyes,
 Which, though they turne away fometimes,
 They never will defpife

52 beare, 1650-69 beare 1635-39

A Hymne &c 1633-69 A Hymne to Chrift *AI8, N, TCC, TCD*
 At his going with my Lord of Doncafter 1619 *B*, and fimilarly, *O'F, P*,
S96 in *MSS* laft two lines of each ftanza given as one 2 my
 thy] an the *P* 3 foever fwallow mee, that] foe'er fwallows me up,
 that *O'F*

I facrifice

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
 And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee, 10
 When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
 Put thou thy sea betwixt my finnes and thee
 As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I goe,
 Where none but thee, th'Eternall root 15
 Of true Love I may know

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,
 The amoroufnesse of an harmonious Soule,
 But thou would'ft have that love thy selfe As thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now, 20
 Thou lov'ft not, till from loving more, thou free
 My soule Who ever gives, takes libertie
 O, if thou car'ft not whom I love
 Alas, thou lov'ft not mee

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All, 25
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall,
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee
 On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee
 Churches are best for Prayer, that have leaft light
 To see God only, I goe out of sight 30
 And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
 An Everlasting night

10 I lov'd there, 1633, A18, N, TCC I love here, 1635-69 I love
 there P who lov'd mee, 1633, A18, N, TC who love mee, 1635-69,
 B, O F, P, S96 11 our seas 1633, A18, N, TC this flood 1635-69
 these (or those) seas B, O'F, P, S96 12 sea A18, B, N, O'F, S96, TC
 seas 1633, P blood 1635-69 15 thee, th'Eternall root] thy eternall
 work B, O'F (where it is altered to reading of text), P (externall workes), S96
 28 Fame, 1633, A18, N, TC Face, 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96

*The Lamentations of Ieremy, for the most
part according to Tremelius*

C H A P I

- 1 **H**OW fits this citie, late most populous,
Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus!
Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is!
- 2 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall 5
Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her, Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie
- 3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions
Juda is captive led, Those nations 10
With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,
In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword
- 4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies
Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes
Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse, 15
And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse
- 5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strooke her with sadnesse Th'enemie
Doth drive her children to captivitie 20
- 6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none,
Her Princes are, and now before the foe
Which still pursues them, without strength they go

The Lamentations &c 1633-69 (Tremellius 1639-69), *B, N, O'F, TCD*
Tr in the notes stands for Tremellius, Vulg for Vulgate See note full stops
 after verse-numbers 1635-69 2-4 thus¹ 15¹] thus² 18²
 1633-69 22 Harts] hearts 1669

- 7 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerufalem 25
 (Her men flaine by the foe, none succouring them)
 Remembers what of old, thee esteemed moſt,
 Whileſt her foes laugh at her, for what ſhe hath loſt
- 8 Jerufalem hath ſinn'd, therefore is thee
 Remov'd, as women in uncleaneſſe bee, 30
 Who honor'd, ſcorne her, for her foulneſſe they
 Have ſeene, her ſelfe doth groane, and turne away
- 9 Her foulneſſe in her ſkirts was ſeene, yet ſhe
 Remembred not her end, Miraculoſly
 Therefore ſhee fell, none comforting Behold 35
 O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold
- 10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene,
 The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand, for ſhee hath ſeene
 Heathen, whom thou command'ſt, ſhould not doe ſo,
 Into her holy Sanctuary goe 40
- 11 And all her people groane, and ſeeke for bread,
 And they have given, only to be fed,
 All precious things, wherein their pleaſure lay
 How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh
- 12 All this concernes not you, who paſſe by mee, 45
 O ſee, and marke if any forrow bee
 Like to my forrow, which Jehova hath
 Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?
- 13 That fire, which by himſelfe is governed
 He hath caſt from heaven on my bones, and ſpred 50
 A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,
 And made me languish all the day alone

25 hei O'F their 1633-69, N, ICD the B diebus afflictionis ſuae
 et ploratuum ſuorum Tr 28 Whileſt B, O F Whiles 1633-69
 32 ſeene,] ſeene, 1633 43 pleaſure] pleaſures N

- 14 His hand hath of my finnes framed a yoake
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength The Lord unto those enemies 55
Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise
- 15 He under foot hath troden in my sight
My strong men, He did company invite
To breake my young men, he the winepresse hath 60
Trode upon Juda's daughter in his wrath
- 16 For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out, For he which should be nigh
To comfort mee, is now departed farre,
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are
- 17 There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand, 65
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That *Iacobs* foes girt him *Ierusalem*
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them
- 18 But yet the Lord is iust, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will, 70
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
My maides, my young men in captivit e
- 19 I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the citie, for they fought for meat 75
Which should refresh their soules, they could not get
- 20 Because I am in freights, *Iehova* see
My heart o'turn'd, my bowells muddy bee,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within, doth waft 80
- 53 hand] hands 1650-69 manu ejus Tr 56 from whom 1635-69,
B, N, O'F, TCD from whence 1633 58 invite 1633, N, TCD accite
1635-69, B, O'F 59 men, Ed men, 1633-69 63 farre,] farre
1633 65 hand,] hand 1633-35 76 they could not get 1633 and
none could get 1635-69 Norton conjectures that in 75 we should read
the sought-for meat but see note 78 o'turn'd,] return'd, 1633

- 21 Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,
My foes have heard my grieffe, and glad they be,
That thou hast done it, But thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they
- 22 Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee, 85
Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,
For all my finnes The sighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad

CHAP II

- 1 **H**OW over Sions daughter hath God hung
His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath
flung 90
To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath
Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath!
- 2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strengths of *Iuda*, and prophan'd 95
The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land
- 3 In heat of wrath, the horne of *Israel* hee
Hath cleane cut off, and left the enemy
Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards *Iacob*, All-devouring fire 100
- 4 Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire
- 5 For like an enemy *Iehova* is, 105
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
To *Iuda's* daughters lamentations

81 heare I mourne, 1633-35, B, O'F, TCD heare me mourn, N heie
I mourn, 1639-69, and mod edd Audientium me in gemitu esse nemo
confolatur me Tr 87 sighs] fights 1669 90 cloud! Ed cloud?
1633-69 flung] flung 1633 92 wrath! Ed wrath? 1633-69 95
strengths 1633, N, I CD strength 1635-69, B, O'F munitiones Tr and Vulg
6 Like

- 6 Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe
 The place where was his congregation, 110
 And *Sions* feasts and sabbaths are forgot,
 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not
- 7 The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
 His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests
 His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries 115
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities
- 8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
 And levell *Sions* walls unto the ground,
 He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturue
 The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne 120
- 9 Their gates are funke into the ground, and hee
 Hath broke the barres, their King and Princes bee
 Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
 Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare
- 10 There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd, 125
 And filence keepe, Dust on their heads they cast,
 In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
 The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw
- 11 My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes
 Are faint with weeping and my liver lies 130
 Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie
 That sucking children in the streets doe die
- 12 When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
 Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,
 And in the streets like wounded persons lay 135
 Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away

110 where] which *B, O'F* locum conventus sui *Tr* 112 regardeth]
 regarded 1669 114 hand *B, N, O'F, TCD* hands 1633-69 tradit in manum
 inimici muros, palatia illius *Tr* 118-9 ground, hand,] ground,
 hand, 1633 121 Their 1633 The 1635-69 122 barres, *B,*
O'F barre, 1633-69, *N, TCD* vinctus ejus *Tr* 124 then] the 1669
 134 there,] there 1633-39 135 streets *B, O'F* street 1633-69, *N,*
TCD in plateis civitatis *Tr*

13 *Daughter Ierusalem*, Oh what may bee
 A witnesse, or comparison for thee?
 Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
 Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee? 140

14 For thee vaine foolish things thy Prophets fought,
 Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
 Which might disturne thy bondage but for thee
 False burthens, and false causes they would see

15 The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse, 145
 And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
 That citie, which so many men did call
 Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?

16 Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,
 And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this, 150
 For this is certainly the day which wee
 Expected, and which now we finde, and see

17 The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
 Fulfill'd his word of old determined,
 He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe 155
 Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so

18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
 Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let teares fall
 Downe like a river, day and night, take thee
 No rest, but let thine eye incessant be 160

19 Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy finnes,
 Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins,
 Lift up thy hands to God, left children dye,
 Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye

141 For thee 1635-54 For, the 1633 For the 1669 143 disturne
 1633-54 and MSS dis-urn 1669 disturb *Chambers* ad avertendum
 captivitatē tuam Tr 145 hisse, *Ed* hisse 1633-39 157 against
 1633 unto 1635-69, and MSS clamat cor istorum contra Dominum Tr
 ad Dominum *Vulg* 161 poure, for 1633 and MSS poure out
 1635-69, *Chambers*

20 Behold

- 20 Behold O Lord, confider unto whom 165
 Thou haft done this, what, fhall the women come
 To eate their children of a fpanne? fhall thy
 Prophet and Priest be flaine in Sanctuary?
- 21 On ground in ftreets, the yong and old do lye,
 My virgins and yong men by fword do dye, 170
 Them in the day of thy wrath thou haft flaine,
 Nothing did thee from killing them containe
- 22 As to a folemne feaft, all whom I fear'd
 Thou call'ft about mee, when his wrath appear'd,
 None did remaine or fcape, for thofe which I 175
 Brought up, did perifh by mine enimie

CHAP III

- 1 **I** Am the man which have affliction feene,
 Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
 2 He hath led mee to darkneffe, not to light,
 3 And againft mee all day, his hand doth fight 180
- 4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flefh and kinne,
 5 Built up againft mee, and hath girt mee in
 With hemlocke, and with labour, 6 and fet mee
 In darke, as they who dead for ever bee
- 7 Hee hath hedg'd me left I fcape, and added more 185
 To my fteele fetters, heavier then before
- 8 When I crie out, he out fhuts my prayer 9 And hath
 Stop'd with hewn ftone my way, and turn'd my path
- 10 And like a Lion hid in fecrecie,
 Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee 190
- 11 He ftops my way, teares me, made defolate,
 12 And hee makes mee the marke he fhooteth at

174 his 1633 thy 1635-69 CHAP] ital 1633 182 girt]
 hemde B, O'F 186 before 1650-69 before, 1633-39 187 8 Ed
 8 1635-69, om 1633 190 mee] mee, 1633

13 Hee

- 13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe
 Into my reines, 14 I with my people was
 All the day long, a song and mockery 195
 15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitterneffe, and he
 Hath made me drunke with wormewood 16 He hath burst
 My teeth with stones, and covered mee with duft,
 17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,
 And my prosperity I did forget 200
 18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
 Which from the Lord should come, is perished
 19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
 My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,
 20 My Soule is humbled in remembring this, 205
 21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is
 22 'Tis Gods great mercy we're not utterly
 Consum'd, for his compassions do not die,
 23 For every morning they renewed bee,
 For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity 210
 24 The Lord is, faith my Soule, my portion,
 And therefore in him will I hope alone
 25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
 And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly
 26 It is both good to trust, and to attend 215
 (The Lords salvation) unto the end
 27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare,
 28 He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
 Because he hath borne it 29 And his mouth he layes
 Deepe in the duft, yet then in hope he staves 220
 30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will
 Strike him, and so he is reproched still
 31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
 32 But when he hath stricke with sadnes, hee doth take
 202 perished 1633 perished, 1635-69 203 mournings 1633-69,
 N, O'F, TCD mourning B 216 (The Lords salvation) 1633 no
 brackets, 1635-69

Compassion,

Compassion, as his mercy's infinite, 225
 33 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,
 34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
 35 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see
 To be wrung from him, 36 That he subverted is
 In his iust cause, the Lord allowes not this 230
 37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
 But that which by the Lord commanded was?
 38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds,
 39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
 40 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes, 235
 41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise
 42 Wee have rebell'd, and false away from thee,
 Thou pardon'ft not, 43 Ufeste no clemencie,
 Pursuest us, kill'ft us, coverest us with wrath,
 44 Cover'ft thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath
 No power to passe 45 And thou hast made us fall 241
 As refuse, and off-scouring to them all
 46 All our foes gape at us 47 Feare and a snare
 With ruine, and with waste, upon us are
 48 With watry rivers doth mine eye overflow 245
 For ruine of my peoples daughter so,
 49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,
 50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see
 51 And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye
 Doth breake mine heart 52 Causes mine enemy, 250
 Like a bird chac'd me 53 In a dungeon
 They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone

226 smite, *Ed* smite, 1633-69 229 wrung] wrong 1633 him,
Ed him 1633-69 230 this] this 1633 231 doth] will *B, O'F*
 238 not, 1650-69 not 1633-35 not 1639 239 coverest us with
 wiath] coverest with thy wrath *B, O'F* 243 47 *Ed* 47, 1633
 47 1635-69 245 watry] water 1633 246 daughter *B, N, O'F*,
TCD daughters 1633-69 propter contritionem filiae populi mei *Tr* 249
 citys *O'F* city 1633-69 propter omnes filias civitatis meae *Tr* 252 on
 me *B, N, TCD* me on 1633-69 projiciunt lapides in me *Tr* posuerunt
 lapidem super me *Vulg*

- 54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
 Destroy'd, 55 I called Lord, upon thy name
 Out of the pit 56 And thou my voice didst heare, 255
 Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare
 57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st neere
 Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do not feare
 58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled hast, and thou
 Rescud'st my life 59 O Lord do thou judge now, 260
 Thou heard'st my wrong 60 Their vengeance all they
 have wrought,
 61 How they reproach'd, thou hast heard, and what they
 thought,
 62 What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
 And what was ever whisper'd by my foes
 63 I am their song, whether they rise or sit, 265
 64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
 65 Sorrow of heart, thy curse 66 And with thy might
 Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite

CHAP IV

- 1 **H**OW is the gold become so dimme? How is
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this? 270
 The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
 Scattered in corners of each street do lye
 2 The pretious finnes of Sion, which should bee
 Valued at purest gold, how do wee see
 Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand, 275
 Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand
 3 Even the Sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
 Sucke to their young, my peoples daughters live,
 By reason of the foes great cruelnesse,
 As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse 280

256 sigh,] fight, 1650-69 260 Rescud'st *B, O' F* Rescuest 1633-69,
N, TCD vindicabis *Tr* now, 1633-39 now 1650-69, *Chambers*
 CHAP] CAP 1633 270 Purest] *P* dropped 1650-54 274 at
 1633-39 as 1650-69, *B, N, O F, ICD* qui tax indi er unt auro purgatissimo
Tr 278 live,] live 1633

4 And

- 4 And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw
And when for bread the little children crye,
There is no man that doth them satisfie
- 5 They which before were delicately fed, 285
Now in the streets forlorne have perished,
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd
- 6 The daughters of my people have sinned more,
Then did the towne of *Sodome* sinne before, 290
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
No hands amongst them, to vexe them againe
- 7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white,
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine, 295
And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine
- 8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know
Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,
For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,
And withered, is like to dry wood growne 300
- 9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye,
And better through pierc'd, then through penury
- 10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate
Their children drest with their owne hands for meat
- 11 *Iehova* here fully accomplish'd hath 305
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eate, and her foundations to devour

283 little children] little *om Chambers* 296 Saphirine 1635-69.
Seraphine 1633 Sapphina polities eorum *Tr* 298 streets *B, O'F*
street 1633-69, *N, TGD* in vicis *Tr* in plateis *Vulg* 299 the
B, O'F their 1633-69 302 through penury] by penury, 1633, *N,*
TGD confossi gladio quam confossi fame *Tr. See note* 304 hands
B, O'F hand 1633-69

12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
 In the inhabitable world beleve,
 That any adversary, any foe
 Into *Ierusalem* should enter fo

310

13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed
 Blood in the streets, and the iust murdered
 14 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did
 fray
 Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

315

With blood, the which impossible it was
 Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,
 15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
 Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then

320

They fled, and frayd, and with the *Gentiles* were,
 Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there,
 16 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face
 Who never will regard them more, No grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford,
 Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword
 17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries
 Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes

325

And such a nation as cannot fave,
 We in desire and speculation have
 18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
 To goe our end is now approached neere,

330

Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day
 19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
 Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye
 At us, and for us in the desert lye

335

312 fo] fo, 1633 316 Thorough] Through 1669 318 gai-
 ments 1633 garment 1635-69 quem non possunt quin tangant vestimentis
 suis Tr 320 not, O'F,N,TCD not, 1633-69 322 dwell there,
 Ed dwell, there 1633 dwell there 1635-39 dwell there 1650-54
 dwell there 1669 325 their the 1633-39 the their 1650-69
 333-4 day 19 Eagles Ed The old editions place a comma after day, and
 19 at the beginning of 335, wrongly 335 mountaine tops 1633-39
 mountaines tops 1650-69, B

- 20 The annoynted Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell 340
- 21 Rejoyce O *Edoms daughter*, joyfull bee
 Thou which inhabitst *Huz*, for unto thee
 This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkenness
 Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakedness
- 22 And then thy finnes O *Sion*, shall be spent,
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment 345
 Thy finnes O *Edoms daughter*, hee will see,
 And for them, pay thee with captivitie

CHAP V

- 1 Remember, O Lord, what is fallen on us,
 See, and marke how we are reproached thus, 350
- 2 For unto strangers our possession
 Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
- 3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
 As Orphans all, and without father be,
- 4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay, 355
 And upon our owne wood a price they lay
- 5 Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
 They make us travaile, and not intermit,
- 6 We stretch our hands unto th' *Egyptians*
 To get us bread, and to the *Assyrians* 360

340 fell] fell 1633 342 which 1633 that 1635-69 Huz B
 Hus N, TCD her, 1633 Uz, 1635-69 in terra Hutz Tr 345
 And then] And om Chambers CHAP] CAP 1633 349 us,]
 us, 1633-35 354 father B, O'F fathers 1633-69 Pupilli sumus 1c
 nullo patre Tr absque patre Vulg 355 drunke, 1633, N, TCD drinke
 1635-69, B, O'F 356 lay 1650-69 lay, 1633-39

7 Our

- 7 Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,
But wee do beare the finnes they did before
8 They are but servants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us
9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat, 365
For in the wilderness, the sword did wait
10 The tempests of this famine wee liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne
11 In *Iudaes* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd 370
12 The Princes with their hands they hung, no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face
13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare
14 Elders, the gates, youth did their songs forbear, 375
15 Gone was our joy, our dancings, mournings were
16 Now is the crowne false from our head, and woe
Be unto us, because we have sinned so
17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy darkness is 380
18 Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lye,
And foxes there do goe at libertie
19 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation
20 Why should'st thou forget us eternally? 385
Or leave us thus long in this misery?
21 Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day
22 For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
And to be utterly enrag'd at us? 390

368 Oven 1635-69 Ocean 1633 Pelles nostrae ut funus atratae sunt
Tr 374 fell bare 1633-69 full beare B.O.F 376 15
Gone &c] Old edd transfer 15 to next line, wrongly In consequence, the
remaining verses are all a number short, but the complete number of 22 is
made up by breaking the last verse, 'For oughtest thou &c,' into two I have
corrected throughout 389 thus,] thus 1633

Hymne

Hymne to God my God, in my sickness

Since I am comming to that Holy roome,
 Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
 I shall be made thy Musique, As I come
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
 And what I must doe then, thinke here before 5

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
 That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die, 10

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West,
 For, though their currants yeeld returne to none,
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
 In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the Resurrection 15

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
 The Easterne riches? Is *Ierusalem*?
Anan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibaltare*,
 All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them,
 Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem* 20

We thinke that *Paradyse* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Croffe, and *Adams* tree, stood in one place,
 Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me,
 As the first *Adams* sweat furrounds my face,
 May the last *Adams* blood my foule embrace 25

Hymn to God &c 1635-69, Sg6, and in part Walton (Life of
 Dr John Donne 1670), who adds March 23, 1630 2 thy 1635
 and Walton (1670) the 1639-69 4 the Instrument 1635-69 my
 instrument Walton 6 Whilst love] Since loves Walton 10
 to die, 1635 to die 1639-54 to dy 1669 12 there Sg6 those
 1635-69 18 *Gibaltare*, 1635-54 *Gabaltare*, 1669 *Gibraltar*? 1719,
Chambers *Gibraltar* are *Grosari* See note 19 but streights, Ed but
 streights 1635-69 24 first] list 1669

So,



JOHN DONNE

From the frontispiece to *Death's Duel*, 1632

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne ,
 And as to others foules I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down 30

A Hymne to God the Father

I

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne, through which I runne,
 And do run still though still I do deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done, 5
 For, I have more

II

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
 Others to sinne² and, made my sinne their dooie?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
 A yeare, or two but wallowed in, a score² 10
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more

III

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore,
 But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne 15
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore,
 And, having done that, Thou hast done,
 I feare no more

28 others fouls] other fouls *Walton and S96* 30 That, he may raise,
 therefore, *Walton*

A Hymne &c 1633-69 To Christ *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Christo
 Salvator *O'F, S96* for the text of the MSS see next page 2 Which]
 which 1633 8 my sin] my sins 1639-69 10 two 1633 two, 1635-69

To Christ

Wilt thou forgive that finne, where I begunn,
 W^{ch} is my finne, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive those sinns through w^{ch} I runn
 And doe them still, though still I doe deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 for I have more 5

Wilt thou forgive that finne, by w^{ch} I have wonne
 Others to sinne, & made my sinne their dore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne w^{ch} I did shunne
 A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 for I have more 10

I have a sinne of feare y^t when I have spunn
 My last thred, I shall perishe on the shore,
 Sweare by thy self that at my Death, thy Sunne
 Shall shine as it shines nowe, & heretofore,
 And having done that, thou hast done,
 I have noe more 15

To Christ *Ar8, N, ICC, ICD* Christo Salvatori *O'F, Sg6* text from
ICD 1 begunn, *El* begunn *ICD* 2 were *Ar8, N, IC* was *O'F, S*
 before? *Ed* before *ICD* 4 them *Ar8, N, IC* runne *O'F, Sg6*
 5 done, *Ed* done *ICD* and so 11 and 17 14 shore, *Ed* shore
ICD 15 thy Sunne *O'F, S* this Sunne *Ar8, N, IC* 16 heretofore,
El heretofore *ICD*

ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR

TO THE MEMORIE OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND

D^r DONNE

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
 Beyond our lofty ft flights, that is, like Thee,
 O! t'have had too much merit, is not safe,
 For, such excesses finde no Epitaph
 At common graves we have Poetique eyes 5
 Can melt themselves in easie Elegies,
 Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
 And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Heaife
 But at Thine, Poeme, or Inscription
 (Rich soule of wit, and language) we have none 10
 Indeed a silence does that tombe befit,
 Where is no Herald left to blazon it
 Widow'd invention justly doth forbear
 To come abroad, knowing Thou art not here
 Late her great Patron, Whose Prerogative 15
 Maintain'd, and cloth'd her so, as none alive
 Must now perfume, to keepe her at thy rate,
 Though he the Indies for her dowrie estate
 Or else that awfull fire, which once did burne
In thy cleare Braine, now false into thy Urne 20
 Lives there, to fight rude Empiricks from thence,
 Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance
 Who ever writes of Thee, and in a stile
 Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile
 Thy precious Dust, and wake a learned Spirit 25
 Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit
 For, all a low pitch't phansie can devise,
 Will prove, at best, but Hallow'd Injuries
 Thou, like the dying Swanne, didst lately sing
 Thy Mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King, 30
 When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,
 Presented so, to life, that peece of death,
 That it was feai'd, and prophesi'd by all,
 Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funerall

To the *Sc* Also in Deaths Duell 1632, Walton's Lives 1670, King's
 Poems 1657, 1664, 1700 14 here] there 1632 31 faint]
 weak 1632

B b 2

O! had'st

O! had'st Thou in an Elegiacke Knell
 Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
 And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate
 The solemnē meafure of thy griev'd Retreat,
 Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist
 As well, as then thou did'st prevent the Priest,
 And never to the world beholding bec
 So much, as for an Epitaph for thee
 I doe not like the office Nor is 't fit
 Thou, who did'st lend our Age such fummes of wit,
 Should'st now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,
 That Ore to Buie Thee, which once was Thine,
 Rather full leave us in thy debt, And know
 (Exalted Soule) more glory 't is to owe
 Unto thy Hearse, what we can never pay,
 Then, with embased Come those Rites defray
 Commit we then Thee to Thy selfe Nor blame
 Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
 Leave Thee Executour Since, but thine owne,
 No pen could doe Thee Justice, nor Bayes Crowne
 Thy vast desert, Save that, wee nothing can
 Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian
 So Jewellers no Art, or Metall trust
 To forme the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust

H K

To the deceased Author,

Upon the *Promiscuous* printing of his Poems, the
Loofer sort, with the *Religious*

W Hen thy *Loofer* raptures, *Donne*, shall meet with Those
 That doe confine
 Tuning, unto the *Duller Line*,
 And sing not, but in *Sanctified Prose*,
 How will they, with sharper eyes,
 The *Fore-skinne* of thy phanſie circumscribe?
 And feare, thy *wantonnesse* should now, begin
 Example, that hath ceased to be *Sin*?

57 or] nor 1632

And

And that *Feare* fannes their *Heat*, whilst knowing eyes
 Will not admire 10
 At this *Strange Fire*,
 That here is *mingled with thy Sacrifice*
 But dare reade even thy *Wanton Story*,
 As thy *Confession*, not thy *Glory*
 And will so envie *Both* to future times, 15
 That they would buy thy *Goodnesse*, with thy *Crimes*
 Tho Browne

On the death of D^r DONNE

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
 Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell
 In tunefull *Elegies*, there's not language knowne
 Fit for thy mention, but 'twas fitt thy owne,
 The *Epitaphs* thou writst, have so bereft 5
 Our tongue of wit, there is not phansie left
 Enough to weepe thee, what hencefoith we see
 Of Art or Nature, must result from thee
 There may perchance some busie gathering friend
 Steale from thy owne woikes, and that, varied, lend, 10
 Which thou bestow'ft on others, to thy Hearse,
 And so thou shalt live still in thine owne verse,
 Hee that shall venturie farther, may commit
 A pitied errour, shew his zeale, not wit
 Fate hath done mankinde wrong, vertue may aime 15
 Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,
 Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give
 Faith to the world, command it to beleewe,
 Hee then must write, that would define thy parts
 Here lyes the best Divinitie, All the Arts 20

Edw Hyde

On the &c Also in Deaths Duell 1632 4 thy] thine 1632
 6 tongue] pens 1632

On

*On Doctor Donne,**By D' C B of O*

HEe that would write an Epitaph for thee,
 And do it well, must first beginne to be
 Such as thou wert, for none can truly know
 Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so,
 He must have wit to spare and to hidle downe 5
 Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne
 He must have learning plenty, both the Lawes,
 Civill, and Common, to judge any cause,
 Divinity great store, above the rest,
 Not of the last Edition, but the best 10
 Hee must have language, triavaile, all the Arts,
 Judgement to use, or else he wants thy parts
 He must have friends the highest, able to do,
 Such as *Mecenas*, and *Augustus* too
 He must have such a sicknesse, such a death, 15
 Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath,
 Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
 He must be dead first, let it alone for mee

An Elegie upon the incomparable

D' DONNI

ALl is not well when such a one as I
 Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie*,
 When smaller *Starrs* appeare, and give their light,
Phæbus is gone to bed We're it not night,
 And the world witleffe now that *DONNE* is dead,
 You sooner should have broke, then seene my head
 Dead did I say? Forgive this *Injury*
 I doe him, and his worthes *Infimty*,
 To say he is but dead, I dare averre
 It better may be term'd a *Massacre*, 10
 Then *Sleepe* or *Death*, See how the *Muses* mourne
 Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Vrue*
 Threaten the World with this *Calamity*,
 They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*

On &c Also in Corbet's Poems 1647

Language

Language lyes speechlesse, and *Divinity*, 15
 Loft such a *Trump* as even to *Extasie*
 Could chaime the Soule, and had an *Influence*
 To teach best *judgements*, and please dullest *Sense*
 The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Vniversitie*,
 Loft *Chaplaime*, *Deane*, and *Doctor*, All these, Three 20
 It was his *Merit*, that his *Funerall*
 Could caufe a losse so *great* and *generall*

If there be any Spirit can answer give
 Of such as hence depart, to such as live
 Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate, 25
 Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate?
 Me thinks, *Corruption*, *Wormes*, what else is foule
 Should spare the *Temple* of so faire a *Soule*
 I could beleeve they doe, but that I know
 What inconvenience might hereafter grow 30
 Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
 And as his *Numbers*, so his *Reliques* prize

If that Philosopher, which did avow
 The world to be but Motes, was living now
 He would affume that th'*Atomes* of his mould 35
 Were they in severall bodies blended, would
 Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
 Of *Linguists*, *Poets* sith these severall *lines*
 In him concentied were, and flowing thence
 Might fill againe the worlds *Circumference* 40
 I could beleeve this too, and yet my faith
 Not want a *President* The *Phoenix* hath
 (And such was He) a power to animate
 Her ashes, and herselfe perpetuate
 But, busie Soule, thou dost not well to pry 45
 Into these Secrets, *Griefe*, and *Iealousie*,
 The more they know, the further still advance,
 And finde no way so safe as *Ignorance*
 Let this suffice thee, that his *Soule* which flew
 A pitch of all admu'd, known but of few, 50
 (Save those of purer mould) is now translated
 From Earth to Heav'n, and there *Constellated*
 For, if each *Priest* of God shine as a *Starre*,
 His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre

HEN VALENTINE

An

An Elegie upon Dr Donne

IS Donne, great Donne deceas'd? then England say
 Thou'haſt loſt a man where language choſe to ſtay
 And ſhew it's gracefull power I would not praiſe
 That and his vaſt wit (which in theſe vaine dayes
 Make many proud) but as they ſerv'd to unlock
 That Cabinet, his minde where ſuch a ſtock
 Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
 (Or ſhould) this generall cauſe of diſcontent
 And I rejoyce I am not ſo ſevere,
 But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare
 For his deceaſe, Such ſad extremities
 May make ſuch men as I write *Elegies*
 And wonder not, for, when a generall loſſe
 Falls on a nation, and they ſlight the croſſe,
 God hath rais'd *Prophets* to awaken them
 From ſtupifaction, witneſſe my milde pen,
 Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it muſt
 Freely and boldly, for, the cauſe is juſt
 Dull age, Oh I would ſpare thee, but th'art wiſe,
 Thou art not onely dull, but haſt a curſe
 Of black ingratitude, if not, couldſt thou
 Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow
 For thee and thine, ſucceſſively to pay
 A ſad remembrance to his dying day?
 Did his youth ſcatter *Poetrie*, wherein
 Was all Philoſophie? Was every ſinne,
 Character'd in his *Satyres*? made ſo foule
 That ſome have fear'd their ſhapes, and kept their foule
 Freer by reading verſe? Did he give *dayes*
 Paſt marble monuments, to thoſe, whoſe praiſe
 He would perpetuate? Did hee (I feare
 The dull will doubt) theſe at his twentieth yeare?
 But, more matur'd Did his full foule conceive,
 And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
 A *Crowne of ſacred ſonets*, fit to adorne
 A dying Martyrs brow or, to be worne
 On that bleſt head of *Mary Magdalen*
 After ſhe wip'd Chriſts feet, but not till then?

An Elegie &c See note

1-3 Our Donne is dead, England ſhould mourne, may ſay
 We had a man where language choſe to ſtay
 And ſhew her gracefull power 1635-69
 35 *Crowne*] Crowme 1633

Did

Did hee (fit for such penitents as thee
 And hee to use) leave us a *Litany*? 10
 Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,
 As times grow better, grow more classically
 Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety and wit
 Equall to those great grave *Prudentius* writ?
 Spake he all *Languages*? knew he all *Larves*? 45
 The grounds and use of *Physicke*, but because
 'Twas mercenary way'd it? Went to see
 That blessed place of *Christs nativity*?
 Did he returne and preach him? preach him so
 As none but hee did, or could do? They know 50
 (Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth
 Did he confirme thy age? convert thy youth?
 Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse
 Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a crosse)
 But sure the silent are ambitious all 55
 To be *Cloſe Mourners* at his Funerall,
 If not, In common pittie they forbare
 By repetitions to renew our care,
 Or, knowing, grieve conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
 Man irreparably, (as poison'd fumes 60
 Do waste the braine) make silence a safe way
 To enlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay,
 (Materialls of this body) to remaine
 With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiscuous paine
 Lessens the joy wee have, for, with *him*, all 65
 Are satisfi'd with *joyes essentiall*
 My thoughts, Dwell on this *Joy*, and do not call
 Griefe backe, by thinking of his Funerall,
 Forget he lov'd mee, Waste not my sad yeares,
 (Which haste to *Davids* seventy, fill'd with feares 70
 And sorrow for his death,) Forget his parts,
 Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts,
 And, (for, my fiſt is daily paid for sinne)
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him
 Forget his powerfull preaching, and forget 75
 I am his *Convert* Oh my frailtie! let
 My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
 This lethargie so should my gratitude,
 My vowes of gratitude should so be broke,
 Which can no more be, then *Donnes* vertues spoke 80
 By any but himſelfe, for which cause, I
 Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegie*

IZ WA

An

An Elegie upon the death of the

Deane of Pauls, D^r Iohn DonneBy M^r Tho Carie

CAn we not force from widdowed Poetry,
 Now thou art dead (Great DONNE) one Elegie
 To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust
 Though with unkneced dowe-bak't prose thy dust,
 Such as the uncor'd Churchman from the flower 5
 Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
 Upon thy Ashes, on the funerall day?
 Have we no voice, no tune? Did'st thou dispense
 Through all our language, both the words and sense? 10
 'Tis a sad truth, The Pulpit may her plaine,
 And sober Christian precepts still retaine,
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome Uses frame,
 Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame
 Of thy brave Soule, that shot such heat and light, 15
 As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
 Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
 Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
 And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
 As sense might judge, what phansie could not reach, 20
 Must be desir'd for ever So the fire,
 That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique quire,
 Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
 Glow'd here a while, lies quench't now in thy death,
 The Muses garden with Pedantique weedes 25
O'rspred, was purg'd by thee, The late seeds
Of servile imitation throwne away,
And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
 Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage 30
A Mimique fury, when our soules must bee
 Possess'd, or with Anacreons Extasie,
 Or Pindars, not their owne, The subtle cheat
 Of the Exchanges, and the juggling feat
 Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong 35
 By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd, and open'd Us a Mine
 Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawne a line

An Elegie &c Also in Carew's Poems 1640 See note

Of

Of masculine expreffion, which had good
 Old Orpheus feene, Or all the ancient Brood 40
 Our fuperftitious fooles admire, and hold
 Their lead more precious, then thy burnifht Gold,
 Thou hadft beene their Exchequer, and no more
 They each in others duft, had rak'd for Ore
 Thou fhalt yield no precedence, but of time, 45
 And the blinde fate of language, whose tun'd chime
 More charmes the outward fenfe, Yet thou maift claime
 From fo great difadvantage greater fame,
 Since to the awe of thy impetuous wit
 Our ftubborne language bends, made only fit 50
 With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
 Thy Giant phanfie, which had prov'd too ftout
 For their loft melting Phrafes As in time
 They had the ftart, fo did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred yeare, 55
 And left the ufed fields, befides the feare
 To touch their Harveft, yet from thofe bare lands
 Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
 (And that thy fmalleft worke) have gleaned more
 Then all thofe times, and tongues could reape before 60
 But thou art gone, and thy ftrect lawes will be
Too hard for Libertines in Poetrie
 They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
 Of gods and goddeffes, which in thy juft raigne
 Were banifh'd noble Poems, now, with thefe 65
 The filenc'd tales o'th' Metamorphofes
 Shall ftuffe their lines, and swell the windy Page,
 Till Verfe refin'd by thee, in this laft Age,
 Turne ballad rime, Or thofe ~~old Idolls~~ bee
 Ador'd againe, with new apoftafie, 70
 Oh, pardon mee, that breake with untun'd verfe
 The reverend filence that attends thy herfe,
 Whofe awfull folemne murmures were to thee
 More then thefe faint lines, A loud Elegie,
 That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence 75
 The death of all the Arts, whose influence
 Growne feeble, in thefe panting numbers lies
 Gafping fhort winded Accents, and fo dies
 So doth the fwiftly turning wheele not ftand
 In th'inftant we withdraw the moving hand, 80
 But fome fmall time maintaine a faint weake courfe
 By vertue of the firft impulfive force

And so whil'ft I caſt on thy funerall pile
 Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,
 And ſpit diſdaine, till the devouring ſlaſhes 85
 Suck all the moyſture up, then turne to aſhes
 I will not draw the envy to engroſſe
 All thy perfections or weepe all our loſſe,
 Thoſe are too numerous for an Flegie,
 And this too great, to be expreſs'd by mee 90
 Though every pen ſhould ſhaie a diſtinct part,
 Yet art thou Theme enough to tyie all Art,
 Let others carve the reſt, it ſhall ſuffice
 I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incise

Here lies a King, that rul'd as hee thought fit 95
The univerſall Monarchy of wit,
Here lie two Flamens, and both thoſe, the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt, the true Gods Prieſt

An Elegie on D' DONNE By Sn Lucius Carie

POets attend, the Elegie I ſing
 Both of a doubly-named Prieſt, and King
 In ſtead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your Verſe,
 For you muſt bee chiefe mourners at his Heaſe,
 A Tombe your Muſe muſt to his Fame ſupply, 5
 No other Monuments can never die,
 And as he was a two-fold Prieſt, in youth,
 Apollo's, afterwards, the voice of Truth,
 Gods Conduit-pipe for grace, who choſe him for
 His extraordinary Embaſſador, 10
 So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
 Both having ſhares, both muſt in grieve combine
 Whil'ſt Johnſon forceth with his Elegie
 Teares from a grieve-unknowing Scythians eye,
 (Like Moſes at whoſe ſtroke the waters guſht 15
 From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent ruſht)
 Let Lawd his funerall Sermon preach, and ſhew
 Thoſe vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
 Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appears
 To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares, 20
 Yet

Yet make not griefe too long oppresse our Powers,
Least that his funerall Sermon should prove ours
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispenſe,
Preacher and Orator dischaig'd both parts 25
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts,
And the first such (Though a long studied Art
Tell us our soule is all in every part,)
None was so maible, but whil't him he heares,
His Soule so long dwelt only in his eares 30
And from thence (with the fiercenesse of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that blest food
Their hearts, His seed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so
No Druggist of the Soule bestow'd on all 35
So Catholiquely a curing Cordiall
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his store,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach't on worky dayes, His Poetrie
It selfe was oftentimes divinity, 40
Those Anthemes (almost second Psalmes) he wrot
To make us know the Crosse, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
Wee should not need warmth from an under flame)
Creates a fire in us, so neare extreme 45
That we would die, for, and upon this theme
Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor those
Want any thing of Sermons, but the prose 50
Experience makes us see, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion,
And in another, would as strongly grow,
Had but his Nurſe and Mother taught him so,
Not hee the ballast on his Judgement hung, 55
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong,
He labour'd to exclude what ever sinne
By time or carelesnesse had entred in,
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeale should force him, burne them both, 60
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,
Which to save blotting often would blot all,
Nor did those barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs sinne, and faction, none,

Nor

Nor was there expectation to gaine grace 65
 From forth his Sermons only, but his face,
 So Primitive a looke, such giavitie
 With humbleness, and both with Pietie,
 So milde was Moses countenance, when he prai'd
 For them whose Satanisme his power gain'd, 70
 And such his giavitie, when all Gods band
 Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
 Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
 Then ever Argive Hellens could of love
 Now to conclude, I must my reason bring, 75
 Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
 That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd
 To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
 By feare of losse (that being such a Prey
 No stronger then ones selfe can force away) 80
 The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,
 And his authoritie so well employ'd,
 That never any could before become
 So Great a Monarch, in so small a roome,
 He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so, 85
 As under-spheares by the first Mover got,
 Banish't so farre then working, that we can
 But know he had some, for we knew him man
 Then let his last excuse his first extremcs,
 His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams 90

*On D^r DONNES death**By M^r Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford*

WHO shall presume to mourne thee, *Donne*, unlesse
 He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,
 And teach his griefe that reverence of thy Hearse,
 To weepe lines, learned, as thy Annivers, 5
 A Poeme of that worth, whose every teare
 Deserves the title of a severall yeare
 Indeed so farre above its Reader, good,
 That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
 There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve?
 After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live, 10

72 Receiv'd] Receiv' 1633

And

And her faire vertues in anothers line,
 Would faintly dawn, which are made Saints in thine
Hadst thou beene shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye,
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe 15
 Had not beene speechlesse, or our Muses dumbe,
 But now wee dare not write, but must conceale
 Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale,
 For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,
 That will not say, thy carelesse houres brought forth 20
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
 Was happier, then our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance, thy haste had wit
 And matter from thy pen flow'd raffly fit,
What was thy recreation turnes our braine, 25
Our rack and palenesse, is thy weakest straine
And when we most come neere thee, 'tis our blisse
To imitate thee, where thou dost amisse
 Here light your muse, you that do onely thinke,
 And write, and are just Poets, as you drinke, 30
 In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
 Just as your recknings use, that wee may know
 In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
 This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
 This is to tap your Muse, which running long 35
 Writes flat, and takes our eare not halfe so strong,
 Poore Suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,
 Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up
 Could you but reach this height, you should not need
 To make, each meale, a project ere you feed, 40
 Nor walke in reliques, clothes so old and baie,
 As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
 Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistresse, those,
 Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose,
 From this Muse learne to Court, whose power could move 45
A Cloystred coldnesse, or a Vestall love,
 And would convey such errands to their care,
 That Ladies knew no oddes to grant and heare,
 But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise
Is written onely for thy yonger dayes 50
 I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,
 Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues, and Aits,
 And have that deepe Divinity, to know,
 What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
 Who

Who with thy words could chaime thy audience, 55
 That at thy sermons, eare was all our sense,
 Yet have I seene thee in the pulpit stand,
 Where wee might take notes, from thy looke, and hand,
 And from thy speaking action beare away
 More Sermon, then some teachers use to say 60
 Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
 As could divide the heart, and conscience touch
 Thy motion did confute, and wee might see
 An error vanquish'd by delivery
 Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme 65
 Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit stoime,
 And beate the cushion into worse estate,
 Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
 Who can out pray the glasse, then lay about
 Till all Predestination be runne out 70
 And from the point such tedious uses draw,
 Their repetitions would make Gospell, Law
 No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,
 So well did Doctrine, and thy language show,
 And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee, 75
 The Court would mend, and a good Christian bee
 And Ladies though unhandsome, out of grace,
 Would heare thee, in their unbought looks, and face
 More I could write, but let this crowne thine Urne,
 Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne 80

Upon Mr J Donne, and his Poems

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
 (Unburied yet) this living part of thee?
 This part that to thy being gives fresh flame,
 And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy name -
 Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimfen hew, 5
 And whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)
 May shew thee mortall, a dead pallie may
 Seise on't, and quickly turne it into clay,
 Which like the Indian earth, shall use refin'd
 But this great Spirit thou hast left behinde, 10
 This Soule of Verse (in it's first pure estate)
 Shall live, for all the World to imitate,
 But

But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight
 Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar fight,
 But, hovering highly in the aire of Wit, 15
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it,
Admire they may Each object that the Spring
 (Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
 T'adorn Earths face, thou sweetly did'st contrive
 To beauties elements, and thence derive 20
 Unspotted Lillies white, which thou did'st set
 Hand in hand, with the veine-like Violet,
 Making them soft, and warme, and by thy power,
 Could'st give both life, and sense, unto a flower
 The Cheries thou hast made to speake, will bee 25
 Sweeter unto the taste, then from the tree
 And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow
 Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow
 The Sea-nymphs, that the watry cavernes keepe,
 Have sent thee Pearles and Rubies from the deepe 30
 To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they diew
 More lustre to them, then where first they grew
 All minerals (that Earths full wombe doth hold
 Promiscuously) thou couldst convert to gold,
 And with thy flaming raptures so refine, 35
 That it was much more pure then in the Mine
 The lights that guild the night, if thou did'st say,
 They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day,
 For there would be more vertue in such spells,
 Then in Meridians, or crosse Parallels 40
 What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
 That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
 It was thy theme for Beauty; thou didst see,
 Woman, was this faire Worlds Epitomie
 Thy nimble *Satyres* too, and every straine 45
 (With nervy strength) that issued from thy brain,
 Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,
 If they admit of any others praise
 But thy diviner Poems (whose cleare fire
 Purges all drosse away) shall by a Quire 50
 Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set
 (Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
 There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,
 In Panegyrique Alleluiaes

As th Wilson

*In memory of Doctor Donne**By M^r R B*

Donne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
 Ne'r yet so much desir'd to heare a lye,
 'Tis too too true, for so wee finde it still,
 Good newes are often false, but seldome, ill
 But must poore fame tell us his fatall day, 5
 And shall we know his death, the common way,
 Mee thinkes some Comet bright should have foretold
 The death of such a man, for though of old
 'Tis held, that Comets Princes death foretell,
 Why should not his, have needed one as well? 10
 Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd,
 High as a Prince, and as great State maintain'd?
 Yet wants he not his signe, for wee have seene
 A dearth, the like to which hath never beene,
 Treading on harvests heeles which doth presage 15
 The death of wit and learning, which this age
 Shall finde, now he is gone, for though there bee
 Much graine in shew, none brought it forth as he,
 Or men are misers, or if true want raises
 The dearth, then more that dearth *Donnes* plenty praises 20
 Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
 And Poesie, (past ravishing of sense,)
 He had a magazine, wherein such store
 Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poore
 But he is gone, O how will his desire 25
 Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire?
 Mee thinkes I see him in the pulpit standing,
 Not eares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
 Where wee that heard him, to our selves did faine
 Golden Chrysofome was alive againe, 30
 And never were we wear'd, till we saw
 His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw
 How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
 With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuse
 Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence 35
 Of time, O spent in hearkning to non-sense,
 With markes also, enough whereby to know,
 The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so
 'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
 They humm'd against him, And with face most sowe 40
 Call'd

Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
 And no way fit to speake to clouted thooe
 As fine words [truly] as you would desire,
 But [verily,] but a bad edifier)
 Thus did these beetles slight in him that good, 45
 They could not see, and much lesse understood
 But we may say, when we compare the stuffe
 Both brought, He was a candle, they the snuffe)
 Well, Wisedome's of her children justifi'd,
 Let therefore these poore fellowes stand aside, 50
 Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
 Would I his booke should save him, Rather silly
 I should advise his Clergie not to pray,
 Though of the learn'dst sort, Me thinkes that they
 Of the same trade, are Judges not so fit, 55
 There's no such emulation as of wit
 Of such, the Envy might as much per chance
 Wrong him, and more, then th'others ignorance
 It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd
 As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd, 60
 And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
 And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they
 No more of this, least some should say, that I
 Am staid to Satyre, meaning Elegie
 No, no, had DONNE need to be judg'd or try'd, 65
 A Jury I would summon on his side,
 That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
 Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
 As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
 These would I bring, though called from the dead 70
 Southampton, Hambleton, Pembroke, Doisets Earles,
 Huntingdon, Bedfords Countesses (the Peales
 Once of each sexe) If these suffice not, I
 Ten *decem tales* have of Standers by
 All which, for DONNE, would such a verdict give, 75
 As can belong to none, that now doth live
 But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
 To speake of him in verse, so short of his,
 Whereof he was the master, All indeed
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an Oaten reed 80
 O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers
 Could write for him, as he hath done for others
 (Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say,
 My eye-sight betters, as my yeares decay,

Meane time a quariell I shall ever have 85
 Agamst these doughty keepers from the grave,
 Who use it seemes then old Authoritie,
 When (Verfes men immortall make) they cry
 Which had it been a Recipe true tū'd,
Probatum esset, DONNE had never dy'd 90
 For mee, if e'r I had least sparke at all
 Of that which they Poetique fire doe call,
 Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,
 Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth
 This only a poore flash, a lightning is 95
 Before my Muses death, as after his
 Farewell (*faire foule*) and deigne receive from mee
 This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
 From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
 I learned more, then from a thousand men 100
 So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
 And now beleve that miracles are ceas'd

Epitaph

Here lies Deane Donne, Enough, Those words alone
 Shew him as fully, as if all the stone
 His Church of Pauls contains, were through inscrib'd
 Or all the walkers there, to speake him, brib'd 5
 None can mistake him, for one such as Hee
 DONNE, Deane, or Man, more none shall ever see
 Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye
 Were turn'd, the whole earth so to overspie
 A bold brave woid, Yet such brave Spirits as knew
 His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold then true 10

*Epitaph upon D^r DONNE,**By Endy Porter*

THIS decent Urne a sad inscription weaves,
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the spheres,
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease, 5
And never let our sorrowes more take ease,
For now it is impossible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to enrich a minde,
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land? 10
Thou strict Attorney, unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? O! didst thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at some Plebeyan heart,
And he with pious vertue slept betweene 15
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseene
By thee? O 'twas his goodnesse so to doe,
Which humane kindnesse never reacht unto
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisf'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends, and di'de 20
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, and teares?
O! tell mee, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie?
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe, 25
~~For he is gone that did all phantasie keepe,~~
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse,
Which with amazements, we may now reherse

In obitum venerabilis viri *Iohannis Donne*, sacrae
Theologiae Doctoris, Ecclesiae Cathedralis Divi *Pauli*, nu-
per Decani, Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende
Vir) observantur ergo Hæc ego

Conquerar? ignaror? sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed lachrimæ clausistis iter nec muta querelas
Lingua potest præferre pias ignoscite manes
Defuncti, & tacito sinite indulgere dolori

Sed scelus est tacuisse cadant in mæsta lituræ
Verba Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe iussis
Captæ, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuæ non dignum laude Poëtam

O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset
Inq̃ meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa, repentinos tua nosceret una furores
Sed frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto
Tecum abui summoq̃ sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi & culmina vates
Desperare iubet Verum hæc nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (ô soli qui te dilexistis) habendum

Succine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Claudit? & immerito merguntur funeri virtus
Et pietas? & quæ poterant fecisse beatum
Cætera, sed nec tu poterant servare beatum

Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impalleſcere claris
Nocturnis juvat? & totidem olfecisse lucernas?
Decolor & longos studius deperdere Soles
Vt prius aggredior, longamque accessisse famam
Omnia sed frustra mihi dum cunctisque minatur
Exitum crudele & inexorabile fatum

Nam post te sperare nihil decet hoc mihi restat
Vt moriar, tennes fugiatque obscurus in annas
Spiritus ô doctus saltem si cognitus umbris
Illic te (venerande) iterum, (venerande) videbo
Et dulces audire sonos, & verba disertæ
Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces
Quibus ferus infernæ tacuisset Ianitor aulæ
Auditus Nilusq̃ minus stupuisset Arion

In obitum &c 1635-69, taking the place of the lines by Tho Browne
10 pectore] pectore, 1635 21 beatum] beatum 1635 23 olfecisse]
olfecisse 1635 25 prius aggredior, 1635-69 prius, aggredior, 1719
arcessire Ed accessere 1635-69 26-7 mihi dum Exitum 1719
mihi, dum Exitum, 1635-39 mihi dum, . Exitum, 1650-69

Cederet,

Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voce feros potuit quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus non motus ut illo
Hortante, & blando victus sermone fileret? 40
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,
Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia Vidi,
Audivi & stupui quoties orator in Æde
Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculosq; viros tenuit dum Nestoris ille 45
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa prius nondum intellecta revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitque arrectis auribus astant
Mutatis mox ille modo, formaq; loquendi 50
Tristia pertractat fatumq; & flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
Forſitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem, ætheris illo 55
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectusq; ciere suos, & ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisq; potens dominatur in altis
Quo feror? audaci & forſan pietate nocenti 60
In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus, inferior quanto est, et pessimus, impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poeta
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poetæ 65
Definite en fati certus, sibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmiffit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volventem et Cynæâ voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulâ
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi 70
Aula frequens Soldâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pro malint nisi parcere quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim, sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ
Bellua non ausa est quàmquam jejuna, sitimq; 75
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore
At non hæc de te sperabimus, omnia carpit
Prædator vermis nec talis contigit illi
Præda duu, forſan metrico pede serpet ab inde

Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine Iam nos 80
Adsumus, et post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras
Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere parce
Non festinanti rictum requiescere turbæ 85
Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit Parca morari,
Nunc iugere colum, trahere atq; occidere videmus
Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale ordine nos te
Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura sequimur
Depositum interea lapides servati fidelis 90
Fœlices illâ quis Adis parti locari
Quâ jacet iste datur Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturictq; vno plenus testantia luctus
Verba & carminibus quæ Donni suggeret illi
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calor es 95
Incipiet (non sic Pyri hæc jactante calebat)
Mole sub hæc tegitur quicquid mortali relictum est
De tanto mortale vno Qui præfuit. Ibi hunc,
Fors mosi pecoris pastor, for mosior ipsi
Ite igitur, dignisq; illum celebrate loquelis, 100
Et quæ dimuntur vitæ date tempora fama
Indignus tantorum meritorum PIAÇO, virtutum
tuaum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNLEY

Elegie on D. D

NOW, by one yeare, time and our frailtie have
 Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave
 Clos'd thy deare Ashes, and the teares which flow
 In these, have no springs, but of solid woe
 Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze 5
 At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose
 All streames of Verse which shall lament that day,
 Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay,
 But they have lost their saltnesse, which the eye
 In recompence of wit, strives to supply 10
 86 Parca] parca 1635-69 morari,] morari 1635 88 rursus 1719 rursus
 1635 nusus 1639-69 96 Incipiet calebat 1719 no stops, 1635-69
 Elegie on D D 1635-69 it follows Walton's elegy

Passions

Passions exceſſe for thee wee need not feare,
Since fiſt by thee our paſſions hallowed were,
Thou mad'ſt our ſorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the Succeſſe, ſorrowes for ſinne,
We owe thee all thoſe teares now thou art dead, 15
Which we ſhed not, which for our ſelves we ſhed
Nor didſt thou onely conſecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares,
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didſt from gladneſſe ſeparate offence. 20
All mindes at once ſuckt grace from thee, as where
(The curſe revok'd) the Nations had one eare
Pious diſſector thy one houſe did treat
The thouſand mazes of the hearts deceit,
Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtil ſinne, 25
Through all the foldings wee had wiapt it in,
And in thine owne large minde finding the way
By which our ſelves we from our ſelves convey,
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame
Angles, though darker, in our meaner frame 30
How ſhort of praife is this? My Muſe, alas,
Climbes weakly to that truth which none can paſſe,
Hee that writes beſt, may onely hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive
But none of thee, and with mee muſt confeſſe, 35
That fanſie findes ſome checke, from an exceſſe
Of merit moſt, of nothing, it hath ſpun,
And truth, as reaſons task and theame, doth ſhunne
She makes a faulſe flight in emptineſſe,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſſe 40
Reason againe denies her ſcales, becauſe
Hers are but ſcales, ſhee judges by the lawes
Of weake compariſon, thy vertue ſleights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights
What prodigie of wit and pietie 45
Hath ſhe elſe knowne, by which to meaſure thee?
Great foule we can no more the worthineſſe
Of what you were, then what you are, expreſſe

Sidney Godolphin

*On Dr John Donne, late Deane of S. Pauls,
London*

Long since this taske of teares from you was due,
 Long since, o Poets, he did die to you,
 Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
 On divine wings, and foard out of your sight
 Preachers, 'tis you must weep, The wit he taught 5
 You doe enjoy, the Rebels which he brought
 From ancient discoid, Giants faculties,
 And now no more religions enemies,
 Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,
 Witty to good, and learned to discreet, 10
 He reconcil'd, and bid the Vsurper goe,
 Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow,
 He kept his loves, but not his objects, wit
 Hee did not banish, but transplanted it,
 Taught it his place and use, and brought it home 15
 To Pietie, which it doth best become,
 He shew'd us how for sinnes we ought to sigh,
 And how to sing Christs Epithalamy
 The Altars had his fires, and there hee spoke
 Incense of loves, and fanies holy smoake 20
 Religion thus enrich'd, the people tram'd,
 And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd
 The first effects sprung in the giddy minde
 Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kinde,
 By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit, 25
 Now once againe by beautie of the fruit,
 As if their longings too must set us free,
 And tempt us now to the commanded tree
 Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,
 Have you knowne ~~times so shap'd~~? or touchnelse 30
 Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
 Had not reproofe a beauty passing sinne?
 Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood
 So neare the danger of becomming good,
 And wish'd our so inconstant eares exempt 35
 From piety that had such power to tempt
 Did not his sacred flattery beguile
 Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,

On Dr John Donne &c 1635-69, where it follows *Godolphin's Elegie*
Pension'd

Pension'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the same frailtie by which he fell 40
O the sick state of man, health does not please
Our tafts, but in the shape of the difeafe
Thriftlefse is charitie, coward patience,
Iuftice is cruell, meicy want of fenfe
What meanes our Nature to barie vertue place, 45
If fhee doe come in her owne cloathes and face?
Is good a pill, we daie not chaw to know?
Senfe the foules fervant, doth it keep us fo
As we might ftarve for good, unleffe it firft
Doe leave a pawne of relifh in the guft? 50
O! have we to falvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmities?
Who treats with us muft our affections move
To th' good we flie by thofe sweets which we love,
Muft feeke our palats, and with their delight 55
To gaine our deeds, muft bribe our appetite
Thefe traines he knew, and laying nets to fave,
Temptingly fugied all the health hee gave
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world, now the loud organ may 60
Appeare, the better voyce is fled to have
A thoufand times the sweetneffe which it gave
I cannot fay how many thoufand fpirits
The fingle happineffe this foule inherits,
Damnes in the other world, foules whom no crosse 65
O'th fenfe afflicts, but onely of the losse,
Whom ignorance would halfe fave, all whofe paine
Is not in what they feele, but others gaine,
Selfe executing wretched fpirits, who
Carrying their guilt, tranfport their envy too 70
But thofe high joyes which his wits youngeft flame
Would hurt to chufe, fhall not we hurt to name?
Verfe ftatues are all robbers, all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give but take
As Sailes which Seamen to a forewinde fit, 75
By a refiftance, goe along with it,
So pens grow while they leffen fame fo left,
A weake affiftance is a kinde of theft
Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,
Muft weep here if he have ambition

*I Chudleigh**F I N I S.*

APPENDIX A.

LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

DE LIBRO CVM MVTV-

aretur Impreffo, Domi à pueris fru-
statim lacerato, et post reddito

Manuscripto

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v

D D Andrews

PArturiunt madido quae nixu praela, recepta,
Sed quae scripta manu, sunt veneranda magis
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit praeli sanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur, 5
Involat et veterum scrinia summa Patrum
Dicat Apollo modum, Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem cantemque novo
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,
Haec nova fata libro posse dedisse novo 10
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipse Pater Iuvenem me dabit arte senem?
Hei miseri senibus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Iuvenem
Hoc tibi servasti praestandum, Antiquae Dierum, 15
Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam
Interea, infirmas fallamus taedia vitae,
Libris, et Coelorum aemulâ amicitia
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit 20

⟨Epigramma⟩

Transit in Sequanam Moenus, Victoris in aedes,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat

DE LIBRO &c 1635-69 among certain prose letters in Latin and
English Title — mutualetur Impreffo,] mutualetur, Impreffo, 1635-69
frustatum] frustatim 1635-69 lacerato,] lacerato, 1635-69 2 manu,
sunt] manu sunt, 1635-69 4 abit,] abit, 1635-69

⟨Epigramma⟩ Ed in old edd these lines are 3 and 4 of above poem See
note 1 aedes] aedes, 1635-69

Amicissimo

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN JONSON
In Vulponem

Quod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
 Si auderent hominum Deique juris
 Consultu, veteres sequi aemularierque,
 O omnes saperemus ad salutem
 His sed sunt veteres ataneosi, 5
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu
 Illos quod sequeris novator audis
 Fac tamen quod agis, tuique primâ
 Libri canine induantur hora
 Nam charnis pueritia est neganda, 10
 Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi
 Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem
 Præcis, ingenium facit, laborque
 Te parem, hos superes, ut et futuros,
 Ex nostrâ viciositate sumas, 15
 Quâ præcos superamus, et futuros

To Mr George Herbert, with one of my
Seal(s), of the Anchor and Christ

Qui prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas
 Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)
 Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
 Stemmata, nanciscor stemmata jure nova
 Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavacro, 5
 Fimbis extensis, anchora facta patet

Amicissimo &c in sheets added 1650 prefixed originally to Quarto edition of Jonson's Volpone 1607, later to Folio edition of The Workes of Beniamin Jonson 1616, when In Vulponem was added in both signed I D 11 Nascanturque 1607 Nascanturque 1616, 1650-69

To Mr George Herbert &c 1650-69, in sheets added 1650 two and a half lines in Walton's Lite of Donne (1658) for Herbert's reply see note Title —sent him with one Walton (1670) Seal, 1650-69 Seales Walton 1 fasce] falce Walton 5 fronti] fronte 1650-69

Anchorae

Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,
Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora facta, Iesu 10
Nec Natalitus penitus serpentibus orbor,
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data
Quâ sapiens, Dos est, Quâ terram lambit et ambit,
Pestis, At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,
Serpens, fixa Cruci si fit Natura, Crucique 15
A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora facta, sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit
Mitto nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiae, et munera, Vota, preces 20
Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille
Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo

A Sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
 My Seal, The Crest of our poore Family
 Adopted in Gods Family, and so
 Our old Coat lost, unto new armes I go
 The Croffe (my seal at Baptism) spred below, 5
 Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow
 Croffes grow Anchors, Bear, as thou shouldst do
 Thy Croffe, and that Croffe grows an Anchor too
 But he that makes our Croffes Anchors thus,
 Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us 10
 Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old,
 The Serpent, may, as wife, my pattern be,
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me

17 *facta,*] *fixa*, 1650-69 19 Mitto] Mitto, 1650-69
 A sheafe &c] 1650-69 and in Walton's Life of Donne (1658), in all
 of which and in all subsequent editions except Grolier the first two lines are
 printed as a title, Walton bracketing them —

A sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
 my Seal, The Crest of our poore Family
 4 Our unto] My into Walton 5 at] in Walton 11 with
 this I may Walton

And

And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure, 15
 My death he is, but on the Crosse, my cure
 Crucifie nature then, and then implore
 All Grace from him, crucified there before,
 When all is Crosse, and that Crosse Anchor grown,
 This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone 20
 Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
 <Wishes,> and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend
 And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,
 To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal

Translated out of *Gazæus, Vota Amico*
facta fol 160.

G^Od grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
 Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things outshine,
 May thy soul, ever chearfull, nere know cares,
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray haire 5
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base hold,
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits, or folds
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,
 Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling
 Nor thy works, ever equall, know disguise,
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies 10
 Nor thy prayers, know low objects, still Divine,
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine

15 to murder sure,] to murder, sure *Walton* 16 He is my death,
Walton 22 Wishes, *Ed Works, 1650-69* Both works *Walton* Lat
vota 23-4 Oh may that Saint that rides on our great Seal,
 To you that bear his name large bounty deal *Walton*
 Translated &c] 1650-69, in sheets added 1650 for original see note

APPENDIX B.

POEMS WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED
TO JOHN DONNE IN THE OLD EDITIONS
AND THE PRINCIPAL MS COLLEC-
TIONS, ARRANGED ACCORDING
TO THEIR PROBABLE
AUTHORS

I

POEMS

PROBABLY BY SIR JOHN ROE, KNT

To Sr Nicholas Smyth

Sleep, next Society and true friendship,
Mans best contentment, doth securely slip
His passions and the worlds troubles Rock me
O sleep, wean'd from my dear friends company,
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there 5
Where poor men ly, for Kings asleep do fear
Here sleeps House by famous Ariosto,
By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,
Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer too pardie,
(Which builded was some dozen Stories high) 10
I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,
As sleep awak'd by Ratts from thence was gotten
And I will build no new, for by my Will,
Thy fathers house shall be the fairest still

To Sr Nicholas Smyth *Ed* Satyra Sexta To Sr &c S, Satires to Sr
Nic Smith 1602 *B* A Satire to Sr Nicholas Smith 1602, *L74* A
Satyrical Letter to Sr Nich Smith Quere, if Donnes or Sr Th Rowes
O'F no title *N, TCD (JR in margin)* Satyre VI 1669 (*on which the*
present text is based) 1 Sleep, next] Sleep next, 1669 2 slip
1669, *S* skipp *B, L74, N, O'F, TCD* In 1669 full stops after slip and
rock me and no stop after troubles 3 Rock] rock 1669 4 my
MSS thy 1669 6 asleep] all sleep *B* 9 golden mouth'd] gold-
mouth'd *B, S* 14 still] still 1669

In Excester Yet, methinks, for all their Wit, 15
 Those wits that say nothing, best describe it
 Without it there is no Sense, only in this
 Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis
 Not to save charges, but would I had slept
 The time I spent in London, when I kept 20
 Fighting and untrust gallants Company,
 In which Natta, the new Knight, seized on me,
 And offered me the experience he had bought
 With great Expence I found him throughly taught
 In curing Burnes His thing hath had more scars 25
 Then Things himselfe, like Epps it often wars,
 And still is hurt For his Body and State
 The Physick and Counsel which came too late,
 'Gainst Whores and Dice, hee nowe on mee bestowes
 Most superficially hee speaks of those 30
 (I found by him) least soundly who most knows
 He swears well, speakes ill, but best of Clothes,
 What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring
 He had Living, but now these waies come in
 His whole Revenues. Where each Whore now dwells, 35
 And hath dwelt, since his fathers death, he tells
 Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause
 Why Whores forsake their Bawds To these some Laws
 He knows of the Duello, and touch his Skill
 The least lot in that or those he quarrell will, 40
 Though sober, but so never fought I know

25 hath had *L74, N, O'F, S, ICD* had had 1669 had *B* 26
 Things *B, L74, N, O'F, S, ICD* T 1669 28-31 text from *B, L74,*
N, O'F, S, TCD, which bracket which late see note

The Physick and Counsel (which came too late
 'Gainst Whores and Dice) he now on me bestows
 Most superficially he speaks of those

I found, by him, least found him who most knows 1669
 33 what Winter] what What Winter 1669 35 each *B, L74, N, O'F, S,*
ICD his 1669 37 cunningly 1669, *I, 74, N, ICD* perfectly *B,*
O'F, S 39 Duello, *B, N, O'F, S, ICD* Duell, 1669 touch *B, L74,*
O'F, S on 1669 only *N, ICD* 40 those *B, L74, O'F* these 1669
 41 but so never fought *B, L74, O'F, S* (see as), *ICD* (nere) but nere
 What

What made his Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go,
 Within a Pint at most yet for all this
 (Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
 More honest than himself Thus men may want 45
 Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
 They use themselves to vice And besides those
 Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,
 Nor other Captain less than he, His Schools
 Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools, 50
 Or are for being there, His best bookes, Plaies,
 Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praises
 His first set prayer was for his father, ill
 And sick, that he might dye That had, until
 The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more 55
 And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore
 Whom he had kept, might now keep him She spent,
 They left each other on even terms, she went
 To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want
 Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant 60
 He is become Where, as they pass apace,
 He steps aside, and for his Captains place
 He praises again Tells God, he will confess
 His sins, swear, drink, dice and whore thenceforth less,
 On this Condition, that his Captain dye 65
 And he succeed, But his Prayer did not, They
 Both cashier'd came home, and he is braver now
 Than his captain all men wonder, few know how
 Can he rob? No Cheat? No Or doth he spend
 His own? No Fidus, he is thy dear friend, 70
 That keeps him up I would thou wert thine own,
 Or thou hadst as good a friend as thou art one

fought 1669 42 Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go, *Ed* Valour undubb'd
 Windmill go 1669 valours undubb'd Wine-mill go *L74, N, TCD* his
 undoubted valour windmill goe *B* his undaunted valour windmill goe
O'F, S 45 want] vaunt *S* 47 besides] except *B, O'F, S* 49
 he, *Ed* he, 1669 53 father, ill] fathers ill, 1669 65 his] if his
 1669 66 succeed, *Ed* succeed, 1669 They *Ed* they 1669
 68 Than his *Ed* Than his 1669 Then's *N, TCD* how *Ed* how,
 1669 69 Or *Ed* or 1669 72 thou hadst *L74, N, TCD* thou
 hadst 1669

No present Want nor future hope made me,
 Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be
 But he had cruelly possesst thee then, 75
 And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,
 Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny
 Opprest) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
 Subject to good Kings, I found even so,
 Wer't thou well rid of him, thou't have no more 80
 Could'st thou but chuse as well as love, to none
 Thou should'st be second Turtle and Damon
 Should give thee place in songs, and Lovers sick
 Should make thee only Loves Hieroglyphick
 Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine, 85
 Where now an ancient Oak, with Ivy twine
 Destroy'd, thy Symbol is O dire Mischance!
 And, O vile verse! And yet your Abraham France
 Writes thus, and jests not Good Fidas for this
 Must pardon me, Satyres bite when they kiss 90
 But as for Natta, we have since faln out
 Here on his knees he pray'd, else we had fought
 And because God would not he should be winner,
 Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,
 At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd, 95
 I'll leave him at his Prayers, and (as I heard)
 His last, Fidas, and you, and I do know,
 I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
 And would be either yet, But he dares be
 Neither, Sleep blots him out and takes in thee 100
 "The mind, you know is like a Table-book,
 "Which, th'old unwipt, new writing never took

81 love, *Ed* love 1669 82 Damon] damon 1669 83 thee]
 the 1669 86-7 Oak, with Ivy twine Destroy'd, thy Symbol is
L74, N, TCD Oak with Ivy twine, Destroy'd thy Symbole is 1669 Oak
 with ivy twine Destroy'd thy symbol is! *Chambers* 87 Mischance!]
 Mischance? 1669 88 your *B, L74, N, S, TCD* our 1669 92
 knees] knees, 1669 97 Fidas, and you, and I *N, TCD* and Fidas,
 you and I 1669 Fidas, and you, and he *B, L74, O'F, S* 100 Neither,
L74, N, O'F, S, TCD Neither yet 1669 Sleep] sleep 1669 102
 Which, th'old unwipt, *B, O'F, S, TCD* "The old unwipt 1669

Hear

Hear how the Huifhers Checques, Cupbord and Fire
 I paff'd, by which Degrees young men aspire
 In Court, And how that idle and she-state, 105
 Whenas my judgment cleer'd, my foul did hate,
 How I found there (if that my trifling Pen
 Durft take fo hard a Task) Kings were but men,
 And by their Place more noted, if they erre,
 How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer, 110
 And, as unthrifts had rather give away
 Great Summs to flatterers, than fmall debts pay,
 So they their weaknefs hide, and greatnefs show,
 By giving them that which to worth they owe
 What Treafon is, and what did Effex kill, 115
 Not true Treafon, but Treafon handled ill,
 And which of them flood for their Countries good,
 Or what might be the Caufe of fo much Blood
 He faid fhe ftunk, and men might not have faid
 That fhe was old before that fhe was dead 120
 His Cafe was hard, to do or fuffer, loth
 To do, he made it harder, and did both
 Too much preparing loft them all their Lives,
 Like fome in Plagues kill'd with prefervatives
 Friends, like land-fouldiers in a ftorm at Sea, 125
 Not knowing what to do, for him did pray
 They told it all the world, where was their wit?
 Cuffs putting on a fword, might have told it
 And Princes muft fear Favorites more then Foes,
 For ftill beyond Revenge Ambition goes 130
 How fince Her death, with Sumpter-horfe that Scot
 Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
 A Sumpter-dog But till that I can write
 Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) goodnight

104-6 1669 has colon after paff'd, brackets by which Court and
 Whenas cleer d, and p'aces comma after hate 107 there (if that 1669
 then that (if B, O'F, S 111 And, as unthrifts Ed And, as unthrifts,
 1669, Chambers 112 pay, Ed pay, 1669 pay Chambers 113
 weaknefs B, L74, O'F, S greatnefs 1669, N, TCD 116 ill, Ed ill
 1669 118 Blood Ed Blood, 1669 121 hard, Ed hard 1669
 122 both Ed both 1669 127 world, Ed world, 1669 132
 Hath rid,] Doth ryde, B 133 till that 1669 ull N, ICD untill
 B, O'F, S

Satyre

MEn write that love and reason disagree,
 But I ne'r saw't exprest as 'tis in thee
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,
 But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee
 Thou say'st shee's wise and witty, faire and free, 5
 All these are reasons why she should scorne thee
 Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
 By matching her as she would match her foe
 And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence,
 Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench 10
 Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
 Her with example Say, for feare her sexe
 Shunne her, she needs must change, I doe not see
 How reason e'r can bring that *must* to thee
 Thou art a match a Iustice to rejoyce, 15
 Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce
 Urg'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,
 And wouldst th'have this to chuse thee, being free?
 Goe then and punish some soone-gotten stufte,
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough, 20
 In hating thee Thou maist one like this meet,
 For spight take her, prove kinde, make thy breath sweet,
 Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
 Honest children, let her dishonest bee
 If shee be a widow, I'll warrant her 25
 Shee'll thee before her first husband preferre,
 And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
 Shee'll love thee so, for then thou hadst bin dead

Satyre B, O'F A Satire upon one who was his Rivall in a widdowes
 Love A10 Satyre VI 1635-54 Satyre VII 1669 (where Satyre VI is
 Sleep, next Society &c) 4 thine eyes 1635-69 thy eye's A10
 11 thee,] the, 1669 13 she needs must change, I 1635-69 she must
 change, yet I A10 16 and 1635-69 but B 17 Urg'd A10, B, O'F
 Dry'd 1635-69 19 some] 1635 duplicates 22 sweet, 1639-69
 sweet 1635 27 maidenhead, Ed maidenhead, 1635-69 28 (Shee'll
 love thee so) for, 1635-69

But

But thou such strong love, and weake reasons hast,
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd 20
 Yet pause a while, and thou maist live to see
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee,
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now
 Doe what she can, love for nothing shee'll allow
 Besides, her(s) were too much gaine and merchandise, 35
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies
 Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out
 Againe, be thy love true, shee'll prove divine,
 And in the end the good on't will be thine 40
 For thou must never think on other love,
 And so wilt advance her as high above
 Vertue as cause above effect can bee
 'Tis vertue to be chaste, which shee'll make thee

AN ELEGIE

Reflecting on his passion for his mistress

COME, Fates, I feare you not All whom I owe
 Are paid, but you Then rest me ere I goe
 But, Chance from you all soveraignty hath got,
 Love woundeth none but those whom death dares not,

29 strong] firm *A10* 32 thee, *Grosart* thee 1635-69 33 now
Grosart now, 1635-69 34 love for nothing shee'll 1635-69 she'll love
 for nought *A10* 35 Besides, hers *Ed* Besides, here 1635-69 But
 hers *A10* Besides her *O'F* 38-9 out Againe, 1635-69 out Againe,
A10 40 And in 1635-69 And yet in *A10* thine *Ed* thine
 1635-69 41 For thou must never think on *H-K* (*Grosart*) And thou
 must never think on, *A10* For though thou must ne'r thinke of 1635-69
 42 And so wilt advance her 1635-69 For that will her advance *A10*
 43 bee *Ed* bee, 1635-69

An Elegie Reflecting on *Ec* *A10* An Elegie *H39, H40, I 74,*
RP31 Eleg XIII 1635-69 no title, *Cy* Elegie *P*

Else,

Else, if you were, and just, in equitie 5
 I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me
 Else Lovers should not brave death's pains, and live,
 But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve*
 Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd
 So deepe in Lovers, they make death afraid? 10
 Or (the least comfort) have I company?
 Orecame she Fates, Love, Death, as well as mee?
 Yes, Fates doe filke unto her distaffe pay,
 For their ransome, which taxe on us they laye
 Love gives her youth, which is the reason why 15
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die
 Poore Death can nothing give, yet, for her sake,
 Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take
 And if Death should prove false, she feares him not,
 Our Muses, to redeeme her she hath got 20
 That fatall night wee last kifs'd, I thus pray'd,
 Or rather, thus despair'd, I should have said
 Kisses, and yet despaire? The forbid tree
 Did promise (and deceive) no more then shee
 Like Lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay, 25
 A food, whose tast hath made me pine away
Dives, when thou saw'st blisse, and crav'dst to touch
 A drop of water, thy great paines were such
 Here grieve wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
 And my fighes weary, groanes are all my rent, 30

5 Else, if you were, and just, in equitie *H39* Else, if you were, and
 just in equitie, 1635-54, *Grosart* True, if you were, and just in equitie,
 1669, *Chambers* (True) 12 Orecame she Fates, Love, Death, *MSS*
 Or can the Fates love death, 1635-69 13 distaffe 1635-69, *H39*, *L74*
 distaves *A10*, *H40*, *RP31* 14 For their on us they laye *Cy*, *H39*,
H40, *L74*, *P* For ransome, which taxe they on us doe lay 1635-69
 For Ransome, but a taxe on us they lay *A10* 17-19 Death] death
 1635-69 18 take *H40*, *L74* take 1635-69 21 That fatall
 night wee last kifs'd 1635-69 That last fatall night wee kifs'd *A10*, *H39*,
H40, *L74*, *P*, *RP31* 22 in brackets 1635-69 said *Ed* said,
 1635-69 23 despaire? *Ed* despaire 1635-69 24 shee] yee
A10, *H40* 28 A drop of water, thy greate 1635-69 A small
 little drop, thy *Cy*, *H39* (then thy), *H40*, *L74*, *P* The poorest little drop,
 thy *A10*

Vnable longer to indure the paine,
 They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain
 Thus, till dry teares soulder mine eyes, I weepe,
 And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe,
 And in your dreames doe laugh at me I hate, 35
 And pray Love, All may He pitties my state,
 But sayes, I therein no revenge should finde,
 The Sunne would shine, though all the world were blind
 Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare,
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile beene there 40
 Your frowne undoes me, your smile is my wealth,
 And as you please to looke, I have my health
 Me thought, Love pittying me, when he saw this,
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse
 That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength, 45
 And what it lost in force, it tooke in length
 I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe,
 For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feele, for feare't should not prove true 50
 This merits not your anger, had it beene,
 The Queene of Chastitie was naked seene,
 And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,
 Was more then for *Athen* not to looke
 And that brest which lay ope, I did not know, 55
 But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snowe,
 Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore
 From the rose-bud, which for my sake you wore
 These griefs to issue forth, by verse, I prove,
 Or turne their course, by travaile, or new love 60

33 dry] dry'd H39, H40, L74, RP31 36 Love, Ed Love 1635-69
 Love A10 37 should most MSS shall 1635-69, Cy, P 44 the
 1635-69 their A10, Cy, H40, L74, P, RP31 46 it it all
 MSS is is 1635-69 50 prove most MSS be 1635-69, Cy, P
 51 your all MSS our 1635-69 beene, Ed beene 1635-69 52
 Chastitie Ed chastitie 1635-69 seene, Ed seene, 1635-69 53
 feele, Ed feele 1635-69 56 snowe,] snowe 1635-69, Cy, L74, P,
 which end here text of rest from A10, H39, H40, RP31 60 or new
 love] and new love, A10

All

All would not doe The best at laft I tryde
 Vnable longer to hould out I dyed
 And then I found I loft life, death by flying
 Who hundreds live are but foe long a dying
 Charon did let me paffe I'le him requite 65
 To marke the groves or shades wrongs my delight
 I'le fpeake but of thofe ghofts I found alone,
 Thofe thoufand ghofts, whereof myfelf made one,
 All images of thee I ask'd them, why?
 The Judge told me, all they for thee did dye, 70
 And therefore had for their Elifian bliffe,
 In one another their owne Loves to kiffe
 O here I mifs'd not bliffe, but being dead,
 For loe, I dream'd, I dream'd, and waking faid,
 Heaven, if who are in thee there muft dwell, 75
 How is't, I now was there, and now I fell

An Elegie to M^{rs} Boulftred 1602

SHALL I goe force an Elegie[?] abuse
 SMy witt[?] and breake the Hymen of my mufe
 For one poore houres love[?] Deserves it fuch
 Which ferves not me, to doe on her as much[?]
 Or if it could, I would that fortune fhunn 5
 Who would be rich, to be foe foone undone[?]
 The beggars beft is, wealth he doth not know,
 And but to fhew it him, encreafes woe
 But we two may enjoye an hour[?] when never

63 life] lif's *Grosart* spelt *lif* *H40* 64 Who] Where *Grosart*
 66 marke] walke *Grosart* or] and *A10* 67 but] out *Grosart*, from
H39 68 Thofe thoufand] Thoufand *A10* 72 In one] omit *Grosart*
 74 (For loe I dreamt) *H39* and *Grosart* 75 Heaven] O Heaven *A10*
 An Elegie &c *A10*, L74 (I R in margin), *RP31* Elegie *N*, *TCD*
 (J R) Elegie to his M^{rs} promiffing to love him an hour *HN* (signed J R)
 An Elegy 1602 To M^{rs} Boulftrede *Le Prince d'Amour* &c 1660
 7 text from *HN* The beggars beft is, that wealth he doth <not> know,
A10 The beggar's beft, his &c L74, *RP31*, *N*, *TCD*, *Sm* The beggar's
 beft that *Grosart* 9 two *Sm* om *HN*, L74, *N*, *RP31*, *TCD* But we
 an hour may now enjoy when never *A10* hour[?]] hour, L74

It

It returnes, who would have a losse for ever? 10
 Nor can so short a love, if true, but bring
 A halfe howres feare, with the thought of losing
 Before it, all howres were hope, and all are
 (That shall come after it,) yeares of dispaire
 This joye brings this doubt, whether it were more 15
 To have enjoy'd it, or have died before?
 T'is a lost paradise, a fall from grace,
 Which I thinke, Adam felt more then his race
 Nor need those angells any other Hell,
 It is enough for them, from Heaven they fell 20
 Besides, Conquest in love is all in all;
 That when I liste, shee under me may fall
 And for this turne, both for delight and view,
 I'll have a Succuba, as good as you
 But when these toyes are past, and hott blood ends, 25
 The best enjoying is, we still are frends
 Love can but be frendshipp outside, their two
 Beauties differ, as myndes and bodies do
 Thus, I this great Good still would be to take,
 Vnles one houre, another happy make 30
 Or, that I might forgett it instantlie,
 Or in that blest estate, that I might die
 But why doe I thus travaile in the skill
 Of despis'd poetrie, and perchance spill
 My fortune? or undoe myself in sport 35
 By having but that dangerous name in Court?
 I'll leave, and since I doe your poet prove,
 Keep you my lines as secret as my Love


10 It returnes] Again't returnes *A10* 16 or have] or else *A10*
 21 Besides, *A10* Beside, *L74* 23 delight] despite *A10* 27 but
 be] be but *Sim* their *Ed* there *A10, L74* 30 one] on *L74* 32
Poem closes, A10 34 despis'd poetrie,] deeper mysteries, *Sim*

An Elegie

TRue Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move
 Him to love, confesses he doth not love
 And from his witt, passions and true desire
 Are forc'd as hard, as from the flint is fire
 My love's all fire whose flames my soule do nurse, 5
 Whose smokes are sighes, whose every sparke's a verse
 Doth measure women win? Then I know why
 Most of our Ladies with the Scotts doe lie
 A Scott is measur'd in each syllable, terse
 And smooth as a verse and like that smooth verse 10
 Is shallow, and wants matter, but in his handes,
 And they are rugged, Her state better standes
 Whom dauncing measures tempted, not the Scott
 In brief she's out of measure, lost, foe gott
 Greene-sickness wenchs, (not needes must but) may 15
 Looke pale, breathe short, at Court none so long stay
 Good witt ne're despair'd there, or *Ay me* said
 For never Wench at Court was ravished
 And shee but cheates on Heaven, whom you so winne
 Thinking to share the sport, but not the finne 20

Song

DEare Love, continue nice and chaste,
 For, if you yeeld you doe me wrong,
 Let duller wits to loves end haste,
 I have enough to wooe thee long

An Elegie A10 similarly, B, H40, L74, O'F, RP31 Elegia Un-
 decima S no title, Cy, P(J D in margin) first printed by Grosart 1
 findes] kindles RP31 5 do A10, L74 doth Grosart and Chambers
 7 women win? A10 win women? L74 11 but in his handes, A10,
 B, L74, O'F, P but's in's bands S cut in bands Grosart and Chambers
 writt in his hands H-K (teste Grosart) 14 she's A10, L74, P, H-K
 (Grosart) theyre S, Chambers foe] if A10 17 ne're A10 neare L74
 Song 1635-69 no title, A10, B, HN (signed I R), L74 (Finis )
 O'F, P, S96 Love,] Love 1635-69

All

All paine and joy is in their way, 5
The things we feare bring lesse annoy
Then feare, and hope brings greater joy,
But in themselves they cannot stay

Small favours will my prayers increafe,
Granting my suit you give me all, 10
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For, I have made your Godhead fall

Beasts cannot with nor beauty see,
They mans affections onely move,
Beasts other sports of love doe prove, 15
With better feeling farre than we

Then Love prolong my suite, for thus
By losing sport, I sport doe win,
And that may vertue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath beene a sinne . 20

My comming neare may spee some ill,
And now the world is given to scoffe,
To keepe my Love, (then) keepe me off,
And so I shall admire thee still

Say I have made a perfect choyce, 25
Satietie our Love may kill,
Then give me but thy face and voyce,
Mine eye and eare thou canst not fill

To make me rich (oh) be not poore,
Give me not all, yet something lend, 30
So I shall still my suite commend,
And you at will doe lesse or more
But, if to all you condescend,
My love, our sport, your Godhead end

13 with] will, 1635-54 14 They, 1635-69 Those L74 18
I sport] I sports 1635-54 19 that may A10, HN, L74 that doth
1635-69 let that B 26 Satietie] Satietie 1635-39, L74 Love A10,
B, HN, L74, S96 selves 1635-69 28 Mine MSS My 1635-39
32 you at will] at your will S96

To Ben Iohnson, 6 Ian 1603

THE State and mens affaires are the best playes
 Next yours, 'Tis nor more nor lesse than due praise
 Write, but touch not the much descending race
 Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,
 As but themselves none thinke them usurpers 5
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs
 If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,
 Though all the Court follow, Let them We know
 Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,
 For that were vertue, and not flatterie 10
 Forget we were thrust out, It is but thus,
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us
 Iudge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,
 And so me. And when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse sponge, 15
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cookes* tongue
 Traitors are Friends are our selves This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and to my selfe as Counsell,
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
 Contemne learning, and all your studies flout 20
 Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,
 More then wee *that*, ere long God may forbear,
 But Creditors will not Let them increase
 In riot and excesse as their meanes cease,
 Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun 25
 His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone
 Them and their soules But, that they that allow

To Ben Iohnson, 6 Ian 1603 1635-69, O'F To Ben Iohnson 6 Jan
 1603 T R B An Epistle to Ben Iohnson S' J R H40 An Epistle
 to Benjamin Iohnson RP31 An Epistle To M^r Ben Iohnson Ja 6
 1603 L74 To M^r Ben Iohnson S 2 yours, Ed yours, 1635-69
 noi more] noe more L74 5 none thinke] none can thinke 1669 11
 out, Ed out 1635-69 15 sponge, L74 speli stlg, 1635 18
 as Counsell,] is Counsell 1635-54 22 More then wee *that*, Ed
 More then wee that H40, L74 More then wee them, that, 1635-69 (them
 in ital 1635-54) 24 cease, Ed cease, 1635-69

But

But one God, should have religions enow
 For the Queens Masque, and their husbands, far more.
 Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore!³⁰
 Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe

To Ben Iohnson, 9 Novembris, 1603

IF great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe,
 If meane, I will spare them I know that pelf
 Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid
 It may corrupt a Iudge, make me afraid
 And a Iury, But 'twill revenge in this,⁵
 That, though himselfe be judge, hee guilty is
 What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me,
 I had rather sufferer than doer be
 That I did trust, it was my Natures praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase¹⁰
 That judgement is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise
 What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have we,
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery
 Poore I, whom every pety crosse doth trouble,¹⁵
 Who apprehend each hurt thats done me, double,
 Am of this (though it should sinke me) carelesse,
 It would but force me to a stricter goodnesse
 They have great odds of me, who gaine doe winne,
 (If such gaine be not losse) from every sinne²⁰
 The standing of great mens lives would afford

28 enow *H40, L74* enough *1635-69* 29 far *L74* for *1635-69*,
H40 30 bore! *Ed* bore? *H40* bore *1635-69, L74*
 To Ben Iohnson, 9 Novembris, 1603 *1635-69, B* (*subscribed* doubtful
 author), *O'F, S* Another Epistle to M^r Ben Iohnson No 9 1603 *L74*
 Another to Ben Iohnson *H40* 2 them] them, *1635-69* that
B, H40, L74, S the *1635-69* 3 upbraide *Ed* upbraide, *1635-69*
 5 Iury, *Ed* Iury *1635-69* 18 goodnesse] goodnesse *1635-69*
 19 odds *B, H40, L74, S* gaine *1635-69, O'F*

A pretty fumme, if God would fell his Word
 He cannot, they can theirs, and breake them too
 How unlike they are that they are likened to?
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
 If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils

25

To S^r Tho Roe 1603

Deare Thom

TEll her if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they goe,
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
 For who hath but one minde, hath but one face
 If then why I tooke not my leave she aske,
 Aske her againe why she did not unmaske?
 Was she or proud or cruell, or knew shee
 'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittied me?
 Or did she feare one kisse might stay for moe?
 Or else was she unwilling I should goe?
 I thinke the best, and love so faithfully
 I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves mee
 If this prove not my faith, then let her trie
 How in her service I would fructifie
 Ladies have boldly lov'd, bid her renew
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true
 Then he whose wit and verse goes now so lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame
 Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,
 White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand

5

10

15

20

To Sir Tho Rowe, 1603 1635-69, O'F An Elegie To S^r Tho
 Roe B (subscribed J R), L74 An Elegie, complayning a want of com-
 plement in his mistrise, at his leave taking A10 Elegia Vicefima Septima
 To S^r Thomas Roe 1603 S Thom B, L74, O'F, S Tom 1635-69
 5 tooke A10, B, L74, O'F, S take 1635-69 14 I would 1635-69
 it will A10, L74, S 17 goes now to Ed goe now to B growes now
 to 1635-69, O'F now goes thus A10, L74, S

I doe

I doe esteeme her favours, not their stuffe,
 If what I have was given, I have enough
 And all's well, for had she lov'd, I had had
 All my friends hate, for now, departing sad
 I feele not that, Yet as the Rack the Gout 25
 Cures, so hath *this* worse grieve *that* quite put out
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
 Which (which I dare foresee) nought cures but death
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late shee grieve shee lov'd me not 30
 Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse
 Willing, then those which die, and not confesse

II

To the Countesse of Huntington

THat unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
 That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time
 Before he ate, mans shape, that would yet bee
 (Knew they not it, and fear'd beafts companie)
 So naked at this day, as though man there 5
 From Paradise so great a distance were,
 As yet the newes could not arrived bee
 Of *Adams* tasting the forbidden tree,
 Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
 And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne 10

21 favours, not their *B, L74, S* favour, not the 1635-69 22
 enough *Ed* enough, 1635-69 23 had had] had not had 1635-69,
O'F 24 hate,] hate 1635 hate, 1639-69 now, *Ed* now
 1635-69 not *A10, B, L74, S* 26 out] out 1635 28 Which (which
 I dare foresee) nought *A10, B, L74, S* Which (I dare foresay) nothing
 1635-69 32 Willing, *Ed* Willing 1635-69 Willing, *A10*
 To the Countesse of Huntington 1635-69 *Sr Wal Afton* to y^e Countesse
 of Huntingtowne *P, TCD (II)* 2 man] men *P* 3 ate, 1635-39
 eat, 1650-69

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
 Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
 And loseth younger formes, so, to your eye,
 These (Madame) that without your distance lie,
 Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be, 15
 Who are at home but wits mere *Atom*
 But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
 Have found my selfe to you, just their midway,
 And now must pittie them, for, as they doe
 Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you 20
 Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to see
 A fighting Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie
 I come not to call pittie from your heart,
 Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
 Else from his slipperie soule with a faint groane, 25
 And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone
 I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne,
 I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down
 Though I can pittie those sigh twice a day,
 I hate that thing whispers it selfe away 30
 Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
 Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze
 'Tis love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made,
 That it destroyes it selfe with its owne shade
 Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his paine, 35
 Was he that first taught women, to disdain
 As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,
 Vntill this raw disorderd heape did breake,
 And severall desires led parts away,
 Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did stay, 40
 Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
 Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd

11 downward] inward *TCD* 14 without] *om TCD* 17 who]
 that *P, TCD* 20 you] you, 1635-69 26 faithfully, 1635-69 finally
P, TCD you smil'd 1635-54 your smile 1669, *P, TCD* 28 down
 1635-54 down, 1669 30 whispers] whispered *P* vapours *TCD* 31
 fever] *feverish 1669* 32 doth yet] yet doth 1669 ague] feaver *P*
 35 paine,] paine 1635-39 36 women] woman *TCD* 37 were
 one] were but one 1669

So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
 An unripe willingnesse which nothing did,
 A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease, 45
 That found a want, but knew not what would please
 What pretty innocence in those dayes mov'd?
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd,
 Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,
 Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why 50
 That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe,
 Might well (those times consider'd) man become
 As all discoverers whose first assay
 findes but the place, after, the nearest way
 So passion is to womans love, about, 55
 Nay, farther off, than when we first set out
 It is not love that sueth, or doth contend,
 Love either conquers, or but meets a friend
 Man's better part consists of purer fire,
 And findes it selfe allow'd, ere it desire 60
 Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway,
 And journeys not till it finde summer-way
 A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,
 Is sport for every girle to practise on
 Who strives through womans scornes, women to know, 65
 Is lost, and seekes his shadow to outgoe,
 It must bee sicknesse, after one disdain,
 Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe
 Let others sigh, and grieve, one cunning sleight
 Shall freeze my Love to Christall in a night 70
 I can love first, and (if I winne) love still,
 And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will
 It is her fault if I unsure remaine,
 Shee onely can untie, and binde againe

47 those dayes] that day 1669 50 both knew 1635-54 but knew
 P, TCD yet, knew 1669 52 consider'd Ed considered 1635-69
 57 sueth, or] sues and P 65 womans] womens P women] woman
 TCD know, 1650-69 know 1635-39 67 It must be] It is
 meer 1669 sicknesse,] sicknesse 1635-69 69 sigh P, TCD sinne,
 1635-69 74 and P I 1635-69, TCD

The honesties of love with ease I doe, 75
 But am no porter for a tedious woo
 But (madame) I now thinke on you, and here
 Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,
 We are but clouds you rise from, our noone-ray
 But a foule shadow, not your breake of day 80
 You are at first hand all that's faire and right,
 And others good reflects but backe your light
 You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,
 That youngest flatteries doe scandall it
 For, what is more doth what you are restraine, 85
 And though beyond, is downe the hill againe
 We have no next way to you, we crosse to it
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute,
 Each good in you's a light, so many a shade
 You make, and in them are your motions made 90
 These are your pictures to the life From farre
 We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are
 So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
 In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew
 Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love, 95
 Your purest luster must that shadow move
 The foule with body, is a heaven combin'd
 With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd
 Where thoughts the starres of foule we understand,
 We guesse not their large natures, but command 100
 And love in you, that bountie is of light,
 That gives to all, and yet hath infinite
 Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
 But foule we finde too earthly to ascend,

76 woo TCD wooe P woe 1635-69, Chambers and Groher
 77 I now] now I TCD 78 hights] height TCD 79 clouds you rise
 from, our noone ray Groher clouds, you rise from our noone-ray, 1635-69,
 TCD, and Chambers 81 right] bright P 83 a perfectnesse] all
 perfectiones P 84 youngest] quantest TCD flatteries] flatterers
 P, TCD 86 though] what's P 87 We have Ed We have 1635-69
 88 straight line,] straight-lace P attribute, Ed attribute 1635
 attribute, 1639-69 91 These] Those TCD 98 With earth] om
 TCD but] om 1650-69 99 thoughts] through P

'Till

'Till flow acceſſe hath made it wholly pure, 105
 Able immortall clearneſſe to endure
 Who dare aſpire this journey with a ſtaine,
 Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe
 No more can impure man retaine and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love 110
 Then earthly ſubſtance can unforc'd aſpire,
 And leave his nature to converſe with fire
 Such may have eye, and hand, may ſigh, may ſpeak,
 But like ſwoln bubbles, when they are high't they break
 Though far removed Northerne fleets ſcarce finde 115
 The Sunnes comfort, others thinke him too kinde
 There is an equall diſtance from her eye,
 Men periſh too farre off, and burne too nigh
 But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright
 From the firſt Rayes, to his laſt oppoſite 120
 So able men, bleſt with a vertuous Love,
 Remote or neare, or howſoe'r they move,
 Their vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy,
 There is no Emptineſſe, but all is Ioy
 He much profanes whom violent heats do move 125
 To ſtile his wandring rage of paſſion, *Love*
 Love that imparts in every thing delight,
 Is fain'd, which only tempts mans appetite
 Why love among the vertues is not knowne
 Is, that love is them all contract in one 130

105 wholly] holy *TCD* 106 endure] endure *1635* 108 waight]
 weights *P, TCD* 109 impure] vapoie *P* 114 when they're higheſt
 break *P, TCD* break] break *1635-39* brak *1650-54* brake *1669*
 115 *In edd new par begins wrongly at 113, and so Chambers and Grolier*
 fleets] Isles *1669* 116 comfort, *1635-54* sweet comfort, *1669*
 others] yet some *1669* 119 But as the aire takes all funbeams equall
 bright *P* 120 the firſt Rayes, *1635-54* the Raies firſt, *1669, TCD*
 the riſe firſt *P* 121 able men *P* able man, *1635-54* happy man, *1669*
 happy['s] man *Grosart and Chambers* 123 Then *1669, P, TCD*
 There *1635-54, Chambers and Grolier* 125 violent *P, TCD* valiant
1635-69 126 Love *Ed Love 1635-54 Love, 1669* 127
 imparts] impoits *1669, TCD* 128 Is fain'd, which appetite *P*
 Is thought the manſion of ſweet appetite *TCD* Is fancied *1635-39 (rest*
of line left blank) Is fancied in the Soul, not in the fight *1650-54* Is
 fancied by the Soul, not appetite *1669* 130 Is, that] Is, 'cauſe *TCD*
 contract in *1650-69, P* contracted *1635-39, TCD*

III

Elegie

Death be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
 Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth flow,
 The executioner of wrath thou art,
 But to destroy the iust is not thy part
 Thy comming, terrour, anguish, grieve denounce, 5
 Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounce
 From out the Christall palace of her breast,
 The clearer soule was call'd to endlesse rest,
 (Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God threats,
 But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,) 10
 And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
 To joy that it through many dangers fought,
 The key of mercy gently did unlocke
 The doores 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock
 Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey, 15
 Because to mortall eyes it did decay,
 A better witnesse than thou art, assures,
 That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures,
 No dramme thereof shall want or losse sustaine,
 When her best soule inhabits it again 20
 Goe then to people curst before they were,
 Their spoyles in Triumph of thy conquest weare.
 Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares
 Which our face, not for hers, but our harme weares,

Elegie *Ed* Elegie on the Lady Markham By L C of B *RP31*
do By C L of B *H40* Elegie on Mistris Boulstred 1635-69 *given as*
continuation of Death I recant &c O'F, P no title, B (at foot of page F B)
See Text and Canon &c 2 flow, Ed flow, 1635-69 growe, B,
Cy, H40, O'F, P 5-6 comming, 1650-69 comming 1635-39
state, 1650-69 state 1635-39 denounce, pronounce B, Cy, H40,
P denounces, pronounces 1635-69 12 To joy that 1635-69
To joy what H40 To joye, that B fought, Ed fought, 1635-69
22 spoyles of weare B, Cy, H40 (beare), P soules to beare,
1635-69 See note 24 hers, H40, P hei, 1635-69 weares,
Ed weares 1635-54 weares 1669

The

The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee, 25
 Which wils our foules in these streams waſht ſhould be,
 And on our hearts, her memories beſt tombe,
 In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome
 Blinde were thoſe eyes, ſaw not how bright did ſhine
 Through fleſhes miſty vaile the beames diuine 30
 Deaſe were the eares, not charm'd with that ſweet ſound
 Which did i'th ſpirit inſtructed voice abound
 Of ſint the conſcience, did not yeeld and melt,
 At what in her laſt A&t it ſaw, heard, felt
 Weep not, nor grudge then, to haue loſt her fight, 35
 Taught thus, our after ſtay's but a ſhort night
 But by all foules not by corruption choaked
 Let in high rais'd notes that power be inuoked
 Calme the rough ſeas, by which ſhe ſayles to reſt,
 From ſorrowes here, to a kingdome ever bleſt, 40
 And teach this hymne of her with joy, and ſing,
The grave no conqueſt gets, Death hath no ſting

30 the *B, Cy, H40, P* thoſe 1635-69 31 not 1635-69 that *B,*
Cy, P 32 Which did 1635-69 Did *H40* Did not *B, Cy, P* ſpirit
 inſtructed *MSS* ſpirits inſtructed 1635-69 34 ſaw, heard, felt *B,*
Cy, H40, P ſaw and felt 1635-69 38 rais'd 1635-69 rais'd
Chambers 39 ſhe ſayles 1635-69 ſhee's ſayl'd *B, H40* ſhee's ſled
Cy, P reſt, 1650-69 reſt 1635-39 40 here, 1650-69 here
 1635-39 bleſt, *Ed* bleſt 1635 bleſt, 1639-54 bleſt 1669 41 And
 preach this Hymn which hers (ſhe *Cy, P*) with joy did ſing, *B, Cy,*
H40, P ſing, 1650-69 ſing 1635-69

IV

Psalm 137

Probably by Francis Davison

I

BY Euphrates flowry fide
 We did bide,
 From deare Juda farre absented,
 Tearing the aire with our cryes,
 And our eyes,
 With their streames his streame augmented

5

II

When, poore Syons dolefull state,
 Desolate,
 Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
 And the Temple spoil'd, which wee
 Ne'r should see,
 To our mirthlesse mindes wee call'd

10

III

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,
 Up wee hung
 On greene willowes neere beside us,
 Where, we sitting all forlorne,
 Thus, in scorne,
 Our proud spoylers 'gan deride us

15

Psalm 137 1633-69, A25, C, RP61 in Certaine selected Psalmes of
 David (in Verse) different from Those usually sung in the Church Compos'd
 by Francis Davison esq^r deceased and other Gentlemen Manuscrib'd by
 R Crane Addl MS 27407, Harl MSS 3357 an 16930 4 with
 our cryes] with mournful cries Crane 6 his] the Crane 16 all
 forlorne] for forlorne Crane

IV

IV

Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,
 And your groanes 20
 Under Syons ruines bury,
 Tune your harps, and sing us layes
 In the praise
 Of your God, and let's be merry

V

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes? 25
 And our groanes
 Under Syons ruines bury?
 Can we in this Land sing Layes
 In the praise
 Of our God, and here be merry? 30

VI

No, deare Syon, if I yet
 Do forget
 Thine affliction miserable,
 Let my nimble joynts become
 Stiffe and numme, 35
 To touch warbling harpe unable

VII

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still
 To my parched rooffe be glewed,
 If in either harpe or voice 40
 I rejoyce,
 Till thy joyes shall be renewed

22-3 To your Harpes sing us some layes

To the praise *Crane*

24 merry] merry, 1633-39 25-6 moanes groanes] *interchanged*
Crane

31-2

if I faile

To bewaile *Crane*

42 renewed] renewed 1633

VIII

VIII

Lord, curfe Edom's traiterous kinde,
 Beare in minde
 In our ruines how they revell'd
Sack, kill, burne, they cry'd out still, 45
 Sack, burne, kill,
 Downe with all, let all be levell'd

IX

And, thou Babel, when the tide
 Of thy pride 50
 Now a flowing, growes to turning,
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,
 And shall fall
 To as low an ebbe of mourning

X

Happy he who shall thee waite,
 As thou haft 55
 Us, without all mercy, waisted,
 And shall make thee taste and see
 What poore wee
 By thy meanes have seene and tasted 60

XI

Happy, who, thy tender barnes
 From the armes
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
 Ruthlesse stones 65
 With their braines and blood befmeering

43 curfe] plague *Crane* 45 ruines] Ruine *Crane* revell'd *Ed*
 revell'd, 1633-39 52-3 shall shall] shalt shalt *Crane*
 59-60 What by thee
 Wee (poore wee) have &c *Crane*

V

On the blessed Virgin Mary

Probably by Henry Constable

IN that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mothers wombe they life receive,
God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee

To match thee like thy births nobilitie, 5
He thee his Spirit for thy spouse did leave,
By whom thou didst his onely sonne conceive,
And so wast link'd to all the Trinitie

Cease then, ô Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe weare,
To glory in the Pompe of earthly things, 10
If men such high respects unto you beare,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are to Kings,
What honour can unto that Queene be done
Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Sonne?

VI

On the Sacrament

HE was the Word that spake it,
Hee tooke the bread and brake it,
And what that Word did make it,
I doe beleeeve and take it

On the *C^c* 1635-69, *A10*, *B*, *O'F*, *S*, *S96* also among *Spiritual Sonnets*
by *H C* in *Harl MS* 7553 6 thy spouse *A10*, *B* his spouse
1635-69 12 to *B* of 1635-69 Kings,] kings, 1635
On the *C^c* 1635-69

VII

VII

Absence

That time and absence proves
 Rather helps than hurts to loves

Probably by John Hoskins

Absence heare my protestation
 Against thy strengthe
 Distance and lengthe,
 Doe what thou canst for alteration
 For harts of truest mettall 5
 Absence doth joyne, and time doth settle

Who loves a Mistris of right quality,
 His mind hath founde
 Affections grounde
 Beyond time, place, and all mortality 10
 To harts that cannot vary
 Absence is present, time doth tary

My Sences want their outward motion
 Which now within
 Reason doth win, 15
 Redoubled by her secret notion
 Like rich men that take pleasure
 In hidinge more then handling treasure

Absence *The Grove* (1721) do or no title, B, Cy, HN (signed J H),
 L74, O'F, P, S, S96 (the text here printed) also in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody
 (PR) 1602 and (a maimed and altered version) in Wit Restored (WR) 1658
 1 heare B, S96, *Grove* heare thou Cy, HN, L74, PR, S, WR 3
 Distance] Disdayne HN 4 you can PR yee dare HN 5 For
 hearts where love's refined WR 6 Are absent joyne, by tyme com-
 bined WR 7 might S96 such *Grove*, HN, L74, PR 8 He soon hath
 found PR 10 all] om WR 11 To] That WR 12 present]
 presence B tary] call y WR 13 motion] motions PR 16 by
 notion] in notions PR in notion HN 18 hidinge]
 finding *Grove*

By

By absence this good means I gaine
 That I can catch her 23
 Where none can watch her
 In some close corner of my braine
 There I embrace and there kisse her,
 And so enjoye her, and so misse her

VIII

Song

Probably by the Earl of Pembroke

Soules joy, now I am gone,
 And you alone,
 (Which cannot be,
 Since I must leave my selfe with thee,
 And carry thee with me) 5
 Yet when unto our eyes
 Absence denyes
 Each others sight,
 And makes to us a constant night,
 When others change to light, 10
O give no way to grieve,
But let believe
Of mutuall love,
Thus wonder to the vulgar prove
Our Bodies, not wee move 15

19 means] mean *WR* 23 There I embrace and there kisse her, *S96*
 There I embrace her, and &c *L74* There I embrace and there I kisse
 her, *B, O'F, WR* There I embrace and kisse her, *Grove, HN, PR* 24
 and so misse her *B, Cy, HN, L74, O'F, S96, WR* while none misse her
Grove I both enjoy and misse her *PR*

Song 1635-69, *O'F* also in the Poems &c (1660) of the Earle of
 Pembroke and S^r Benjamin Ruddier, and the Lansdowne MS 777, where
 it is signed E of Pembroke i now] when 1660, *L77*

Let

APPENDIX C

A

SELECTION OF POEMS WHICH FREQUENTLY
ACCOMPANY POEMS BY JOHN DONNE
IN MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS OR
HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO
DONNE BY MODERN
EDITORS

I

POEMS FROM ADDITIONAL MS 25707

*A Letter written by S^r H G and J D alternis
vicibus*

SInce ev'ry Tree beginns to blossome now
SPerfuminge and enameling each bow,
Hartes should as well as they, some fruits allow
For since one old poore funn serves all the rest,
You sev'ral funns that warme, and light each brest 5
Doe by that influence all your thoughts digest
And that you two may see your vertues move,
On better matter then beames from above,
Thus our twin'd souls send forth these buds of love
As in devotions men Joyne both there hands, 10
Wee make ours doe one Act to seale the bands,
By which we enthrall ourselves to your commands,
And each for others faith and zeale stand bound
As safe as spirits are from any wound,
Soe free from impure thoughts they shal be found 15

A Letter written &c A25 published by Chambers, who completes the names
2 bow, *Ed* bow *A25* 9 twin'd *A25* twined *Chambers* 10 hands,
Ed hands *A25* 12-13 commands, bound *Ed* command
bound, *A25*

Admit our magique then by which wee doe
 Make you appeere to us, and us to you,
 Supplying all the Muses in you twoe

Wee doe confider noe flower that is sweet,
 But wee your breath in that exhaling meet, 20
 And as true types of you, them humbly greet

Heere in our Nightingales we heere you finge
 Who foe doe make the whole yeare through a springe,
 And fave us from the feare of Autumns finge

In Anchors calme face wee your smoothes see, 25
 Your mindes unmingled, and as cleare as thee
 That keepe untoucht her first virginite

Did all St Edith nunns descend againe
 To honor Poleworth with their cloystred traine,
 Compar'd with you each would confesse some stayne 30

Or should wee more bleed out our thoughts in inke,
 Noe paper (though it woulde be glad to drinke
 Those drops) could comprehend what wee doe thinke

For t'were in us ambition to write
 Soe, that because wee two, you two unite, 35
 Our letter should as you, bee infinite.

O Frutefull Garden.

O Frutefull garden, and yet never tilde,
 Box full of Treasure yet by noe man filde
 O thou which haste, made him that first made thee,
 O neare of kinne to all the Trinetie,
 O Pallace where the kinge of all, and more, 5
 Went in, and out, yet never opened doore,

25 Anchors *Chambers* Anchos *A25* 29 traine, *Ed* traine *A25*
 31 inke, *Ed* inke *A25*
 O Frutefull Garden *A25* [TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 MARY] *Chambers* 6 out, *Ed* out *A25*

Whose

Whose flesh is purer, than an others sperrit
Reache him our Prayers, and reach us down his merrit,
O bread of lyfe which sweld'fte up without Leaven,
O bridge which joynst togeather earth and heaven, 10
Whoseeyessee me through thesewalles, and throughe glasse,
And through this fleshe as thorowe Cipres passe
Behould a little harte made greate by thee
Swellinge, yet shrinkinge at thy majestie
O dwell in it, for where foe ere thou go'fte 15
There is the Temple of the Holy Ghoſte

To my Lord of Pembroke

FYe, Fye you sonnes of Pallas what madd rage
Makes you contend that Love's, or God, or page?
Hee that admires, his weaknes doth confesse,
For as Love greater growes, foe hee growes lesse
Hee that disdaines, what honor wynns thereby, 5
That he feeles not, or triumphes on a fly?
If love with queasie paine thy stomack move,
Soe will a flutt whome none dare touch, or love
If it with sacred straines doe thee inspire 10
Of Poetrie, foe wee maye want admire
If it thee valiant make, his ryvall hate
Can out doe that and make men desperate
Yealdinge to us, all woemen conquer us,
By gentlenes we are betrayed thus
We will not strive with Love that's a shee beaste, 15
But playinge wee are bounde, and yeald in Jest,
As in a Cobwebb toyle, a flye hath beene
Undone, so have I some fainte lover seene
Love cannot take away our strength, but tame,
And wee lesse feele the thinge then feare the name, 20

8 merrit, *Ed* merrit, *A25* 9 Leaven, *Ed* Leaven *A25*
To my Lord of Pembroke *A25, Chambers* 3 confesse, *Ed* confesse
A25 5 disdaines, *Ed* disdaines *A25* 6 fly? *Ed* fly, *A25*
19 tame, *Ed* tame *A25*

Love is a temperate bath, hee that feeles more
 Heate or could there, was hott, or could before
 But as Sun beames which would but norishe, burne,
 Drawne into hollow Chrifall, foe we turne
 To fire her bewties Luftre willingly, 25
 By gatheringe it in our falſe treacherous eye
 Love is nor you, nor you, but I a balme,
 Sword to the ſtuff, unto the wounded balme
 Prayes noe thinge adds, if it be infinite,
 If it be nothing, who can leffen it? 30

Of a Lady in the Black Maſque

WHy choſe ſhee black, was it that in whitenes
 Shee did Leda equal? whoſe brightnes
 Muſt ſuffer loſs to put a bewtie on
 Which hath no grace but from proportion
 It is but Coullor, which to looſe is gayne, 5
 For ſhee in black doth th'Æthiopian ſtaine,
 Beinge the forme that beautifies the creature
 Her rareneſs not in Coullor is, but feature
 Black on her receaves ſoe ſtrong a grace
 It ſeemes the fitteſt beautie for the face 10
 Coullor is not, but in æſtimation
 Faire, or foule, as it is ſtild by faſhion
 Kinges wearinge ſackcloath it doth royall make,
 Soe black⟨ne⟩s from her face doth beautie take
 It not in Coullor but in her, inheres, 15
 For what ſhe is, is faire, not what ſhe weares,
 The Moore ſhall envye her, as much, or more,
 As did the Ladies of our Court before
 The Sunn ſhall mourne that hee had weſtwarde beene,
 To ſeeke his Love, whilſt ſhee i'th North was ſeene 20

27 I a balme, *A25* Aye a calm, *Chambers conjectures*
 Of a Lady &c *A25*, *Chambers* 10 face *Ed* face *A25*
 13 make, *Ed* make *A25* 14 black⟨ne⟩s *Chambers* blacks *A25*
 16 weares, *Ed* weares, *A25*

Her blacknes lends like lustre to her eyes,
As in the night pale Phoebe glorifyes
Hell, synne, and vice their attributes shall loofe
Of black, for it wan, and pale whitenes choofe,
As like themselves, Common, and most in use 25
Sad of that Coulor is the late abuse

II

POEMS FROM THE BURLEY MS

< Life >

THis lyfe it is not life, it is a fight
That wee haue of y^e earth, y^e earth of vs,
It is a feild, where sence & reason fight,
The soules & bodies quarrells to discus,
It is a iorney where wee do not goe, 5
but fly wth speedy wings t'our blisse or woe
It is a chaine y^t hath but two smale links
Where<with> o^r graue is to o^r bodie ioyned,
It is a poyfined feast wherein who thinks
To tast ioyes cup, y^e cup of death doth find 10
It is a play, presented in heauens eye
Wherein o^r parts are to do naught but dye

< My Love >

MY love doth fly wth wings of feare
And doth a flame of fire resemble,
w^{ch} mounting high & burning cleere
yet ever more doth wane & tremble

*< Life > Ed no title, Bur 2 vs, Ed vs Bur 3 feild, Ed
feild Bur 4 discus, Ed discus Bur 6 woe Ed woe Bur
8 Where<with> Ed where Bur ioyned, Ed ioyned Bur
< My Love > Ed no title and no punctuation, Bur 4 wane Ed
weane Bur*

My

My loue doth see & still admire,
 Admiring breedeth humblenes,
 blind loue is bold, but my desire
 the more it loues p^{re}sumes y^e lesse
 My loue seeke no reward or glory
 but wth it self it self contenteth,
 is never fullaine, never sory,
 never repyneth or repenteth
 O'who the funne beames can behold
 but hath some passion, feeles some heat,
 for though the sunn himself be cold
 his beames reflecting fire begett
 O y^t myne eyes, ô that myne hart
 Were both enlarged to contayne
 the beames & ioyes shee doth impart,
 whilst shee this bowre doth not disdayne,
 this bowre vnfit for such a gueste,
 but since she makes it now her Inn,
 Would god twere like her sacred breast
 most fayre wthout, most rich wthin

< O Eyes ! >

O Eyes, what do you see?
 O eares what do you heare?
 that makes y^e wish to bee
 All eyes or else all eare?
 I see a face as fayre
 As mans eye ever saw,
 I here as sweet an ayre
 as y^t w^{ch} rocks did draw,

12 never *Ed* ne're *Bur*

< O Eyes ! > *Ed* no title and no punctuation, *Bur*

I with, when in such wife
 I see or heare y^e fame, •10
 I had all Argus eyes
 or else y^e eare(s) of fame

⟨Silence Best Praise⟩

Cōmend her? no I dare not terme her fayre,
 nor sugred sweet, nor tall, nor louely browne,
 suffice it y^t she is wthout compare,
 but how, I dare not tell lest she should frowne
 but those parts ⟨least⟩ w^{ch} others make theyre pryde, 5
 and feed there fancies wth deuised lyes,
 giue me but leaue to pull my faint asyde,
 and tell her in her eare that she is wise
 to write of beauties rare ther is noe art,
 for why tis common to there sex & kind, 10
 but making choice of natures better part
 my Muse doth most desire to prayse her mind
 But as her vertue(s) clayme a crowne of bayes,
 So manners makes me sylent in her prayse

12 eare(s) *Ed* eare *Bur*

Cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,
 Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
 Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris

Virgil *Aen* iv 181-3

⟨Silence Best Praise⟩ *Ed* no title, *Bur* 1 fayre, *Ed* fayre *Bur*
 2 sweet, tall, browne, *Ed* no stops, *Bur* 3 compare, *Ed*
 compare *Bur* 4 frowne *Ed* frowne *Bur* 5 ⟨least⟩ *Ed*
 left *Bur* pryde, *Ed* pryde *Bur* 6 lyes, *Ed* lyes *Bur* 7
 asyde, *Ed* asyde *Bur* 8 wife *Ed* wife *Bur* 9-10 art, kind,
Ed no commas, *Bur* 10 common] cōmō *Bur* 12 mind *Ed* mind
Bur 13 vertue(s) *Ed* vertue *Bur* bayes, *Ed* bayes *Bur*

⟨Beauty

〈 *Beauty in Little Room* 〉

THose droffy heads & irrepurged braynes
 w^{ch} sacred fyre of loue hath not refined
 may grossly think my loue smale worth contaynes
 because shee is of body smale combined
 Not diving to y^e depth of natures reach, 5
 W^{ch} on smale things doth greatest guifts bestow
 small gems & pearls do witt more truly teach
 W^{ch} little are yet great in vertue grow,
 of flowers most part y^e least wee sweetest see,
 of creatures having life & fence y^e annt 10
 is smalt, yet great her guifts & vertues bee,
 frugall & provident for feare of want
 Wherefore who sees not natures full intent ?
 she made her smale to make her excellent

〈 *Loves Zodiake.* 〉

I That y^e higher half of loutes
 Round Zodiake haue rune,
 And in the signe of crabbed chaunce
 My Tropick haue begun,
 Am taught to teach y^e man is blest 5
 Whose loutes lott lights fo badd,
 as his solstitium soonest makes
 And so growes Retrograde

〈 *Fortune, Love, and Time* 〉

WHen fortune, loue, and Tyme bad me be happie,
 Happy I was by fortune, loue, and tyme
 These powres at higheft then began to vary,
 and cast him downe whome they had caus'd to clyme,
 They prun'd theire wings, and tooke theire flight in rage,
 fortune to fooles, loue to gold, and tyme to age 6

〈 *Beauty in Little Room* 〉 *Ed no title, Bur* 5 depth *Ed depht Bur*
reach, Ed reach Bur 6 bestow *Ed bestow Bur* 8 grow, *Ed*
grow Bur 11 bee, *Ed bee Bur* 13 intent ? *Ed intent Bur*

〈 *Loves Zodiake* 〉 *Ed no title, Bur*

〈 *Fortune, Love, and Time* 〉 *Ed no title and no punctuation, Bur*

Foolles

Foolles, gold, and age, (o foolish golden age!)
Witt, fayth, and loue must begg, must brybe, must dy,
These are the actors and the world's the stage,
Defert and hope are as but standers by 10
True lovers sit and tune this restless song,
Fortune, loue, and tyme haue done me wrong

<Life a Play>

What is o^r life? a play of passion
o^r mirth? the musick of diuision
O^r mothers wombs the tiring houses bee
Where we are drest for liues short comedy
The earth the stage, heauen y^e spectator is, 5
Who still doth note who ere do act amisse
O^r graues that hyde vs, fro the all-seeing sun,
Are but drawne curtaynes whē the play is done

A Kisse

O What a blisse
is this?
heaven is effected
and loues eternity contracted
In one short kisse 5
For not tymes measure
makes pleasure
more full
tedious and dull
all ioyes are thought 10
y^t are not in an instant wrought

*<Life a Play> Ed no title, and no punctuation except the two marks of
interrogation, Bur*

A Kisse Bur 8 full Ed full Bur

Cup1<d>s

Cupī(d)s blest and higheft spheare

is heare

heere on his throne

in his bright imperial crowne

hee fitts

Those witts

That thinke to proue

that mortals know

in any place below

a bliffe so great

so fweet

Are heretiques in loue

Thefe pleasures high

now dye,

but still beginning

new & greater glory wiſhing

gett freſh ſupply

No ſhort breath'd panting

nor faynting

is heere,

fuller and freer

more pleaſinge is

this pleaſure ſtill, & none but this

Heer'es no bluſh nor labor great,

no ſweat,

Heres no payne

nor repentance when againe

Loue cooles

O fooles

That fondly glory

in baſe condition

of ſenſual fruition,

you do miſtake

& make

y^r heaven purgatory

12 Cupī(d)s *Ed* Cupīs *Bur* 27 new *Ed* now *Bur* 28
 ſupply *Ed* ſupply *Bur* 31 heere, *Ed* heere *Bur* 35 great,
Ed great *Bur* 39 cooles *Ed* cooles *Bur* 43 fruition, *Ed*
 fruition *Bur*

Epi

Epi B Jo

TEll me who can when a player dies
In w^{ch} of his shapes againe hee shall rise?
What need hee stand at the iudgment throne
Who hath a heaven and a hell of his owne
Then feare not Burbage heavens angry rodd,
When thy fellows are angells & old Hemmigs is God 5

Epi Hen Princ Hug^o Holland

LOe now hee shineth yonder
A fixed starr in heaven,
Whose motion is vnder
None of the planetts feaven,
And if the sofi should tender
The moone his loue and marry, 5
They never could engender
So fayre a starr as Harry

III

POEMS FROM VARIOUS MSS

⟨ *The Annuntiation*
Additional Lines ⟩

NAture amaz'd sawe man without mans ayde
Borne of a mother nursed by her a mayd,
The child the Parent was, the worke the word,
No word till then did such a worke affoord

Epi B Jo (i.e. Epitaph Ben Ionfon) Bur no punctuation

Epi Hen Princ Hug^o Holland Bur no punctuation

⟨ *The Annuntiation Additional Lines* ⟩ *Ed these lines run straight*
on as part of The Annuntiation and Passion in O'F 2 a mayd]
Norton supplies a mayd, Ed mayd O'F 3 was, word, Ed no
commas, O'F

Twas

Twas lesse from nothing the world's all to growe 5
 Then all-Creato^{rs} height to stoope so lowe
 A virgin mother to a child bredd wonder,
 T'was more a child should bee the God of thunder
 Th'omnipotent was strangely potent heere
 To make the powerfull God pearelesse appeare 10
 Hee in our body cladd, for our foules love
 Came downe to us, yet stay'd vnchanged above
 Yet God through man shind still in this cleere brooke,
 Through meane shewes into maiesty wee looke
 Sinnes price seemd payd with brasse, fewe sawe the gold,
 Yet true stones set in lead theyr lustre hold 16
 His birth though poore, Prophets foretold his story,
 Hee breathd with beasts, but Angels sung his glory
 Hee, so farr of, so weake, yet Herod quakes,
 The citty dreads, babes, murderd, feare mistakes 20
 His Circumcision bore sinne, payne, and shame,
 Young blood new budd, hence bloomed a fauours name
 His paynes and pafsion bredd compafsion, wonder,
 Earth trembling, heavens darke, rocks rent asunder
 His birth, life, death, his words, his workes, his face 25
 Shewd a rich Jewell shining through the case,
 Cast thus, since man at gods high presence trembles
 Heere man mans troth loves whome his sheepe resembles
 The bright Sunne beame a sickly eye may dyme,
 A little babe in shallow heart may swim 30
 Hee heavens wealth to a poore stable brings,
 Th'oxestall the Court unto the king of kings
 No Shadowes now nor lightning flames give terror
 This light tells with our tongue, and beares o^r error
 Pure infant teares, moist pearle adorn'd his cheeke, 35
 Afsignd, ere borne, our erring foules to seeke
 Hee first wept teares, then blood, a deare redemption,
 This bought what Adam sould, that seemd preemption

6 lowe *Ed* lowe *O'F* 7 wonder, *Ed* wonder *O'F* 8 thunder
Ed thunder *O'F* 13 brooke, *Ed* brooke *O'F* 21 shame, *Ed*
 shame *O'F* 23 wonder, *Ed* wonder *O'F* 24 trembling, *Ed*
 trembling *O'F* 26 case, *Ed* case *O'F* 27 trembles *Ed* trembles
O'F 28 resembles *Ed* resembles *O'F* 29 dyme, *Ed* dyme *O'F*
 31 brings, *Ed* brings *O'F* 35 cheeke, *Ed* cheeke *O'F* 37 redemp-
 tion, *Ed* redemption *O'F* 38 preemption *Ed* preemption *O'F*

Clare

Cleare droppe, deare feede, the corne had bloody eares,
 Rich harveſt reaped in bloud and fowne in teares
 Who this Corne in theyr hart nor threſh, nor lay,
 Breake for finnes debt, unthriftie never pay
 Uſe wealth, it waſtes, a ſtayd hand heapes the ſtore,
 But this the more wee uſe wee have the more,
 Uſe, not like ufury whoſe growth is lending, 45
 Rich thoughts this treaſure keepe and thrive by ſpending,
 Th'expenſe runnes circular, turning returning,
 Such love no hart conſumes, yet ever burning

Elegy To Chaſt Love

CHAſt Love, let mee embrace thee in mine armes
 Without the thought of luſt From thence no harmes
 Enſue, no diſcontent attende thoſe deeds
 So innocently good w^{ch} thy love breeds
 Th'approche of day brings to thy ſence no feares, 5
 Nor is the black nights worke waſhd in thy teares,
 Thou taſt no care to keepe thy lover true,
 Nor yet by flighte, nor fond inventions new
 To hold him in, who with like flame of love
 Muſt move his ſpirit too, as thine doth move, 10
 w^{ch} ever mounts aloft with golden wings
 And not declines to lowe deſpiſed things
 Thy foule is bodyd within thy quiet breſt
 In ſafety, free from trouble and unreſt
 Thou fearſt no ill becauſe thou doſt no ill, 15
 Like miſtreſs of thy ſelfe, thy thought, and will,

39 eares, *Ed* eares *O'F* 41 lay, *Ed* lay *O'F* 43 ſtore, *Ed*
 ſtore *O'F* 44 more, *Ed* more *O'F* 45 Uſe, lending, *Ed*
 no commas, *O'F* 46 ſpending, *Ed* ſpending *O'F* 47 returning,
Ed returning *O'F* 48 conſumes, *Ed* conſumes *O'F*
 Elegy To Chaſt Love *O'F* 5 feares, *Ed* feares *O'F* 6
 teares, *Ed* teares *O'F* 7 true, *Ed* true *O'F* 9 in, *Ed* in *O'F*
 10 move, *Ed* move *O'F* 15 ill, *Ed* ill *O'F* 16 will, *Ed*
 will *O'F*

Obey

Obey thy mind, a mind for ever such
 As all may prayse, but none admire too much
 Then come, Chast Love, choyse part of womankind
 Infuse chast thoughts into my loving mind

20

Upon his scornewfull Mistresse Elegy

C^Ruell since that thou dost not feare the curse
 W^{ch} thy disdayne, and my despayre procure,
 My prayer for thee shall torment thee worfe
 Then all the payne thou couldst thereby endure
 May, then, that beauty w^{ch} I did conceive 5
 In thee above the height of heavens course,
 When first my Liberty thou didst bereave,
 Bee doubled on thee and with doubled force
 Chayne thousand vassalls in like thrall with mee,
 W^{ch} in thy glory mayst thou still despise, 10
 As the poore Trophies of that victory
 Which thou hast onely purchas'd by thine eyes,
 And when thy Triumphs so extended are
 That there is nought left to bee conquered,
 Mayst thou with the great Monarchs mournfull care 15
 Weepe that thine Hono^{rs} are so limited,
 So thy disdayne may melt it selfe to love
 By an unlookd for and a wondrous change,
 W^{ch} to thy selfe above the rest must prove
 In all th'effects of love paynefully strange, 20
 While wee thy scorned subjects live to see
 Thee love the whole world, none of it love thee

Upon his scornewfull Mistresse O'F no title, B, which adds note, This hath
 relation to 'When by thy scornew' See The Apparition, p 191 2
 despayre B disdayne O'F procure, Ed procure O'F 6 course,
 Ed course O'F 7 bereave, Ed bereave O'F 8 force Ed force
 O'F 9 Chayne B Stay O'F mee, Ed mee O'F 10 despise, Ed
 despise O'F 12 eyes, Ed eyes O'F 14 conquered, Ed conquered
 O'F 16 limited, Ed limited O'F 18 change, Ed change O'F
 20 strange, Ed strange O'F

< Absence >

〈 Absence 〉

W Onder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sence,
You that have taught my soule to love aright,
You in whose limbes are natures chief expence
Fitt instrument to serve your matchlesse spright,
If ever you have felt the miserie 5
Of being banish'd from your best desier,
By Absence, Time, or Fortunes tyranny,
Sterving for cold, and yet denied for fier
Deare mistresse pittie then the like effects
The which in mee your absence makes to flowe, 10
And haste their ebb by your divine aspect
In which the pleasure of my life doth growe
Stay not so long for though it seem a wonder
You keepe my bodie and my soule asunder

FINIS

〈 Tongue-tied Love 〉

F AIRE eies do not think scorne to read of Love
That to your eies durst never it presume,
Since absence those sweet wonders do〈th〉 remove
That nourish thoughts, yet sence and wordes consume,
This makes my pen more hardy then my tongue, 5
Free from my feare yet feeling my desire,
To utter that I have conceal'd so long
By doing what you did yourself require
Believe not him whom Love hath left so wise
As to have power his owne tale for to tell, 10
For childrens greefes do yield the loudest cries,
And cold desires may be exprest well
In well told Love most often falsehood lies,
But pittie him that only sighes and dies

FINIS

〈 Absence 〉 〈 Tongue-tied Love 〉 *Ed whole sonnets without titles in*
L74 the last six lines of the second appear among Donne's poems in B, O'F, S96
〈 Tongue-tied Love 〉 12 cold desires] coldest Ayres O'F

〈 Love,

〈 Love, if a God thou art 〉

Love if a god thou art
 then evermore thou must
 Bee mercifull and just,
 If thou bee just, ô wherefore doth thy dart
 Wound mine alone and not my mistresse hart? 5

 If mercifull, then why
 Am I to payne reservd
 Who have thee truely serv'd,
 When shee that by thy powre sets not a fly
 Laughs thee to scorne and lives at liberty? 10

 Then if a God thou woulds accounted bee,
 Heale mee like her, or else wound her like mee

〈 Great Lord of Love 〉

Greate Lord of love, how busy still thou art
 To give new wounds and fetters to my hart!
 Is't not enough that thou didst twice before
 It so mangle
 And intangle 5
 By fly arts
 of false harts
 Forbeare mee, Ile make love no more

 Fy busy Lord, will it not thee suffice
 To use the Rhetorique of her tongue and eyes 10
 When I am waking, but that absent so
 They invade mee
 To perswade mee,
 When that sleepe
 Oft should keepe 15
 And lock out every fence of woe

〈 Love if a God thou art 〉 〈 Great Lord of Love 〉 〈 Loves Exchange 〉
all without titles in O'F punctuation mainly the Editor's

If

If thou perswade mee thus to speake, I dye
And shee the murtheresse, for she will deny,
And if for silence I bee prest, Her good

Yet I cherish

20

Though I perish,

For that shee

Shall bee free

From that foule guilt of spilling bloud

< Loves Exchange >

1 **T**O sue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart
were madnesse

I doe not sue, nor can admitt,

(Fayrest) from yo^u to have all yet,

Who giveth all, hath nothing to impart

5

But fadnesse

2 Hee who receaveth all can have no more,

Then seeing

My love by length of every howre

Gathers new strength, new growth, new power

You must have dayly new rewards in store

11

Still beeing

3 You cannot every day give mee yo^r hart

For merit,

Yet if you will, when yours doth goe

15

You shall have still one to bestow,

For you shall mine, when yours doth part,

Inherit

4 Yet if you please weele find a better way

Then change them,

20

For so alone (dearest) wee shall

Bee one and one another all,

Let us so joyne our harts, that nothing may

Estrange them

Song

NOw y'have killd mee with yo^r fcorne
 Who shall live to call yoⁿ fayre?
 What new foole muft now bee borne
 To prepare
 Dayly facrifice of fervice new, 5
 Teares too good for woemen true?
 Who shall forrow when yoⁿ crye
 And to please yoⁿ dayly dye?
 Men fucceeding shall beware
 And woemen cruell, no more fayre 10

2

Now y'have killd mee, never looke
 Any left to call yoⁿ trewe,
 Who more madd muft now bee tooke
 To renewe
 My oblations dayly, loft? 15
 Vowes too good for woemen chaft!
 Who shall call yoⁿ fweete, and fweare
 T'is yo^r face renews the yeare?
 Men by my Death shall beleewe,
 And woemen cruell yet shall greeve 20

Love, bred of glances

LOve bred of Glances twixt amorous eyes
 Like Childrens fancies, fone borne, fone dyes
 Guilte, Bitternes, and fmilinge woe
 Doth ofte deceaue poore lovers foe,
 As the fonde Sence th'unwary foule deceives 5
 With deadly poifon wrapt in Lily leaves

Song O'F punctuation mainly Editor's

Love &c {True Love} Chambers, who prints from RPII7 no title,
 O'F, P, S96 (from which present text is taken) 2 borne B, P, O'F, S96
 bred Chambers 4 Doth S96 does B, O'F doe P 5 As] And
 Chambers

But

But harts fo chain'd as Goodnes fands
 With truthe unfain'd to couple hands,
 Love beinge to all beauty blinde
 Save the cleere beauties of the minde, 10
 There heaven is pleas'd, continuall bleffings fheddinge,
 Angells are guefts and dance at this bleft weddinge

To a Watch restored to its Myftres

Goe and Count her better howers
 For they are happier than oures
 The day that gives her any blifs,
 Make it as long againe as 'tis
 The hower shee fmyles in, lett it bee 5
 By thy afte multiplyde to three
 But if shee frowne on thee or mee,
 Know night is made by her, not thee,
 Be fwifte in fuch an hower & soone,
 See thou make night, ere it be noone 10
 Obey her tymes, whoe is the free
 Faire Sunne that governes thee & mee

< Ad Solem >

Wherefore peepft thou, envious daye?
 We can kiffe without thee
 Lovers hate the golden raye,
 Which thou beaft about thee

7 as Goodnes] 'tis goodnes *Chambers* 8 hands, *Ed* hands *S96*
 10 minde, *B* minde *S96* 11 There heav'n is *O'F, P, S96* Where
 Reason is *Chambers* fheddinge, *Ed* fheddinge *S96* 12 this] his
Chambers

To a Watch &c *B*, where note below title says none of J D and poem
 is signed W L

<Ad Solem> *Ed* no title, *Add MSS 22603, 33998, Egerton MS 2013,*
Harleian MS 791, S, TCD(II) printed *J Wilson* *Cheerful Ayres (1659),*
Grosart and Chambers text from *Eg MS 2013* punctuation partly *Editor's*
 2 kiffe] live *E20*

Goe and give them light that forowe 5
 Or the faylor flyinge
 Our imbraces need noe morowe
 Nor our bliffes eying

We shall curfe thy curyous eye
 For thy soone betrayinge, 10
 And condemn thee for a spye
 Yf thou catch us playinge
 Gett thee gone and lend thy flashe
 Where there's need of lending,
 Our affections are not ashes 15
 Nor our pleasures endinge

Weare we cold or withered heare
 We would stay thee by us,
 Or but one anothers feare
 Then thou shouldst not flye us 20
 Wee are yongue, thou spoilst our pleasure,
 Goe to sea and slumber,
 Darknes only gives us leasure
 Our stolne joyes to number

< If She Deride >

Reate and goode if she deryde mee
 Let me walke Ile not despayre,
 Ere to morrowe Ile provide mee
 One as greate, lesse prowd, more faire
 They that seeke Love to constraîne 5
 Have there labour for their paine

9 curyous *A22, A33, H79, S, TGD* envious *E20* 19 one anothers
 feare *TGD* one another fear *E20* one anothers sphere *A22, A33, S*
 23 gives] lends *A22, A33*
 < If She Deryde > *Chambers* no title, *S* also, *Chambers reports, in C C C*
Oxon MS 327, f 26 printed by Grosart and Chambers

They

They that strongly can importune
And will never yeild nor tyre,
Gaine the paye in spight of Fortune
But such gaine Ile not defyre 10
Where the prize is shame or synn,
Wynners loofe and loofers wynn
Looke upon the faythfull lover,
Griefe stands paynted in his face,
Groanes, and Teares and sighs discover 15
That they are his onely grace
Hee must weepe as children doe
That will in the fashon wooe
I whoe flie thefe idle fancies
Which my dearest rest betraye, 20
Warnd by others harmfull chances,
Vfe my freedome as I may
When all the worlde says what it cann
'Tis but—Fie, vnconstant mann¹

< Fortune Never Fails >

What if I come to my mistris bedd
The candles all ecclipst from shyninge,
Shall I then attempt for her mayden-head
Or shoue my selfe a coward by declyninge?
Oh noe 5
Fie doe not foe,
For thus much I knowe by devyninge,
Blynd is Love
The dark it doth approve,

11 Where the prize is *Chambers* Where they prize this ('t' struck
out) *S* Where they prize is *Grosart* 14 Teares and sighs] *Chambers*
reverses

< Fortune Never Fails > Grosart no title, RP31, S also, Chambers
reports, in C C C Oxon MS 327, f 21 printed Grosart and Chambers, and,
last two verses only, Simeon

To pray on pleasures pantinge, 10
 What needeth light
 For Cupid in the night,
 If jealous eyes be wantinge

 Fortune never failes, if she badd take place,
 To shroude all the faire proceedings 15
 Love and she though blynd, yet each other embrace,
 To favor all their servants meetings
 Venture I say
 To sport and to play,
 If in place all be fitting, 20
 Though she say fie
 Yet doth she not denie
 For fie is but a word of tryall
 Jealousie doth sleepe,
 Then doe not weepe 25
 At force of a faynt denyall

 Glorious is my love, with tryumphs in her face,
 Then to to bould were I to venter
 Who loves deserves to live in a princes grace,
 Why stand you then affraid to enter? 30
 Lights are all out
 Then make noe doubt
 A lover bouldly maye take chusinge
 Bewtie is a baite
 For a princely mate 35
 Fy, why stand you then a musinge?
 You'll repent too late
 If she doe you hate,
 For loves delight refusinge

10 pantinge,] hauntinge RP31 14 she badd S she bidd Grosart
 she bids Chambers the bould RP31 19 and to play RP31, S and
 play Grosart and Chambers 26 faynt] fair Chambers 28 weie] was
 RP31 29 princes] Princess Chambers 33 lover] woer Chambers
 chusinge] a choosing Chambers

To His Mistress

- 1 **B**elieve yo^r Glasse, and if it tell you (Deare)
 Yo^r Eyes inshrine
 A brighter shine
 Then faire Apollo, looke if there appeare
 The milkie skye 5
 The Crimson dye
 Mixt in your cheeks, and then bid Phoebus sett,
 More Glory then hee owes appears But yet
- 2 Be not deceived with fond Alteration 10

As Cynthias Globe,
 A snow white robe
 Is sooneft spotted, a Carnation dye 15
 Fades, and discolours open'd but to Eie

- 3 Make use of youth, and bewty whilest they flourish
 Tyme never sleepes,
 Though it but creeps
 It still gets forward Do not vainly nourish 20
 Them to selfe-use,
 It is Abuse,
 The richest Grownds lying wast turne Boggs and rott,
 And foe beinge ufeles, were as good were not
- 4 Walke in a meddowe by a Rivers side, 25
 Upon whose Bancks
 Grow milk-white Ranks
 Of full blowne Lyllyes in their height of Pryde,

To His Mistress *Le Prince D'Amour* (1660) no title, S (whence text)
 printed by Simeon, Grosart, Chambers punctuation partly Editor's 1 if
 it tell] it will tell Chambers 9 deceived] deceiv'd S 16 open'd]
 opened S 24 were not] as not *LePD'A*

Which

-
- Which downward bend
And nothing tend 30
Save their owne Bewties in the Glaffie streame
Looke to yo^r felfe Compare yo^rfelfe to them
- 5 In show, in bewtie, marke what followes then
Sommer must end,
The sunn must bend 35
His Longe Absented beames to others then
Their spring being croft
By wynters frost
And sneap'd by bytter storms against wth nought boots,
They bend their prowde topps lower then their roots
- 6 Then none regard them, but wth heedles feet 41
In durt each treads
Their declyned heads
So when youthe wasted, Age, and yoⁿ shall meet,
Then I alone 45
Shall sadly moane
That Interviewe, others it will not move,
So light regard we, what we little Love
FINIS
-

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face

Not kisse? By Jove I must, and make impressiōn
As longe as Cupid dares to holde his Session
Vpon my flesh and blood our kisses shall
Outminute Time and without number fall

31 the Glaffie S a Glaffie LePD'A their Glaffie Chambers 32
to them S with them Chambers 36 then] when Chambers 39
sneap'd Ed snep'd S swept LePD'A snipped Chambers

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face H39, S, S96, TCD (II) Pembroke and
Ruddier (1660), Le Prince D'Amour (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart
(from S), Chambers (from Simeon, and Pembroke and Ruddier) text from
S96 punctuation partly Editor's

Doe

Doe I not know these Balls of blushing Red 5
 That on thy Cheekes thus amorouslie are spread?
 Thy snowy necke, those veynes upon thy Browe
 Which with their azure crincklinge sweetly bowe
 Are artificiall? Borrowed? and no more thine owne
 Then Chaines which on St George's Day are showne, 10
 Are proper to the wearers? Yet for this
 I idole thee, and beg a luscious kisse
 The fucus, and Ceruse, which on thy face
 Thy Cunnunge hand layes on to add new Grace,
 Detaine me with such pleasing fraude, that I 15
 Finde in thy art, what can in nature Lie
 Much like a painter that upon some Wall
 On which the radiant Sun-beames use to fall
 Paints with such art a Gilded butterflye
 That filly maides with flowe-moved fingers trye 20
 To Catch it, and then blush at their mistake,
 Yet of this painted flye most reckonyng make
 Such is our state, since what we looke upon
 Is nought but Coullor and Proportion
 Take me a face, as full of fraud and Lies 25
 As Gypfies in your cunnunge Lotteries,
 That is more false, and more Sophisticate
 Than are Saints reliques, or a man of state
 Yet such being Glazed by the sleight of arte,
 Gaignes admiration, winning many a Harte 30
 Put case there be a difference in the molde,
 Yet may thy Venus be more Chaste, and holde
 A dearer treasure oftentimes we see
 Rich Candian wines in woodden Boules to bee
 The odoriferous Civet doth not lie 35
 Within the muskat's nose, or eare, or eye,
 But in a safer place, for prudent nature

8 azure crincklinge *Sg6* azure winckles *P and R* azure twinklinge *S*
 azur'd wrincklings *TCD* azure wrinkles *Chambers* 15 Detaine]
 Deceive *H39, P and R, LePD'A, TCD, Chambers* pleasing] cunning *TCD*
 18 radiant *Sg6* cadent *H39, TCD, LePD'A, Grosart, and Chambers*
 splendent *P and R* 21 then] yet *Sg6* 32 Chaste] choise *P and R,*
LePD'A, TCD

Gives

In drawinge us of various formes and stature
 Giyes from the curious shop of hir rich treasure
 To faire parts comelinesse, to baser, pleasure 40
 The fairest flowers, which in the Springe doe growe
 Are not so much for use, as for the shewe,
 As Lillies, Hyacinths, and the georgious birthe
 Of all pide flowers that diaper the earthe,
 Please more with their discoloured purple traine 45
 Then wholesome potheearbs which for use remaine
 Shall I a Gaudy Speckled Serpent kifs
 For that the colours which he weares are his?
 A perfumed Cordevant who will not wear
 Because the fente is borrowed elsewhere? 50
 The roabes and vestiments, which grace us all
 Are not our owne, but adventitall
 Time rifles Natures beauty, but flye Arte
 Repaires by cunninge this decayinge parte
 Fills here a wrinkle, and there purles a veyne, 55
 And with a nimble hand runs o're againe
 The breaches dented in by th'arme of time,
 And makes Deformity to be no crime
 As when great men be grip't by sicknes hand,
 Industrious Physicke pregnantly doth stand 60
 To patch up foule diseases, and doth strive
 To keepe theire tottering Carcasses alive
 Beautie is a candlelight which every puffe
 Blowes out, and leaves nought but a stinking snuffe
 To fill our nostrills with, this boldelie thinke, 65
 The cleereft Candle makes the greateft stincke,
 As your pure fode and cleereft nutryment
 Gets the most hott, and nose stronge excrement
 Why hange we then on thinges so apt to varie,
 So fleetinge, brittle, and so temporarie? 70

39 shop] shape S96 11ch] largest S96 large P and R, Grosart, and
 Chambers 45 discoloured] discovered H39 but discoloured is here
 variegated 53 rifles] rifled S96 55 purles] fills S purls is
 embroiders as with gold or silver thread 67 cleereft] choicest P and R
 cleaneft S finest Chambers 68 most hott] most stronge S96

That agues, Coughes, the toothache, or Catarr
 (Slight hanfells of diseafes) spoile and marr
 But when olde age theire beauties hath in Chace,
 And plowes up furrowes in theire once-smooth face,
 Then they become forlaken, and doe shoue 75
 Like stately abbeyes ruin'd longe agoe
 Nature but gives the modell, and first draught
 Of faire perfection, which by art is taught
 To speake itselfe, a compleat form and birthe,
 Soe stands a Copie to these shapes on earthe 80
 Jove grante me then a reparable face
 Which, whiles that Colours are, can want no grace
 Pigmalions painted statue I coulde love,
 Soe it were warme and softe, and coulde but move

Sonnett

MAdam that flea that Crept between your breasts
 I envied, that there he should make his rest
 The little Creatures fortune was foe good
 That Angells feed not on so pretious foode
 How it did sucke how eager tickle you 5
 (Madam shall fleas before me tickle you²)

Oh I can not holde, pardon if I kild it
 Sweet Blood, to you I aske this, that which fild it
 Ran from my Ladies Brest Come happie flea
 That dide for suckinge of that milkie Sea 10

72 hanfells *H39* houfes *S, S96, Chambers* touches *P and R* caufes
LePD'A 73 beauties] brav'ries *H39* 79 To speake itselfe *TCD*,
P and R Speake to itselfe *S, S96* Speake for itselfe *H39* To make it
 selfe *Simeon, Grosart, and Chambers*

Sonnett *O'F, S96* no title, *S* On A Flea on His Mistres's Bosom
Simeon, Grosart, Chambers (from Simeon) text from *S96* 7 I can not
 holde] I not hold can *Chambers* kild *Ed* killed *Chambers* kill *S96*

Oh

Oh now againe I well could wishe thee there,
 About hir Hart, about hir anywhere,
 I would vowe (Dearest flea) thou shouldst not dye,
 If thou couldst fücke from hir hir crueltye

On Black Hayre and Eyes

IF shaddowes be the pictures excellence,
 And make it seeme more lively to the fence,
 If starres in the bright day are hid from sight
 And shine most glorious in the masque of night,
 Why should you thinke (rare creature) that you lack 5
 Perfection cause your haire and eyes are blacke,
 Or that your heavenly beauty which exceeds
 The new sprung lillies in their mayden weeds,
 The damaske coullour of your cheekes and lipps
 Should suffer by their darknesse an eclips 10
 Rich diamonds shine brightest, being sett
 And compassed within a foyle of Jett
 Nor was it fitt that Nature should have mayde
 So bright a funne to shine without a shade
 It seemes that Nature when she first did fancie 15
 Your rare compofure studied Necromancie,
 That when to you this gurst she did impart
 She used altogether the black art
 By which infused power from Magique tooke
 You doe command all spiritts with a looke 20

13 vowe] now *Chambers* Dearest S96 deare S, O'F, *Chambers*
 thou] that thou *Chambers*

On Black Hayre and Eyes *Add MS 11811, on which text is based in several MSS including A25, TCD (II), L77 printed in Parnassus Biceps (1656), Pembroke and Ruddier's Poems (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart, and Chambers* 2 it *A21, H60, TCD* them *A11* things *L77* 4 shine *H39, TCD* seem *A11, Grosart, and Chambers* 8 mayden weeds,] maidenheads, *H39, TCD, Grosart, and Chambers* 9 The damaske coullor of] That chery colour of *H39, TCD* Or that the chernes of *Some MSS* 12 compassed] compof'd *A11* foyle] field *Chambers* 19 tooke] book *Grosart and Chambers* 20 all spiritts] like spirits *Grosart and Chambers*

Shee

Shee drew those Magique circles in your eyes,
 And mayde your hayre the chaines wherewith shee ties
 Rebelling hearts those blew veines which appeare,
 Winding Meander about either spheare,
 Misterious figures are, and when you list 25
 Your voice commandeth like the Exorcist,
 And every word which from your Pallett falleth
 In a deep charme your hearer's heart inthrallcth
 Oh! If in Magique you have skill so farre,
 Vouchsafe me to be your familiar 30
 Nor hath kind Nature her black art reveal'd
 To outward partes alone, some lie conceal'd,
 And as by heads of springs men often knowe
 The nature of the streames that run belowe,
 So your black haire and eyes do give direction 35
 To make me thinke the rest of like complexion
 That rest where all rest lies that blesteth Man,
 That Indian mine, that straight of Magellan,
 That worlde dividing gulfe where he that venters,
 With swelling sayles and raviht senses enters 40
 To a new world of blisse Pardon, I pray,
 If my rude muse presumeth to display
 Secretts unknowne, or hath her bounds orepass
 In praying sweetnesse which I ne're did tast,
 Sterved men doe know there's meate, and blind men may
 Though hid from light perfume there is a day 46
 The rover in the marke his arrowe sticks
 Sometimes as well as he that shootes att prickes,
 And if I might direct my shaft aright,
 The black mark would I hitt and not the white 50

25 figures] fables *AII* 26 commandeth] commands *AII* 29
 you have skill *L77, TCD, &c* your power *AII* you have power *Grosart*
and Chambers 33 For (And) as by the springhead a man may (men
 often) know *L77, TCD, and other MSS* 34 streame runs *L77, &c*
 44 did] shall *TCD and other MSS* 47 sticks] strikes *Grosart and*
Chambers 49 direct *L77, TCD, &c* ayme *AII, Grosart, and Chambers*

Fragment of an Elegy

ANd though thy glasse a burning one become
 And turne us both to ashes on her urne,
 Yet to our glory till the later day
 Our dust shall daunce like attomes in her ray
 And when the world shall in confusion burne, 5
 And Kinges and peafantes scramble at an urne,
 Like tapers new blowne out wee happy then
 Will at her beames catch fire and live againe
 But this is fence, and some one may-be glad
 That I so good a cause of sorrow had, 10
 Will wish all those whome I affect may dye
 So I might please him with an elegie
 O let there never line of witt be read
 To please the living that doth speake thee dead,
 Some tender-harted mother good and mild, 15
 Who on the deare grave of her tender child
 So many sad teares hath beene knowne to rayne
 As out of dust would mould him up againe,
 And with hir plaintes enforce the wormes to place
 Themselves like veynes so neatly on his face, 20
 And every lymne, as if that they wer striving
 To flatter hir with hope of his reviving
 Shee should read this, and hir true teares alone
 Should copy forth these sad lines on the stone
 Which hides thee dead, and every gentle hart 25
 That passeth by should of his teares impart
 So great a portion, that if after times
 Ruine more churches for the Clergyes crimes,
 When any shall remove thy marble hence,
 Which is lesse stone then hee that takes it thence, 30
 Thou shalt appeare within thy tearefull cell
 Much like a faire nymph bathing in a well

Fragment of an Elegy From *P*, where it appears as portion of an 'heroical
 epistle' from Lady Penelope Rich to Sir Philip Sidney punctuation Ed

But

But when they find thee dead so lovely fair,
Pitty and sorrow then shall straight repaire
And weepe beside thy grave with cypresse croud, 35
To see the second world of beauty dround,
And add sufficient teares as they condole
'Twould make thy body swimme up to thy soule
Such eyes should read the lines are writ of thee,
But such a losse should have no elegie 40
To palliate the wound wee tooke in hir,
Who rightly grieves admittes no comforter
He that had tane to heart thy parting hence
Should have beene chain'd to Bedlam two houres thence,
And not a friend of his ere shed a teare 45
To see him for thy sake distracted there,
But hugge himselfe for loving such as hee
That could runne mad with griefe for loosing thee
I, haplesse soule, that never knew a friend
But to bewaile his too untimely end, 50
Whose hopes (cropt in the bud) have never come
But to sitt weeping on a senselesse tombe,
That hides not dust enough to count the teares
Which I have fruitlesse spent in so few yeares,
I that have trusted those that would have given 55
For our deare Saviour and the Sonne of heaven
Ten times the vallow Judas had of yore,
Onely to sell him for three peeces more,
I that have lov'd and trusted thus in vaine
Yet weepe for thee, and till the cloudes shall daigne 60
To throw on Egypt more then Nile ere sweld,
These teares of mine shalbee unparellell'd
He that hath lov'd, enjoy'd, and then beene croft,
Hath teares at will to mourne for what he lost,
He that hath trusted and his hope appeares 65
Wrong'd but by death may soone dissolve in teares,
But hee unhappy man whose love and trust
Nere met fruition nor a promise just,
For him (unlesse like thee hee deadly slepe)
'Tis easier to runne mad then 'tis to weepe, 70
And

And yet I can Fall then yee mournfull showers,
 And as old time leades on the winged howers,
 Bee you their minutes, and let men forgett
 To count their ages from the plague of sweat,
 From eighty eight, the Poulder-plot, or when 75
 Men were affrayd to talke of it againe,
 And in their numerations be it sayd
 Thus old was I when such a teare was shed,
 And when that other fell a comett rose
 And all the world tooke notice of my woes 80
 Yet finding them past cure, as doctores fly
 Their patientes past all hope of remedy,
 No charitable soule will once impart
 One word of comfort to so sicke a heart,
 But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard, 85
 Men of my shadow almost now affeard
 Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet mee,
 And well nigh thinke it ominous to meete mee
 Sad lines go yee abroad, go saddest muse,
 And as some nations formerly did use 90
 To lay their sicke men in the street, that those,
 Who of the same disease had scapt the throwes,
 Might minister releefe as they went by
 To such as felt the selfsame malady,
 So haplesse lynes fly through the fairest land, 95
 And if ye light into some blessed hand,
 That hath a heart as merry as the shine
 Of golden dayes, yet wrong'd as much as mine,
 Pitty may lead that happy man to mee,
 And his experience worke a remedy 100
 To those sad fittes which (spight of nature's lawes)
 Torture a poore hart that out-lives the cause
 But this must never bee, nor is it fitt
 An ague or some sickenes lesse then itt
 Should glory in the death of such as hee, 105
 That had a heart of flesh and valued thee.
 Brave Roman, I admire thee that would'st dy
 At no lesse rate then for an empery

Some

Some maffy diamond from the center drawne,
For which all Europ wer an equall pawne, 110
Should (beaten into duft) bee drunke by him
That wanted courage good enough to fwimme
Through seas of woes for thee, and much despiſe
To meet with death at any lower prize,
Whilst greefe alone workes that effect in mee, 115
And yet no greefe but for the loſſe of thee
Fortune now doe thy worſt, for I have gott
By this her death ſo ſtrong an antidote,
That all thy future croſſes ſhall not have
More then an angry ſmile, nor ſhall the grave 120
Glory in my laſt day theſe lines ſhall give
To us a ſecond life, and we will live
To pull the diſtaffe from the hand of fate,
And ſpinn our own thrides for ſo long a date,
That death ſhall never ſeize uppon our fame 125
Till this ſhall periſh in the whole world's frame

< Farewel, ye gilded follies >

Farewel ye gilded follies, pleaſing troubles,
Farewel ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles,
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one ſhort day
Beauty (th'eyes idol) but a damasked ſkin, 5
State but a golden priſon, to keepe in
And torture free-born minds, imbroidered trains
Meerly but Pageants, proudly ſwelling vains,

*< Farewell, Ye Gilded Follies > Ed variously titled, Add MS 18220,
C C C Oxon MS 324, Egerton MS 2603, Harleian MS 6057 printed
in Walton's Compleat Angler (1653), Wits Interpreter (1655) Hannah's
Courtly Poets Grosart prints from MS Dd 643 in Cambridge University
Library, and Chambers follows—a very inferior version text from Walton
2 ye glorious] ye chriſtal A18, E26, H60 the chriſtall WI 6 keepe
A18, E26, H60 live Walton 8 proudly] proud Walton*

And blood ally'd to greatnes, is a loane
 Inherited, not purchafed, not our own 10
 Fame, honor, beauty, ftate, train, blood and birth,
 Are but the fading bloffomes of the earth

I would be great, but that the Sun doth ftill
 Level his rayes againft the rifing hill
 I would be high, but fee the proudeft Oak 15
 Moft fubject to the rending Thunder-ftroke,
 I would be rich, but fee men too unkind
 Dig in the bowels of the richeft mine,
 I would be wife, but that I often fee
 The Fox fufpected whilft the Afs goes free, 20
 I would be fair, but fee the fair and proud
 Like the bright fun, oft fetting in a cloud,
 I would be poor, but know the humble grafs
 Still trampled on by each unworthy Affe
 Rich, hated, wife, fufpected, fcorn'd, if poor, 25
 Great, fear'd, fair, tempted, high, ftill envied more
 I have wifh'd all, but now I wifh for neither,
 Great, high, rich, wife, nor fair, poor I'll be rather

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
 Would beauties Queen entitle me the Fair, 30
 Fame fpeak me fortune's Minion, could I vie
 Angels with India, with a fpeaking eye

9 a loane *Ed* a lone *Walton* but loane *MSS* 18 mine *E26*,
CCC mind *Walton*, *A182*, *H60*, *WI* minds *Grosart* and *Chambers*

19-20 I would be wife but that the fox I fee
 Suspected guilty when the Afs goes free
A182, *E26*, *H60*, *Grosart*, and *Chambers*

21-2 I would be fair, but fee that Champion proud
 The bright fun often fetting in a cloud
WI and *MSS*, but with The worlds bright eye or fair eye

31-2 could I vie
 Angels with India, *Walton*, *A182*, *E26*, *H60*
 could I joy
 The bliffe of angells, *CCC*
 could I vie (vey *Grosart*)
 The blisse of angells, *Grosart* and *Chambers*

Command

Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb
 As wel as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones, by Epitaphs, be called great Master 35
 In the loofe rhimes of every Poetafter,
 Could I be more then any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise in all Superlatives,
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
 Then ever fortune would have made them mine, 40
 And hold one minute of this holy leasure,
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure

Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye filent groves,
 These guefts, these Courts, my foul most dearly loves,
 Now the wing'd people of the Skie shall sing 45
 My cheerful Anthems to the gladfome Spring,
 A Pray'r book now shall be my looking-glasse,
 Wherein I will adore sweet vertues face
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no Pallace cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears, 50
 Then here I'll fit and figh my hot loves folly,
 And learn t'affect an holy melancholy
 And if contentment be a stranger, then
 I'll nere look for it, but in heaven again

43 ye filent groves, *Walton* the filent Groves, *WI* ye carelefs groves,
H60 the carelefs grove, *CCC* ye careless groans, *Grosart and Chambers*
 44 These are the courts my foul entire loves, *A182* These are my guefts,
 this is the court I love, *CCC* These are my guests, this is that courtage
 tones, *Grosart and Chambers* the court age loves, *Ash* 38 46 My
 Anthem, be my Selah gentle Spring *A182* Mine anthems, be my cellai,
 gentle spring *Grosart and Chambers* 48 wherein] In which *Walton*
 49-50 Here dwells no hartlesse Love, no palsey fears,
 No short joys purchafed with eternal tears *A182, H60*
 51 hot loves *Walton* hot youths *H60* past years *A182* 53 be]
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